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LACRETELLE'S HISTORY OF THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY.*

An entertaining and continued history must necessarily be of great importance, since whatever little it may possess of solid merit, it never fails to supersede the dull annals and circumstantial memoirs, which give a detailed account of the same period. If the narration of events be moderately brief and agreeable, the peculiar views or party-spirit of its author will not deter the generality of readers from using the work as their historical textbook; for there are few who have not a sufficiently good opinion of themselves to rest confident, that no sophistry or irony could influence their sentiments. A work's being a continued one, is also a great claim to preference,—people like to make use of the same guide throughout a long journey, and moreover, a consideration that is of very general weight, it is comfortable to know beforehand the exact number of volumes one shall have to read, in order to master the history of a given period. Hume must content those who want the courage to dive into our old chronicles, and we must be satisfied with Gibbon's account of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, unless we wish to devote our whole lives to the study of his references. Robertson is not like his brother historians, indispensable, since he is not continued; and if he rivals them in popularity, it is owing not so much to his narrative, as to his theory, which, by the bye, notwithstanding its great vogue in this country, and its immense vogue on the continent, is far more ingenious than solid. The short chapter towards the conclusion of the Wealth of Nations, gives a much more satisfactory account of the fall of the feudal system, than the rounded periods and ten compact causes of the historian of Charles the Fifth.

The French historians likely to be hereafter in the hands of general readers, are Sismondi and Lacretelle—supposing that time and circumstances allow them to complete their plans. The former has but just commenced with the foundation of the monarchy—he has since, we perceive, been seduced by the example of Sir Walter Scott, to spend his time in the composition of an historical novel, founded on the sterile age of Clovis—we hope, however, to see him return to sterner pursuits, and bring down his history to the period at which Lacretelle commences——the wars of religion. Mr Charles Lacretelle, commonly called Lacretelle Jeune, to distinguish him from his elder brother, the late editor of the Minerve, was well calculated to become the historian of his country, having been an eye-witness of the great conclusion of all its errors and misfortunes. Though

* L'Histoire de l'Assemblée Constituante, par M. Ch. Lacretelle, l'un des quarante de l'Académie Francaise, &c. &c. Paris, 1821.

young at the commencement of the revolution, he early employed his pen against the arbitrary proceedings of the anarchists:

"The most of the errors which I combat to-day," says he in his preface to the *Assemblée Constituante*, "I have attacked during my youth, in 1790, 1791, 1792, in the Journal of the Independents published by Mr Suard, and in the supplements to the *Journal de Paris* then celebrated by the eloquent writings of André Chénier and the bold productions of Mr Roucher —both have since paid for their generous indignation on the scaffold. Although the feeble productions of my youthful pen were little worthy to be placed by the side of those of such writers, I had nevertheless long to dread the same fate; from which I was narrowly preserved by the bold and constant interference of some generous friends, who watched over my dangers in augmenting their own."

After the fall of Roberspierre, Lacretelle joined his exertions to those of Morellet, Suard, Fontanes, &c. to repair, as he says himself, in some degree the destruction caused by a licentious press. On the event of the 18th Fructidor, and the triumph of the Directory, when those republican sticklers for the liberty of the press transported one hundred and twenty-eight editors and writers for journals to the deadly climate of Cayenne, he was among the number of those arrested, and condemned to transportation. From this fate he was still saved by some friendly intercession, and his punishment was mitigated into an imprisonment of two years. During his detention he was engaged by Messrs Treuttel and Wurtz, booksellers, to continue the *Précis Historique de la Revolution Francaise*, commenced by Rabaut St Etienne, a member of the Constituent Assembly, whose historical labours had been cut short by the guillotine. Rabaut's work, consisting of one volume, is nothing but a wretched tirade;—indeed we wonder Mr Lacretelle ever condescended to continue such a jejune paraphrase, unworthy even of the modest title of *Précis*. It is curious to observe the blind confidence of those early revolutionists, who, as they precipitated the state, fancied that it would stop its downward progress, as soon as their wills thought convenient. "Notwithstanding some partial commotions here and there," says Rabaut, in the beginning of his volume, "the map of France is settled, the Constitution is established, and the moment is arrived when one may be allowed to write the History of the Revolution." He wrote this in ninety-one, thirty years ago; and the remains of his party, this very day, seem not only to think, but to endeavour, that the whole business be gone over again—rehearsed "ab ovo usque ad mala."

Lacretelle continued the *Précis*, from the commencement of the *Assemblée Legislative* to the election of Bonaparte to the Consulship, in ninety-nine. The work is written in a rapid, desultory style, and is strongly marked with the false and inflated taste of the Revolution, yet is it by no means deficient in acuteness or eloquence. The latter quality, indeed, could scarcely be absent from the pen that pourtrayed the crimes of the Convention,—the sorrows and melancholy fate of Louis the Sixteenth and his family. The three first volumes treat of the Legislative Assembly and the Convention, and afford little to comment upon—there can exist but one sentiment concerning these times amongst all men, to whatever party they may belong. And if we except a strange predilection for Danton, which the author accounts for in a half-expressed plea of acquaintance, he seems to have felt a just degree of generous indignation. His account of the Executive Directory is by no means so impartial—he himself suffered from them, and had his own vengeance to gratify, as well as the interest of Bonaparte, who above all things sought to vilify his former patrons. The latter part of the *Précis* is written in a tone of utter servility to the usurper—but if we censure such things, we must join with the object of reproach the whole mass of the nation. "It is not a people of twenty-five millions one ought to accuse," says Madame de Stael; "'twere as well to quarrel with the whole human race." The period which his history embraces, Lacretelle, with an unfortunate gift of prophecy, characterises as but the troublous interval between one mighty dynasty and another. Nor has he treated the Count de Lille, now Louis the Eighteenth, with much ceremony, although the anecdotes which he re-

cords of this "*new pretender*," as he styles him, attest that the spirit of the Bourbons was not extinct. The noble answers of the present King of France, to the ingrate Venetians, and to the messenger of Bonaparte who came to bargain with him for a resignation of his rights, are still recorded with national pride by the historian.

The next undertaking of Lacretelle was the History of France during the Eighteenth Century—a work every way preferable to his former one, but the merits of which we have not leisure to enter into. Suffice it to say, that those who seek either a literary or a political acquaintance with that period, cannot consult a more satisfactory, or indeed a more impartial work. Having completed this to the commencement of the Revolution, he turned his attention to the wars of religion, and published a History of France during that period; but his purpose of uniting it with his history of the eighteenth century was interrupted, as he informs us, by the assassination of the Duke of Berry, and the other revolutionary movements throughout Europe. These events recalled afresh to his mind the late miseries of his country, to which he had been a witness, and he conceived that it might be of advantage to retrace the commencement of those domestic troubles, which, under the name of liberty, had spilt the blood of two millions of citizens, and delivered the nation to the tyranny of a stranger. Hence we derive the work under review,—it includes that portion before treated by Rabaut, so that, for the present, the historian has united his work on the eighteenth century with his *Précis* of the Revolution. With the latter he is, like ourselves, dissatisfied, and declares his intention to *develope*, that is, write it over again, now that he is unrestrained by the iron censorship of Napoleon, and has acquired materials more ample, and views more matured.

It is of little moment to fix the retrospective period, during which the seeds of the Revolution began to be sown. There have been many circumstances and events assigned; without which, 'tis affirmed, there would have no such thing happened. It was, doubtless, necessary that fathers should have begotten sons—that king should have followed king, in order to the dreadful completion we have witnessed; but if we dignify by the name of causes all the circumstances without which an event could not have taken place, history indeed would be an interminable affair. The disorder of the finances, brought about by an unexampled degree of ignorance,* unsteadiness, and prodigality in successive administrations, was the cause, owing to which the representatives of the nation found themselves collected under the countenance of the royal authority.

This event having once taken place, the dominant principles and sentiments of the body are answerable for all the political consequences of its meeting. There may have been intrigues on both sides—individual ambition—weakness as well as provocation, on the part of the sovereign; but the source of all is to be sought in the spirit that actuated the Members of the Constituent Assembly. We may narrow the circle, for the aristocrats contributed to the Revolution but by their blunders; and the Constitutionalists, deprived of the confidence of either party, were able to bring into effect none of their plans, except those in which they agreed with the Republicans. It was the latter body which directed every decree in the Assembly, as well as every commotion among the populace; and although they marched covertly to their end, they held it not the less in view during the whole of their progress.

Having referred those events to the republican spirit of the Constituent Assembly, we may refer this to the philosophical writings of the eighteenth century; for under this designation the French writers are in general cited, from Montesquieu to Voltaire. There was certainly no need of philosophy to create a strong feeling of discontent.

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* Soon after Sartines was appointed Minister of Marine, M. Necker called on him, and found his room newly furnished with maps and charts of all descriptions: "You see," said Sartines, "what progress I make in my new calling—I can shut my eyes, and put my hand on any quarter of the globe you mention, in yonder map."

Those who had spent the greater part of their lives between Vincennes and the Bastile, had no need of reading the Encyclopædia to hate despotic government; and the lawyers who were exiled and disgraced at intervals for refusing to obey the orders of the court, had stronger reasons for overthrowing the government than the abstractions of Rousseau. But if these authors did not afford them motives of opposition, they at least supplied them with arguments and precepts; and if personal irritation first incited them, as was the case with Mirabeau, they were compelled to find professions at least more disinterested. In fact, those poetic theories and fine-drawn speculations had little influence inside the walls of the Assembly, except indirectly; they were addressed really to the populace, through the medium of the journals that reported them; and as the mob is always most furious in supporting what they but half understand, the re-action of popular feeling on the assembly, effected for its promoters an ascendancy which their eloquence could not directly command. But it must be allowed, that throughout all their principles, speeches, or constitutions, there is nothing with even the merit of originality; they are, for the most part, borrowed from the very worst and most contemptible of Rousseau's works—the *Contrat Social*. Montesquieu was despised by them, because, in the midst of his theories, there were still some vestiges of moderation and common sense.

It has lately been asserted by Lord Byron, that acts, not writings, produced the revolution. To argue with such a random reasoner as his Lordship would be ridiculous; but can any one say, that the acts of Louis XVI. would have produced upon the French people of a century anterior to his reign, any feelings but those of love and gratitude towards their sovereign? It was the spirit, the opinions lately arisen among the people then, that created the change—that made concessions on the part of the government to be construed into treachery, and firmness to be construed into tyranny. And how did the people arrive at this perfection of reasoning? Where did they learn that kings were to be considered as malefactors, be they ever so virtuous—that nobility was a usurpation, and the priesthood an imposture? Their misery, though it might lead them to listen to such doctrines, could never have invented them;—it was from books, and the retailers of books, we ayer, that these dogmas became prevalent. Nor can we conceive the mind of a *sans-culotte* to have been at all endowed with that sublime faculty, which the noble poet in question so eminently possesses, of framing and worshipping the mystic abstractions of liberty. But the force of whatever Lord Byron may say, does not lie in his reasoning, which is in general as contemptible as his poetry is sublime,—it lies in his name. And we will oppose to his the name, quite as celebrated, of one who must have known these things much better—no less a man than Bonaparte, whom Madame de Staël records to have said of Rousseau: "C'est pourtant lui qui étoit la cause de la revolution. Au reste je ne dois pas me plaindre, car j'y ai attrapé le trone." But even allowing that oppression might have led the French to rebel against authority, and frame creeds of liberty, what impelled them against religion?—what drove them to hang *à la lanterne* the poor *curés*, who were their very advocates in the *tiers état*? Was it the ratiocination of the rabble that made the sublime discovery that there was no God in Heaven? Had Voltaire and Rousseau no influence in metamorphosing the temple of religion into a shrine where bawds were worshipped, and where the bones of those philosophers were conveyed by the votaries, who considered them the founders of their sect? The journals of Marat and Hebert too were nothing, in which the upright of the nation were caluminated and marked out for proscription, as enemies of liberty—in which weak woman even was not spared. His Lordship forgets;—far from entertaining the same criminal ends, his peevish temper has led him unfortunately into the same vulgar abuse, and he selfishly pleads the cause of the revolutionary incendiaries, because he feels conscious, that he has, perhaps, thoughtlessly imitated them.

But let us consider these portentous *acts* that produced the revolution. The prominent cause of the calling together the States General, was, strangely but allowedly, a pun. There had been no hint, no mention of such a thing either in the parliament or the

nation, till the Abbé Sabatier, more in search of a joke than of his country's ruin, cried out, "Vous demandez, Messieurs, les états de recette et de depense, et ce sont les états-generaux qu'il vous faut." It was a clap of thunder to the parliament, and they sent the punster to prison; but from that day the people never ceased to cry for the *Etats-generaux*. The king was obliged to promise them, and having promised, he certainly could not avoid the calling of them, whatever the Aristocrats may say to the contrary in reprobation of Necker. The fault was not in permitting them to meet, but in permitting them, when met, to assume the menacing attitude they did.

The great mistake of Necker was, that he thought the government and the public-purse synonymous terms. Fully versed in the theory of the pocket, he looked on the world as on a large counting-house: he had no ideas beyond honesty, credit, regularity,—individual ambition, party-spirit, popular commotion, never once entered among his conceptions. He was honest, but unfortunately thought that honesty was all-sufficient, and he flattered himself with being able to govern a mighty kingdom during the momentous crisis which was evidently approaching, by the pusillanimous principle of *laissez faire*. Doubts are entertained, whether Necker should have endeavoured to influence the elections or not; if he had understood the English constitution as much as he admired it, he certainly would have done all in his power to have secured a majority in favour of moderate and constitutional measures. But not only did he keep aloof from meddling with the elections, but even afterwards, when the royal prerogative was menaced with absolute destruction, he refused to save the monarch and the state by bribing Mirabeau—which was then considered and afterwards proved to be feasible. Whether honesty is a match for dishonesty, is a problem in some affairs; but in what are called revolutionary tactics, the former has been proved beyond controversy totally unable to support itself by the rigid principles of defence.

The great object of previous debate was, whether the *tiers état* should be represented by a deputation equal in number to that of the nobles and the clergy? If this was decided in the affirmative, it of course followed, that all classes were to sit and vote togegether, for otherwise of what advantage was the increased number? The minister, Brienne, had allowed the free publication of all opinions on the subject; and Necker, whose god was popularity, and who saw not the consequence of doubling the *tiers*, sought to gratify the people's wish, yet would he not take the responsibility on himself—he asked the opinion of the Parliament, they declined interfering; he appealed to the Assembly of Notables, they all, except the bureau, presided by the present King of France, expressed a contrary wish. But Necker, like the most arbitrary minister, did not seek to be advised, but to be seconded, and concluded, contrary to the opinion of the Notables, by advising the King to grant the double representation of the commons. Having yielded so much to the popular feeling, then was the time, when the public gratitude was yet warm, to have arranged the mode of voting, and to have established an Upper and a Lower Chamber. Necker was certainly attached to the English constitution; he wished for the two Chambers, but was afraid to ordain them; he knew that he would lose his popularity by the act, and for this cursed love of popularity he sacrificed the nation's peace —*laissez faire* was still his rule for acting. And with the most criminal negligence, which in any other man we would be inclined to call connivance, the Assembly was permitted to meet, the respective rights of its component classes being yet unsettled. This was nothing more than to give to the majority the power of arrangement, which would of course make that majority invincible, nor could it have been at all doubtful which side would preponderate. The deputies of the *tiers* were equal in number, by royal permission, to the clergy and nobles, and from the latter class a large secession to the popular party might be considered inevitable; besides that the nobles of Bretagne had refused to send deputies to what they deemed too democratic an assembly, by which five-and-twenty votes were lost to the cause of the nobility.

The day of meeting at length arrived; the privileged orders assembled by themselves, and the *tiers*, for whom

a hall had been allotted, capable of containing the united bodies, affected to be surprised at the absence of the nobles. They voted themselves the *National* Assembly; and their hall having been closed for a few hours, that a platform might be erected for the royal sitting, they seized upon the pretext to assemble in an adjoining ball-court, where the members took the famed oath to meet in any quarter of the kingdom, however distant, should they then be dissolved. This was at once annihilating the royal prerogative—and in a mode far more audacious than that of the Long Parliament who obtained the King's assent to their bill of indissolubility; yet Necker took no notice of this act, this *serment du jéu de paume*, as it is called, but proceeded to arrange the *royal sitting*, as if nothing had had happened. The States-general were opened the 5th of May, and it was not till the 23d of June that Mr Necker was prepared with his plan of arrangement for the sitting and voting of the respective orders. Madame de Staël states, that the declaration was to have been made immediately after the opening of the States, but her father himself, in his Memoirs, has left proofs, that the plan itself was not at that time digested. The proposition of Necker was, that the classes should vote in common on matters of finance, but separately on matters respecting the constitution and mutual privileges. But even this did not please the Queen and her party; of itself, at this late period, it would most likely have failed, but the meddling of the Queen and the aristocrats gave Necker an opportunity of withdrawing his responsibility, and saving his precious popularity for a few months longer. The 23d of June, the day on which the King made the declaration, founded on the proposition of Necker, but modified by the Queen and her friends, set at once the popular party in direct opposition to the court. The declaration was accompanied with threats—just threats, it is true, but impolitic, that "if they failed him, he would effect by himself the good of his people." The outcry was directed against the whole tenor of the declaration, but it was by no means so enraged, nor in common sense could it be so, against that part of the plan drawn up by Necker, as against the modifications and added threats. In this Mr Lacretelle carries his hostility to the memory of Necker too far; with both eloquence and indignation misplaced, apostrophizes the minister, accuses him of selfishness and want of candour in this affair.

"Le peuple le reconduit jusqu' à son hôtel, et ces cris se prolongent sous ses fenêtres et jusques dans la nuit. Quoiqu'un tel bruit dût bercer agréablement un homme trop porté à croire le peuple infaillible, dès qu'il l'applaudissait, je crois pourtant qu'ami de la vertu, il dut se faire dans le nuit de sevères reproches. Ce prétendu code de tyrannie qui avait excité l'indignation de l'assembleé nationale et du peuple, n'était-il pas un propre ouvrage?" &c.

This philippic borders indeed on the ridiculous; for allowing what M. Lacretelle asserts, that the nation and the Assembly were equally enraged with Necker's original proposition as with the modification of it—an assertion manifestly absurd—even allowing this, how could Necker, serve the King by sacrificing his popularity at this moment? He did sacrifice his popularity subsequently, both in the cause of his sovereign and of humanity—he may have been weak, misled, arrogant, censurable in a thousand points, but a more disinterested minister, it must be allowed, never entered the councils of a monarch. Mr Lacretelle was a Bonapartist under Napoleon; he may have excuses for supporting such a party under a despotic government, but in the constitutional reign of Louis the XVIII. there is no accounting for his *ultraism*, but in the principle of reaction. "Live, and let live," is a worthy adage. Necker was a republican perhaps, at least a constitutionalist, but the blundering and ignorant aristocracy of France have more of the Revolution to answer for than he—they who refused to form an Upper Chamber through mere motives of negative spite—they who, in the Assembly, joined the bitterest republicans in preference to the constitutionalists—they who voted for every extravagant measure, and carried it in the pernicious hopes of bringing forth good by the excess of ill—they who pusillanimously emigrated, instead of rallying round the throne of their sovereign, and whom the unfortunate Louis in his testament upbraids as the chief, though blind promoters of his

downfall—these, as they were the more interested in the welfare of their country, are certainly the most culpable. Those who vacillate between our two great parties, may perhaps merit the appellation of trimmers, but in France, where the leading men are yet at issue about the fundamental principles of society, it must be granted to the impartial to choose between, and, equally avoiding liberal and ultra, to enlist under the banners of Constitutional Royalism.

It is on these grounds that we have almost an equal dislike to the new as to the old principles of Mr Lacretelle. In this country we would unite at once with the highest upholders of government and religion, but we have no love for the dogmas of the ultra school, preached forth at the *Societé des bonnes Lettres;* nor can we keep in with Mr Lacretelle and his brother professors of that society, Mr Raoul—Rochette, &c., that the Reformation has been the cause of all the crimes of the Revolution; and that the only means of regenerating society are to be found in the convents, the Jesuits, and the sixty-six thousand priests, who at present inundate France.

To return from our digression: the effect of the King's declaration on the Assembly was such as might be supposed. They remained for some time in discontented silence, interrupted only by some epigrammatic ejaculations, till they were roused by the voice of Mirabeau. This orator had studied deeply the history of our first revolution; he entered the constituent assembly fully versed in the arcana of revolutionary tactics—no leader ever perceived more instantaneously the exact degree of boldness requisite; and though ready to venture the farthest point if necessary, he still preserved the assembly in its early days (if we except the *sermen du jeu de paume**) from the open violence which would have furnished a pretext for destroying it. He had learned from the resolutions of the long parliament about suspicion and malignants, the strength of a vague and ambiguous vote, which roused the populace, while it exposed to the court no expression which could be construed into downright violence or disrespect. Unfortunately, the least menace or murmur of opposition was sufficient to shake the feeble resolution of the king—he commanded the nobles and clergy to sit and vote with the *tiers*. One immediately asks, what bold vote of the Assembly produced this change of measures in the King? this—they simply declared at the suggestion of Mirabeau, that the persons of the deputies were inviolable. No one thought of violating them—the vote had nothing to do with the object of concern, but it hinted to the people that their persons were in danger.

"The majority of the noblesse," says Lacretelle, "obeyed the orders of the king. A minority of the clergy followed their example. The national assembly received with increased pride their new conquests. The nobles and prelates maintained an irritated mien, and the mutual hatred became but the more bitter, when both parties saw each other face to face—the conquered no less proud than the conquerors. We may compare the nobility and clergy to those great rivers of the new world, which, after having traversed so immense a space, cast themselves murmuring into the ocean, where they are about to lose both name and existence, but where they yet preserve for a time the agitation and the colour of their waters."

One of the first and principal accusations of breach of faith made against the unfortunate Louis, is the secret order issued at this time for the approach of the troops to Paris. The measure was rendered manifestly necessary by the insurrectionary movements of the French guards quartered in Paris: breach of faith there was none—impolicy there was much. The monarch should have openly ordered the march of the troops, or have put himself at their head, instead of vacillating at Versailles between the aristocrats, the assembly, and the scrupulous Necker. This minister was, it seems, against the approach of the troops—he was for employing his favourite maxim of *laissez faire* in the matter of insurrections even—notwithstanding our respect for him, it had been well for France, if this honest

* Lacretelle calls this oath a jest. fit to be laughed at;—a pretty jest for a body of representatives to vote themselves indissolvable by the monarch.

banker had been left quiet in his counting-house at Geneva. On Mirabeau's address for the remanding of the troops, when that orator, for the first time, put forth all the powers of his eloquence, the queen and her party could no longer contain their indignation against the want of influence and apparent insignificance of Necker. He received an order from the king to retire secretly, and he honourably obeyed the injunction by setting off at night and reaching the frontier, ere news could be had even of his departure. The news of his dismissal reached Paris July the 13th, and immediately the insurrection burst forth —the green cockade, Necker's livery, was worn, and his bust, with that of Orleans, was carried in procession—the troops in the Place Louis Quinze were insulted, and fired on by the French guards in insurrection—the royalist troops never returned the fire —'tisdifficult to conceive what brought them there. The next day the Bastille was destroyed, and the triumph of the popular party complete. Louis in person acquainted the assembly of his determination to remand the troops, entreating them at the same time to send a deputation of their members to calm the Parisians.

Our readers need not be alarmed—we do not intend troubling them here with a history of the Revolution, but we could not help recapitulating the leading features of its commencement, concerning the causes and errors of which there has been so much controversy. The controversy is necessarily confined to the period of the Assemblée Constituante; for after the disappearance of both *royalist* and *constitutional* party, any friendly sentiments towards one body or another, must be merely comparative. We may pity Condorcet, if we compare him with his Jacobin enemies—we may admire the boldness of Tallien, in the overthrow of Roberspierre; but considered as individual men, or single parties, they excite no feeling but abhorrence and disgust. France has of late, it must be confessed, heard strange doctrines from her tribune, but so violently indecorous as to alienate many of the liberal party from their friends. The very day on which a deputation was appointed by the Chamber to attend the ceremonial of the 21st of January—the anniversary of the death of Louis the XVI. Mr Manuel pleaded the cause of the Convention:

"Ne cherchons pas," says he, "à faire de cette discussion une arène pour combattre le gouvernement existant alors, (the Convention), reconaissons *que ce qu'il a fait, il a pu, il a du le faire.*" Happily for France, these sentiments are unechoed, and there is not in that country, perhaps, another man that would utter them—and aptly they seem to fall from the mouth of him who proclaimed Napoleon the II.

That which was considered the great bulwark against revolutions—their novelty and want of precedent, was the very circumstance which, more than all others, facilitated their completion. The sanguine and confident, a character prevalent in France, remained satisfied that the tendency of things was towards rectitude and order—they considered but as a passing ebullition, what in reality was a rapidly-spreading sentiment, and esteemed it quite unnecessary to put in practice the *defensive* arms of unity and party discipline, which the promoters of anarchy had recourse to for *offensive* measures. The Revolution in England was considered as an exception in the natural course of human affairs, instead of being taken into account as an obvious phenomenon. The Constitutionalists and nobles united, could have at first overwhelmed the Republicans, even before such a hydra had arisen as Jacobinism. It was the want of discipline to the rules of party that destroyed the aristocrats, and consequently the moderate revolutionists; for, notwithstanding the declamations of the ignorant against party and party spirit, nothing great or good can be effected, nor anything destructive prevented without obedience to it. But the laws of popular assemblies have developed themselves—the world is aware of their inevitable tendency, and that no society could exist in the vicinity of such a volcano without establishing checks of one kind or another upon its indomitable spirit. England and France have had their revolutions and their contra-revolutions; and each, though at distant intervals, follows the same path of progression, leaving the popular tendency in active force, but assured of its being ever repressed within its legitimate bounds by one great safe-guard, viz. the dread that every wise citizen must entertain

of seeing it uncontrolled and predominant. "Enlighten the people," cry the revolutionists; and we cry in turn, "Enlighten the people,"—a glimpse, a taste of knowledge, may produce a love of innovation,

"But drinking largely sobers us again."

The world has drunk largely, and we see in Spain the struggle commenced—not as in France, between sage and cunning republicans on the one hand, and blind ignorant nobles on the other; but between parties, who each are expert at every revolutionary weapon—the insurrections of the capital are not confined to the *communeros;* we see the sons of Jacobinism beaten with their favourite weapons, and the Cortes (at least at the moment we write) marching firmly to order. Notwithstanding this, we have little hopes of seeing Spain settled and happy; she has not steered clear of the two great rocks whereon France and England foundered—and she has imitated them unfortunately in the very principles which they have both been since compelled to abrogate in retracing their steps. The first of these is the single Chamber, and the attempt to dispense with an intermediate power between the monarch and the people—they should have considered the consequence of prince and people being thus in tangible opposition—they might have called to mind the situation of the late King of France, when abandoned to his solitary negative voice, for support against a popular assembly. The first time he attempted to exercise this, his only remaining prerogative, the enraged mob burst into the palace of the sovereign, whom they styled by the too just appellation of Monsieur Veto, and, putting a red night-cap on his kingly locks, forced him to recede from his resolution. The other principle of destruction is the non-re-eligibility of the members, somewhat a-kin to our self-denying ordinance, but an exact copy of the vote of the Constituent Assembly, that vote which palpably brought on the reign of terror. The measure of the Constituent Assembly we can account for, mad as it was; it arose from spite against the constitutionalists, much against their measures, but more against their talents; it was produced, as Madame de Staël says, by the league of mediocrity against genius. It is characteristic of the French nation that individual vanity and private envy destroyed the only hopes which the nation had of attaining what it has professed itself most proud to possess—rational liberty. And it will ever be a bitter reproach to them as a nation, that with all their talent, their pride, and their gallantry, they were humbled at length to receive this blessing from the arms of a victorious and a hated enemy.

It is astonishing, that among the numerous memoirs which have laid bare the hidden scenes of the revolution, there should be found no satisfactory accounts of the intrigues of d'Orleans. There is certainly one person living—La Fayette, who could develope them if he would; it is to be hoped that he will follow the example of so many of his companions in leaving memoirs to the world. But it is not likely that he will ever disclose the facts with which he personally reproached the duke, and drove him to England. Madame de Staël, who may be supposed to have known from La Fayette all that ever the general intends to disclose, passes over the criminality of Philip l'Egalité with a very suspicious lenity:

"Le Duc d'Orléans," says she, "fut accusé d'avoir trempé dans la conspiration du 6me Octobre: le tribunal chargé d'éxaminer les pièces de ce procès ne trouva point de preuves contre lui; mais M. de la Fayette ne supportoit pas l'idée que l'on attribuât même les violences populaires à ce qu'on pût appeler une conspiration. Il exigea du duc d'aller en Angleterre."

It is Madame de Staël herself that could not bear to have the popular violence attributed to a conspiracy, she would have it the simple unexcited *vox populi;* but she never takes the trouble of informing us, by what right or by what authority La Fayette commanded the Duke to take a journey to England. We know from other sources that the meeting between Orleans and the Marquis, was marked with mean submission on the part of the former, and vehement indignation on the part of the latter; and there rests little doubt that La Fayette's promise of everlasting silence was the price of the Duke's departure. The

punishment had more than its proposed effect; it did more than send him to a distance from his party,—it alienated their hopes and affections from him altogether. "What political design could be founded on such a fellow," said Mirabeau, "that permitted La Fayette to drive him into England?" Lacretelle assumes the highest degree of culpability in Orleans, more indeed than can be credited of so weak and so insignificant a character. The crowds that were long accustomed to collect at the Palais-Royal, may be accounted for without supposing that they were bribed to frequent an agreeable place of resort. The *Café du Foy* was chosen by the haranguers of the day to expatiate in, since, by being within the precincts of a royal palace, it was more secure from the interference of the police, and Orleans may have tolerated what he did not actively excite. Besides, as was observed during the late discussion on the press, there were but two journals published at Paris in the year 1789,—the *Gazette de France*, and the *Journal de Paris*, and the difficulty of obtaining these, together with their complete silence as to the debates of the Constituent Assembly, drove all persons to the spot where they were most likely to hear tidings of what was going forwards. Those who came from Versailles, where the Assembly sate, got up of course to tell their news,—those who pretended to have tidings, got up and invented—and from such to passing judgment and discussing the several points under debate, was but a little step. It was a fundamental principle among the followers of the house of Orleans, that a certain degree of opposition to the court was necessary to the greatness and influence of this minor branch of the royal family, and how far the then Duke extended this principle, is a question not easy to be answered. Lacretelle and those of the party which that historian seems at present attached to, seek to throw the blame of the Revolution off the French people in general, and to make Orleans a kind of scape-goat to bear the universal load of horror and of crime. The historian gives a very eloquent and spirited description of the scenes of the 5th and 6th of October; but Mirabeau traversing the ranks sword in hand, and Orleans smiling amidst the groups of his hired assassins, are not borne out by history. Passionate writers are fond of these supererogations of crime—they may do very well in poetry, but the sober prose narration of these dreadful events is horrific enough, Heaven knows, without such strained embellishments.

But we have sufficiently discussed the merits of a history that treats of a period so well known. We have marked the side to which it inclines, and the personages it has pourtrayed with exaggeration;—a cry has been raised against it, much the same as that which in this country assailed the writer "who first dared to shed the generous tear for the fates of Charles and Strafford." In eloquence and in sympathy for misfortune, the historian under review may be said to resemble Hume; but the calm, philosophic spirit, equally at home in feeling or irony, in profound research or elegant *insouciance*, is not to be found in any writer, indeed, on the other side of our Channel. We shall conclude with a sample of the work, in which the author sums up the merits and labours of the Constituent Assembly.

"To avoid continual digressions, I shall describe the political situation of France at the epoch when the Constituent Assembly chose to abdicate its right to conduct that revolution which it had commenced. The constitution which it had created with so much fatigue, and in a manner little worthy of the united talent of the body, met that fate which always attends the testaments of kings absolute during life, but braved with impunity when they are no more. The Assembly became conscious, but too late, of the defects of its handywork. Liberty was by no means established, for authority was no where firm. The throne was stript of all its splendour, all its dignity, of all which awes and captivates the imagination of a people. The monarch, whom it sought to re-enthrone, had undergone a humiliating captivity. Public authority was split and divided among innumerable ministers, independent one of the other, and able to break at will the imaginary links of subordination. The Assembly had detached from the executive power I know not what authority of administration, which was scattered through numerous departments, and separated through a thousand dis-

tricts and municipalities. It had rivals everywhere, arbiters nowhere. To propriety, that principal bulwark of representative governments, there had been offered but an illusive security. There was no constitutional check imposed to restrain the succeeding Assembly, which might be expected to be more ardent than the foregoing—and no rampart against the passions of new men, but the constitution itself, a few insignificant pages, vainly consecrated by the oaths of a frivolous and an impious rabble. It was nothing but an awkward conglomeration of the laws of mixt governments, with the forms of pure democracy ever predominant. All was sovereignty, all was combat. The experience of the dissensions and tumult necessarily attendant on a single Chamber, had not warned them to divide the legislative power. To the monarch they had left, for his portion of authority, but a veto, limited in its institution, unfortunate in its exercise. Nor had he enough of offices in his gift to rally around his throne men of talent and ambition, he had merely the power to bribe the mercenary with the revenue of the civil list, the only point in which the Constituent Assembly had behaved towards him with liberality. And even this gift was fatal, since the civil list afforded an eternal source of accusations on the score of corruption and interestedness against the honest defenders of the constitutional throne. Royalty elevated itself but to become more odious and more humbled.

"This then was the effect, so long in producing and in being vaunted, which France derived from an Assembly, for ever celebrated by an unrivalled union of talents, and even of virtues. It deeply proves, how vain is genius itself in the path of government and politics,—blind, if it outsteps experience—unfortunate, if it disdains it."

SPRING.

The most delightful of all seasons is now rapidly approaching; and after a little coy, reluctant delay in the beginning of the month, seems ready to burst upon us in full glory. An English spring partakes of the national characteristics of our country. She is cold, shy, and reserved, but not, on that account, found less deserving of regard, on more intimate acquaintance; and the value of her warmth of character, when developed, is greatly enhanced by the first impression of her chill exterior.

Our late mild winter has indeed seemed but a continual preparation of Spring; unusual phenomena in the vegetable world have gladdened our eyes throughout that long and generally severe season; and earth has beheld with surprise her forward children "glinting forth" at a time when all nature is usually wrapped in death-like sleep. However grateful we may feel for such a prologue, the appearance of the favourite performer in the full piece is not less rapturously applauded, and Spring's lovely self is hailed by every bosom that has a heart susceptible of pleasurable sensation. When I look around me after a few days of genial weather, I am in perfect astonishment at the change which has every where taken place. A fortnight ago, a keen east wind blew bitterly on the birth of the young Spring, and retarded her progress in a manner the most trying to rural patience, when we are anxiously on the look-out for that delicious revolution in the face of Nature which April sometimes brings. This unkind blast threatened ruin to our orchards and gardens; the wall-fruit shrunk and shrivelled beneath its influence; the few adventurous leaves and buds that had left their downy cells, seemed to stand shivering and looking at each other as though they would have gladly retreated again, if possible; reminding one of a knot of shy young ladies hesitating at the door of a drawing-room, and unwilling to encounter the horrors of an entrée. In both instances, after a little previous delay, they suddenly rush in all at once, and I will not venture to say in which case the spectator is most charmed. It is a very delightful circumstance attached to Spring, that however often she visits us, she is perpetually *new*. I have welcomed her return through very many successive years, but yet, many though they be, my enjoyment of the novelty of Spring rather increases than abates. Indeed, the mind that is once sensible to this wonderful transition from the seeming

death of inanimate nature to universal life and joy throughout her several kingdoms, must continue to feel it as often as it returns. Every Winter will give the same degree of preparation to the mind, and it will be in the same state of readiness to receive the balmy influence which the green-robed Nymph will shed upon it. That this familiarity with her charms should not produce indifference, is one of the numerous boons of Providence which need only to be thought of to be duly appreciated; and which, delightful in itself, is the more valuable from being a blessing of such universal diffusion, without distinction of rank or condition.

It has always been the fashion to quiz an Englishman for his perpetual recurrence to the subject of *the weather*. For my part, I consider it one of his many respectable nationalities. It arises, I imagine, from that deeply-seated rurality which is at the centre of every Englishman's heart; and which, trim, shape, and varnish him as you will, will remain inseparably interwoven with his original texture. The weather, with him, is connected with those vital interests of his country with which every Englishman is more or less directly concerned; his feelings are awakened by a thousand motives of interest, profit or pleasure; he feels deeply for the prosperity of those agricultural prospects on which the welfare of the community depends; and it is the privilege of an Englishman to feel sensitively the visitations of what we, in our limited wisdom, are pleased to call bad; that is, as it appears to us, unseasonable weather. Without perhaps an acre of land of his own, he has that intimate connection with *the country*, that his hopes, fears, and sympathies, are excited without proportion to the stake he himself holds. As a sportsman, too, he feels dependent on the weather for the pleasures of the field; and a good or bad season of partridges is with him almost as momentous an affair as the harvest to the farmer. It is the ruling passion with the English to join agricultural pursuits to the more elegant avocations of learning and taste. The highest ranks indulge, without any idea of degradation, this love of rural employments. Our late beloved Monarch, who was himself the purest model of the truly dignified character of an English country gentleman, delighted to forget the *ennui* of state, in the animating occupation of farming. The interests and pleasures, therefore, of so numerous a class of men, will always render the trite topic of the weather interesting. It is quite another affair with a Frenchman. The Grand Seigneur, who receives from his steward his revenues at his hotel at Paris, cares little whether it has rained or shone the whole year round—his gold has not a whit the less lustre. It is true, he likes vastly to walk abroad in fine weather—to call it *superbe—magnifique même*; because it allows him to figure in the Tuilleries Gardens, without risk of the damp relaxing the fierce curl of his moustaches, and to gallant the ladies in an evening excursion, without spotting his silk stockings. I would not be thought a prejudiced Englishman, who could see no merit in men of other countries. I will allow our lively neighbours to shine in their agreeable metropolis—to enjoy their brilliant dexterity of conversation—their polished manners—their *goût de la société*. I envy them not; it is sufficient for me to have been born and bred an Englishman; who, whatever temporary vagaries he may play, will never cease to be at bottom a *rural animal*.

I do not allow the unfortunate class of beings yelept Cockneys to be an exception to the principle I have just laid down; they cannot be said properly to have any country, as they are to be found in the capitals of every nation under the sun, and form a totally distinct species.

Amongst the many blessings I possess, I reckon a fine family of boys and girls not the least of my English comforts; and who, though none of them can be called handsome, have that which with me is an equivalent for beauty—the healthy bloom, the free and open countenance, which testify to their having inhaled, from their birth, the pure air of the country. To these children, indeed, the country is a second mother; and I have accustomed them, from their earliest years, to look for their highest gratifications from that source. Nor are they permitted to be fastidious about seasons; they are not fair-weather heroes, but have learned that every aspect of nature has its peculiar charms. I have, however, invariably found their share, in what I should deem, the univer-

sal partiality for Spring. As it comes on, their little spirits rise—expectation is afloat—and their memories retrace with wonderful accuracy every recreation and indulgence which the season was wont to bring with it. To ramble in the fields and woods is to them the highest felicity; they have learned to explore the stores of nature; I have assisted them to have eyes for every thing; and they are tolerable naturalists for their age, and know something beyond the names of every thing they see. If one of them makes any new acquisition in any department of nature—if they find a flower, a bird, or shell, &c. &c., hitherto unknown to them, the happy discoverer is rewarded by being placed at my right hand at supper; and Columbus himself, when first espying the coast of his promised land, was not more joyful than my little explorer. When I intend a superlative degree of indulgence, I produce my magnifying glass—than which no conjuror's tricks ever attracted more wonder and delight. I never found occasion for any greater degree of punishment amongst my children, (since the dawn of reason in their minds,) than a prohibition to accompany me in my evening ramble; and I consider that education rests on a good basis, when their highest enjoyments consist of simple pleasures, easily and cheaply attained, and which will not grow less pleasant in advancing years. This relish for the concerns of rural life is not derived, as a matter of course, from simply living in the country; but requires to be taught and encouraged like all other knowledge. I often call to mind the ingenious story of Eyes and No Eyes, in that treasure of juvenile instruction, the Evenings at Home; and the truth of the picture has frequently been exemplified to me by persons who confess that they have lived all their days in the country without understanding it, and would be thankful to any one who would teach them how to read the volume of Nature. Now and then I give my children a jaunt to town, on a visit to their uncle, who is a constant resident there. I have a sort of malicious pleasure in observing the effect of the confinement, and different mode of life, on their looks and spirits. They seem to languish like so many flowers plucked from the parent root; they appear listless and not happy, without being aware of the cause. It is with pleasure I hear them murmur at the constraint laid on their liberty, in regard to going out of doors; I gladly see their impatience of being confined strictly to the side of their friends when walking the streets. They lament the absence of the flowers, the birds, and all accustomed objects; and pine for the free air of their bonny meadows, where they have been used to rove unconstrained. All this I enjoy exceedingly—knowing that the temporary privation will enhance their value for the country. When the day of our return arrives, I am still more delighted to watch the exhilaration of their spirits—the heartfelt, unpretending joy with which they again behold the little smiling spot, which has been to them their youthful Paradise—their abode of liberty and innocence. How often am I hastily summoned to see some new wonder which has appeared during our absence! Every flower is pointed out to me, and every budding shrub rapturously announced. Foolish boys and girls! They do not know, that so intimately acquainted is my eye with every individual object in my Eden, that I could shew them blindfold where every wild-flower root would spring—where the earliest violet would grow—and which bank the blue-bells loved best to adorn. But though these sights are better known to me, my pleasure in them is not less keen than theirs.

When I speak of the pleasures of country to my London friends, some of them understand me well; but others have no ideas on the subject beyond a summer excursion to a sea-bathing place—to which, indeed, perhaps they are led by a kind of happy instinct, as to a purification quite necessary, after so long an imprisonment amid the impure air of London.

These persons seem to have no images of the country, otherwise than as a sort of wild and uncivilized region which they mention with an involuntary shiver—they talk of a visit to the country as an heroic exploit, and assume a tone of benevolent commiseration in speaking of its inhabitants. It has been happily said by those who love the country as I do, and who would give the highest sanction to their taste—that God made the country, but man the town. Surely it must be inexpressibly superior to live

where we are constantly reminded of the goodness of the Creator by every beautiful work of his hand, and where our communion with him is more intimate; than to endure that artificial state of existence which is led in that huge prison of man's construction, where every impediment is offered to the indulgence of calm contemplation, and where the perpetual hurry and dissipation of the mind, and the follies and vanities of the world, must induce indifference, if not utter forgetfulness of that bountiful Creator; whereas, the pleasures of rural life, while they most truly sweeten the *present*, are so far from obstructing our views of the *future*, that they dispose our hearts to aspire after that still better and more beautiful country; and teach us the exercise of those nobler faculties of the soul, which we hope to exert in perfection, in a future state of existence. It is, perhaps, unwise in man to be anxious concerning any of the minor particulars of that last inevitable hour, which, whenever it shall arrive, will have too much of awe to leave room for lesser considerations—but I confess I have an aversion to the idea of exhaling my mortal breath in the close atmosphere of a town—I should almost fancy the soul would with difficulty escape from her confinement in such a situation.—The idea of Rousseau having his window thrown open on the approach of death, recurs to my mind, and appears to me a very natural movement, and I have always felt a strong desire to breathe my last sigh in the bosom of the country, amid those scenes which have made the delight of my whole existence.

The pleasures of the town appear to me to be very happily pourtrayed in the mock festival on May-day, in which the unfortunate race of beings, called chimney-sweepers, perform so conspicuous a part; and in which the union of glitter and dirt, merriment and misery, aptly shew the wretched incongruity of Spring in London. Nothing on earth can be so widely different as the town and country notions of Spring. Let us briefly consider a London young lady's ideas of that season. In the middle of April she begins to perceive an unusual stir around her, as though life had, from some cause, received a new impulse; she sees a prodigious increase of carriages in the streets, of visitors in mamma's drawing-room, a great influx of beaux and belles in the Park—the shops present a lively display of every bright and attractive colour, and *sweet* silks, and *sweet* gauzes, reappear, which have lain dormant during the winter. Once a-week or so, as the weather is remarkably fine, she and a train of younger brothers and sisters are conveyed in mamma's carriage to Kensington Gardens; after a long morning's stopping, they alight, and a little prim procession of masters and misses demurely walk forth hand in hand, the former in dresses with shining buttons, fenced round with stiffly-plaited frills, which preserve the strictest composure during the walk; the latter in nice white frocks, with furbelows round the ankles and borders of the garments—kid slippers and gloves, and each a silk parasol and veil. The eldest demoiselle takes mamma's arm, and if she be not too much fatigued with the labours of the morning, the young lady has the benefit of a detail of her bargains. She remarks to her mother that Spring is certainly come, she notices that jonquil, and even primrose colours, are worn already by several of the fashionables in the Gardens. If any of the little ones is attracted by the sight of the trees or flowers, and is inquisitive of its attendant nurse, "Don't point, Master Henry—go on, Miss Harriett—pray, put down that nasty weed; your mamma don't like you to point or to stand still, and you will quite spoil your gloves." After a few turns, they re-enter the carriage in complete order, and all agree, looking at their slippers, that Spring is the most charming of seasons. Then come panoramas, and exhibitions, and sweet landscapes; such faithful representations of rural scenery! Inimitable Glover! so true to nature! Then such sweet fashions—so new—so charming—dear Burlington Arcade is surely the Arcadia that the poets dreamed of! Such crowds of equipage in the Park the first Sunday in May—the movement so slow—and time so ample, for reconnoitring the tenants of each carriage *en passant*—what variety! and what innumerable ideas gleaned even on Sunday, (when no shopping can be done) for the important science of dress. And then the delightful multiplicity of engagements, dinners, routs, balls, &c. &c. &c. the

meeting with hundreds of dear affectionate friends,—the noise, bustle, and fermentation of spirits—oh, there is nothing can equal London in Spring!

The scene, if you please, gentle Reader, changes to my study in the country—the door of which is clamorously besieged early before breakfast by a troop of chubby-faced youngsters, each laden with some article of wonder from Nature's repository; and a long tale to tell during the repast of what has occurred in the course of the walk. "Oh, Papa, do you know we have found the wren's nest which you looked for yesterday—but we did not touch it, and I called Ellen away, for I saw the hen-bird watching." "Yes, Papa, and there are daffodils and cowslips quite out in blossom, and here's a nosegay I have brought for you and mamma; and I want you to tell me what this is, and this, &c. &c." In the afternoon, when school is happily over, and they are out again, Laura bursts into the room, open-mouthed, her hat flying, and her eye sparkling with animation, to announce to her mamma the arrival of the first butterfly seen that season! Never did such delight brighten the countenance of her cousin in London, even at the sight of a coronetted coach stopping at the door. In the evening the young people may be seen issuing forth a joyous train, busily engaging in the labours of the several gardens appropriated to each, simply clad, unencumbered with gloves, and their frocks perhaps ornamented with a fringe of good garden mould—which with us is considered neither calamity nor crime; and is amply compensated by the first early sallad produced by the young horticulturists. On a May-day, when it has been such as poets love to paint, what a group have I seen carrying the Garland, and how I have followed the steps of their airy dance, with emotions of pleasure, far, far superior to what they themselves felt, or I could have experienced at their age!

Nor is our life so unchequered by events as the gay beings of the town are pleased to imagine. The various changes and additions to the several members of our society are no less interesting, and make quite as much noise with us as the same events in the great metropolis of fashion. We have not to complain of monotony—far from it—and to convince our readers, we will favour them with an extract from

The Rural Chronicle, April, 1822.

Departures.—For the north; —— Frost, Esq. and suite, amongst whom we noticed Messrs Woodcock, Fieldfare, Redwing, &c. &c. &c.

Arrivals.—Early in the month, Mr and Mrs Swallow; family expected to follow soon.—N. B. Mr and Mrs S. go out very little as yet.

The Messrs Blackbird and Thrush have begun to give their annual concerts for the season.

Their respective ladies are "at home."

The musical foreigner of distinction—the Signor Cuckoo—whose favourite cantatas are so repeatedly encored—he is said to be on the look-out for lodgings in the neighbourhood.—Strange stories are in circulation respecting a branch of the *Sparrow* family.

The Widow Nightingale—to her seat in Poplar island.

The Miss Martens for the season.

Dr and Mrs Rook have made great progress in their new dwelling, which is built on the old site.

The Wren family, so famous in the annals of architecture, have lately designed some edifices, which shew them to be as skilful as ever in that admirable art.

Court News.—Gazette Extraordinary.—Yesterday, her serene highness, Queen Flora, held her first drawing-room this season; which was most numerously attended. The court opened soon after sunrise. Mr Sky-lark was in waiting to announce the company.

The Misses Daisy were the earliest visitors, after which arrivals were constant.

Messrs Bugle, Broom, Lilac, Orchis, Periwinkle, Ranunculus, Stellaria, &c. &c. all richly and tastefully attired.

The numerous family of the Anemones paid their devoirs early—these *elegantes* were variously habited. Some wore rich scarlet bodices, others purple and green train. The Misses A., in robes of simple white and green, almost surpassed in beauty their more splendid relatives.

The Miss Violets—on their return to the country—introduced by the Ladies Primrose. The amiable and modest appearance of the former was

much noticed—the costume of each party was thought very becoming, and skilfully assorted to set off the colours and charms of each.

The Miss Blue Bells, robes of azure tissue, much admired for the sylph-like elegance of their forms.

The beautiful Germander family, with their never-to-be-forgotten eyes of heavenly blue, attracted universal attention.

The arrival of the Rose family was anxiously expected.

The Miss Cowslips were presented —it has been the fashion to call them the "pretty rustics;" but they were most graciously received, and the delicate propriety of their dress and manners much admired.

The Lady Cardamines—costumes of the finest *linen*. The simplicity of this novel style of dress was thought very bewitching.

Mrs Tulip—body and train of crimson and gold. This truly grand dress had a superb effect.

Messrs Chesnut, Oak, Birch, Lime, &c. &c. sported new bright green liveries.

Messrs Blackthorn, Pear, Apple, &c. &c. crowded round their sovereign, eager to pay their dutiful homage: they made a magnificent show, in rich suits of white, red, and green.

The company were greatly delighted with a concert of vocal music from a large party of the best performers in the neighbourhood, consisting wholly of amateurs.

In this belle assemblée it has been whispered that radical principles had been very generally disseminated, though studiously kept out of sight.

The good order and obedience to the laws of their Queen, for which the attendants on this court are remarkable, is the best refutation of every calumny. We are happy to add, that though in so large and mixed an assembly, many individuals must have been unavoidably thrown into the shade, yet no umbrage was taken, and the evening concluded with the utmost harmony, the parties continuing together till the shadows of evening; when, having partaken of a few drops of a light and charming beverage, (the receipt for which is not to be found in Mrs Rundell), the court broke up; but not before the widow Nightingale (who had joined the performers of the morning) had been entreated to favour the company with a song—that well-bred lady instantly complied, and poured upon the ears of her delighted auditors one of her most heart-thrilling melodies.

M.

SONNET TO ——

The world bursts in between us—we must part!
Earth is no home for happiness; the dreams
That lapp'd us in Elysium, were but gleams
Of phantasy, and mock'd the easy heart;—
Ah! never more such landscapes of delight
Shall spread their bloom around us; never more
The western sun behold us as of yore,
Nor such a glory gild the vault of night!—

Why should we wish a heritage of years,
Since joy is but a vision! why should we,
Children of error, seeing what we see,
Anchor upon an isle that disappears?
All sublunary things take wings and flee,
Save disappointment, treachery, and tears.

KOTZEBUE'S VOYAGE.*

We have here a splendid instance of the munificence of an individual,—a voyage of discovery, fitted out at the expense of a Russian nobleman (Count Romanzoff,) for the purpose of solving that great geographical problem, the existence of the North-west Passage.

The minute survey of the north-west coast of America, by Vancouver, and the land expeditions of Hearne and M'Kenzie, had demonstrated the non-existence of such a passage to the southward of Bering's Straits, and that any communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, must be sought for in the higher northern latitude.

We are told in the Introduction, that Count Romanzoff had determined to send two expeditions, one from Russia, by the Atlantic, and one from the Pacific, to be undertaken at his expense, by some of the American ships which trade for furs on the north-west coast of America.

The expeditions fitted out by England having rendered the first plan unnecessary, the Count determined to confine his views to the latter. His first intention was to send out a small vessel, in frame, in some of the ships belonging to the Russian-American Company, to be set up at Kodiak or Oonalashka. Want of room in these vessels prevented this plan, and a brig of 180 tons was built for the purpose, and named the Rurick. Lieutenant Kotzebue, son of the celebrated German author, was intrusted with the command, at the recommendation of Captain Krusenstern, with whom he had made the former voyage of discovery in the Nadeshda.

Prefixed to the account of the voyage is an introduction by Captain Krusenstern, and instructions for the astronomical and physical observations, by Dr Hörner; besides which, there is in the original, but not translated, "A View of the Voyages to the North Pole, and for the Discovery of a Northern Passage from the Atlantic Ocean to the South Sea, by Captain Krusenstern." It is short and unsatisfactory, chiefly taken from the superficial work of Forster, and contains nothing new; it is particularly meagre, where it ought to have been fullest, in the account of the northern voyages performed by the Russians.

The Rurick sailed from Cronstedt on the 30th July, 1815; and, after touching at Copenhagen, Plymouth, Teneriffe, and Brazil, anchored in Conception Bay, on the coast of Chili, on the 13th of February, 1816. They remained here till the 8th of March, and, on the 28th of the same month, made Easter Island. Upon attempting to land, a number of the natives prevented them, and attacked them with stones, till several shots were fired, which dispersed the crowd, and enabled Captain Kotzebue to land, for the purpose of looking for the remarkable statues mentioned by Cook and Peyrouse. He could only find a heap of stones, which lay near an unbroken pedestal. Finding, from the threatening aspect of the natives, he could not penetrate into the interior; he re-embarked, but was obliged to fire a second time upon the natives, we are not told with what effect. Nothing but necessity can justify such a measure; and it appears to have been wanting in this case, at least in the first instance, when the natives were fired upon from the boats, in order to clear the landing-place.

Captain Kotzebue ascribes this hostile feeling to an outrage committed upon them by the captain of an American schooner, who kidnapped several of them, for the purpose of carrying on the seal-fishery at Massafuero.

"In pursuance of this wicked design, he landed at Cook's Bay, where he endeavoured to seize upon a number of the inhabitants.

"The combat is said to have been bloody, as the brave islanders defended themselves with intrepidity; but they were obliged to yield to the terrible arms of the Europeans; and twelve men and ten women fell into the merciless hands of the Americans. Upon this, the poor creatures were carried on board, fettered for

* A Voyage of Discovery into the South-Sea and Behring's Straits, for the purpose of exploring a North-East Passage, undertaken in the years 1815–1818, by Lieutenant Otto Von Kotzebue. 3 vols. 8vo. London, Longman and Co. 1821.

the first three days, and not released till they were out of sight of land. The first use they made of their recovered liberty, was, that the men jumped overboard; and the women, who attempted to follow them, were prevented only by force. The captain made the ship lay to, in hopes that they would return on board for refuge, when they were threatened by the waves. He, however, soon perceived how much he had been mistaken; for the savages, used to the water from their infancy, thought it not impossible, notwithstanding the distance of three days' voyage, to reach their native country; and at all events, they preferred perishing in the waves, to leading a miserable life in captivity. After they had disputed for some time as to the direction they should take, they separated; some took the direct way to Easter Island, and the others to the north. The captain, extremely enraged at this unexpected heroism, sent a boat after them, which returned after many fruitless efforts, as they always dived at the approach of the boat, and the sea compassionately received them in its bosom. At last the captain left the men to their fate, and brought the women to Massafuero; and is said to have afterwards made many attempts to steal some of the people from Easter Island. Adams had heard this story from the Captain himself, which was probably the reason he did not wish to mention his name: he assured me that he had been to Easter Island, in 1806, but was not able to land, on account of the hostile behaviour of the inhabitants: he said, that the ship Albatross, under the command of Captain Winship, had met with the same fate in 1809."

On the 16th of April they discovered an island in lat. 14° 15′ 11″ S., and long. 138° 47′ 7″ W. It was named Doubtful Island, as they were uncertain whether it might not be the Dog Island of Schouten. On the 20th, another small island was discovered in lat. 14° 57′ 20′ S., and long. 144° 28′ 30″, and named after Count Romanzoff. Owing to the surf, it was impossible for a boat to land; but a prame was constructed which enabled several of the crew to reach the shore. They traversed the island, and found huts, and other traces of inhabitants, but did not meet with any.

On the 22d, another island, about eleven miles long and three broad, with a lake in the centre, was discovered, and named Spiridoff Island. It lies in lat. 14° 41′ S., long. 144° 59 20″ W. They then proceeded to the Palliser Islands of Captain Cook, to the westward of which they discovered one of those chains of islets connected by a reef of coral, so frequent in certain parts of the Pacific Ocean. No traces of inhabitants were observed. The length of the most considerable of the islands, lying at intervals of from one to two hundred fathoms, did not exceed two miles. All of them, even the smallest, were thickly wooded. This group, which is situated in lat. 15° 15′ N., Long. 146° 46′ W. received the name of Rurick's Chain. Immediately to the west, they passed another group, corresponding to the situation of Dean's Island in Arrowsmith's chart; and beyond it a third group, in all respects similar to the first, was discovered, and named after Captain Krusenstern.

On the 30th of the same month, they passed the Penryn Islands. Several canoes came off and traded with them. The natives are said to resemble those of the Marquesas, but are not tatooed, in which respect they differ from the other South-Sea islanders; they understood several of the words of the vocabulary of Cook's Voyages.

On the 21st of May, land was descried from the mast-head, which consisted of several coral islands, and resembled Rurick's Chain. These formed two groups, separated by a channel. They extend about twenty-five miles from north to south; lie in lat. 11° 11′ N., and long. 190° 9′ W. One of the groups was named Kutusoff, and the other Suwaroff.

On the 19th of June, the Rurick anchored in Avatscha Bay, and sailed again for Bering's Straits. On the 15th of July, they passed Bering Island, and landed on one of the islands of St Laurence. Their reception here was more hospitable than elegant.

"While our naturalists were strolling about the mountains, I entertained myself with my new acquaintance, who, as soon as they learnt that I was the commander, invited me to their tent. A filthy piece of leather was spread on the floor for me to sit on; and then they came up to me one after the other—each of them embraced me, rubbed his nose hard against mine, and ended his caresses by spitting in his hands and wiping them several times over my face. Though these signs of friendship were not very agreeable to me, I bore all patiently. To suppress their further tenderness, I distributed some tobacco-leaves, which they received with much pleasure, and were going to repeat all their caresses again. I hastily took some knives, scissars, and beads, and thus happily prevented a second attack. An almost still greater

misery awaited me; when, in order to refresh me, they brought forth a wooden trough of whale blubber, (a great delicacy among all the northern inhabitants of the sea coasts), and I bravely took some of it, sickening and dangerous as this food is to a European stomach. This, and some other presents, which I afterwards made them, sealed the bond of our friendly acquaintance."

On the 30th of July, they entered Bering's Straits, and discovered a small island which had escaped the notice of Captains Cook and Clarke. It was named Ratmanoff Island. They anchored same night on the American shore, abreast of an island within which an inlet was seen, which apparently reached considerably into the interior. The island was named Saritscheff, and the bay Schischmareff, after the first lieutenant.

Next day they weighed anchor, and, with a favourable wind, proceeded along the American coast, which seemed to be well inhabited. The land soon took an easterly direction, and at eleven o'clock, on the 1st of August, they found themselves in the entrance of a broad inlet. The coast to the east disappeared, and high mountains were seen to the north.

From the 1st of August to the 14th, was employed in surveying this inlet, which stretches about a hundred miles to the south-east, terminating in two bays, which received the names of Escholze Bay and Spafarieif's Bay. The inlet itself was called Kotzebue Sound.* On the south-west side an opening was discovered, which was described by the natives as communicating with the sea; its western entrance will probably be found somewhere behind Sarytscheff's Island. Their progress in boats up this interesting passage was prevented by shoals; and the farther investigation was delayed till the following season, when it might be prosecuted in bayderais or light skin boats, whose draft of water would enable them to pass the shallows. It was named the Bay of Good Hope.

On the 8th of August, near the head of the inlet, they discovered a singular geological curiosity, a hill covered with vegetation, the interior of which was pure ice, containing a quantity of Mammoth's teeth and bones.

"We had passed a very unpleasant night, for it was stormy and rainy; and as the morning promised no better weather, I resolved to sail back to the ship; but scarcely had we gone half way, when we were overtaken by a violent storm from the south-east: the long-boat drew much water, and we were obliged to return to the landing-place we had just quitted. Being wet through, I had a fire made of driftwood, which we found every where in plenty; we dried our clothes and prepared a refreshing soup. It seemed as if fortune had sent this storm, to enable us to make a very remarkable discovery, which we owe to Dr Escholtz. We had climbed much about during our stay, without discovering that we were on real ice-bergs. The doctor, who had extended his excursions, found part of the bank broken down, and saw, to his astonishment, that the interior of the mountain consisted of pure ice. At this news, we all went, provided with shovels and crows, to examine this phenomenon more closely, and soon arrived at a place where the bank rises almost perpendicularly out of the sea, to the height of a hundred feet; and then runs off, rising still higher. We saw masses of the purest ice, of the height of a hundred feet, which are under a cover of moss and grass; and could not have been produced, but by some terrible revolution. The place which, by some accident, had fallen in, and is now exposed to the sun and air, melts away, and a good deal of water flows into the sea. An indisputable proof that what we saw was real ice, is the quantity of mammoths' teeth and bones, which were exposed to view by the melting, and among which I myself found a very fine tooth. We could not assign any reason, for a strong smell, like that of burnt horn, which we perceived in this place. The covering of these mountains, on which the most luxuriant grass grows to a certain height, is only half a foot thick, and consists of a mixture of clay, sand, and earth; below which, the ice gradually melts away, the green cover sinks with it, and continues to grow; and thus it may be foreseen, that in a long series of years, the mountain will vanish, and a green valley be formed in its stead. By a good observation, we found the latitude of the tongue of land 66° 15′ 36″, north. Here too, we obtained for the

* This sound will no doubt continue to bear the name of Kotzebue; but we cannot acquiesce in his claim to the discovery, although we have not been able to ascertain to whom that honour is due: it has been laid down in the charts for many years previous to the Russian expedition. The earliest chart in which we have observed it, is in that attached to Flurieu's Account of Marchand's Voyage, published about 1806, but constructed, we believe, about the beginning of the French Revolution.

variation of the magnetic needle a false result, 13° west."

On the 14th of August, the Rurick reached the promontory of the north side of the entrance of the sound, and which received the name of Krusenstern. From it the land bends to the NE., and then takes its direction to the NW., where it ends in a high promontory, supposed to be the Cape Mulgrave of Cook.

This was the extreme northern point of Captain Kotzebue's voyage; that he did so little for what was his principal object, the discovery of a North-west Passage, must, no doubt, be ascribed in a great measure to the unfortunate accident that prevented him from prosecuting his discoveries on the following year; but we cannot help regretting the resolution he took of postponing his voyage when he had been only a fortnight within Bering's Straits, without having seen a particle of floating ice—with delightful weather, a fair wind, and the best part of the season still before him—a resolution as unlucky for his fame as that of Captain Middleton, when he left unexplored the frozen strait in Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome, or of Captain Ross, when he tacked in Lancaster Sound.

The favourable circumstances we have mentioned, afford much encouragement to an expedition sent by the Pacific, should Captain Parry fail in circumnavigating America.

On their return to Bering's Straits, they had to encounter southerly winds, and a current which flows continually to the north-east, and which, in twenty-four hours, carried them fifty miles to the north of their reckoning; the existence of this current proves that the water meets with no opposition, and consequently, that there is a passage to the north of America: its direction would be singularly favourable to ships prosecuting a voyage of discovery from the Pacific.

On the 18th of August, they anchored at East Cape, but were prevented by the natives from advancing up the country. They quitted it on the 19th, and next day anchored in St Lawrence Bay, where they remained till the 29th. The manners of the Tschukutskoi, the natives of this part of Asia, are described at considerable length; they resemble the natives of the opposite coast of America, and have already been frequently described.

From the Bay of St Lawrence, they proceeded to Oonalashka, where the Russian American Company have a settlement, and, after a stay of five days, sailed for Port St Francisco, in California, which they reached on the 1st of October, and were most hospitably received by the Spaniards. After refitting here, they sailed for the Sandwich Islands on the 1st of November, accompanied by John Elliot de Castro, a native of Portugal, who had been taken prisoner in a Russian vessel, engaged in a contraband trade on the coast of California. This person had been a surgeon at Rio Janeiro, and had resided for some time in the family of King Tamaahmaah, a circumstance which afterwards proved of the greatest service to them. The rapid progress made by the Sandwich islanders in the arts of civilization, under that remarkable character, renders any information regarding them highly interesting; and Captain Kotzebue's account amply confirms the continuance of their advancement.

The Rurick arrived at Owhyhee on the 21st of November. The appearance of the Russians evidently excited a degree of distrust and alarm on the part of the natives, caused, it would appear, by some previous attempts of that ambitious nation to form settlements upon these islands. We have not a doubt that this intention would have been carried into effect, had it not been foiled by the energy and talents of Tamaahmaah. Campbell, who sailed in a Russian ship from Kodiak about 1809, expressly says, that preparations were made for making such a settlement, but, we presume, the cause we have mentioned prevented it, and Campbell was severely reprimanded for mentioning the circumstance in public.

A few months previous to the arrival of Kotzebue, two Russian ships touched at the islands, and left a person of the name of Scheffer, a physician, for the ostensible purpose of botanizing; but in reality, it would appear, to ascertain the possibility of the scheme, and had even gone so far as to hoist the Russian flag, with these words, "I take possession of the islands." This premature step probably unveiled the purpose of his visit, and excited the well-grounded distrust

with which our navigator was received, and which he hastened to dispel by assurances that the Emperor had no intention of conquering the islands. Tamaahmaah, contrary to his usual custom, did not go on board the ship, but sent an invitation to Captain Kotzebue to land, and desired one of his chiefs to remain on board as a hostage.

"Accordingly, I rowed on shore at ten o'clock, accompanied by Messrs Elliot and Schischmareff, and a chief named John Adams.* The view of the king's camp was concealed only by a narrow tongue of land, consisting of naked rocks, but when we had sailed round we were surprised at the sight of the most beautiful landscape. We found ourselves in a small sandy bay of the smoothest water, protected against the waves of the sea; on the bank was a pleasant wood of palm-trees, under whose shade was built several straw houses; to the right, between the green leaves of the banana-trees, peeped two snow-white houses, built of stone, after the European fashion, on which account this place has the mixed appearance of a European and Owhyhee village, which afforded us a new, but charming prospect; to the left, close to the water, on an artificial elevation, stood the Morai of the king, surrounded by large wooden statues of his gods, representing caricatures of the human figure. The background of this valley is formed by the high majestic Mouna Woororay, the height of which, according to my estimation, is 1687 toises; it rises on this side pretty steep; its ascent is varied by green fields and vales, with beautiful woods, between which you frequently perceive very large and overhanging rocks of lava, which give the whole landscape, by this mixture of wildness and cultivation, a most picturesque appearance. A number of islanders, armed with muskets, stood on the shore; the king came to meet us as far as the landing-place, with some of his most distinguished warriors, and when we got out of the boat he came up to me, and cordially shook me by the hand. Curiosity brought the people from all sides, but the greatest order prevailed, and no noise or importunity was permitted. I now stood at the side of the celebrated Tamaahmaah, who had attracted the attention of all Europe, and who inspired me with the greatest confidence by his unreserved and friendly behaviour. He conducted me to his straw palace, which, according to the custom of the country, consisted only of one spacious apartment, and, like all the houses here, afforded a free draught both to the land and sea breezes, which alleviates the oppressive heat. They offered us European chairs, very neatly made, placed a mahogany table before us, and we were then in possession of all the furniture of the palace. Though the king has houses built of stone in the European fashion, he prefers this simple dwelling, not to forsake the customs of his country; he imitates every thing he knows to be useful, and tries to introduce it among his people; palaces built of stone appeared to him superfluous, as the straw houses are convenient, and as he only wishes to increase the happiness, and not the wants of his subjects. Tamaahmaah's dress, which consisted of a white shirt, blue pantaloons, a red waistcoat, and a coloured neckcloth, surprised me very much, for I had formed very different notions of the royal attire. He, however, sometimes dresses very splendidly, having several embroidered uniforms, and other articles of dress. The distinguished personages present at our audience, who had all seated themselves on the ground, wore a still more singular costume than the king; for the black frocks look very ludicrous on the naked body; add to this, that they seldom fit, being purchased of American ships, where the people are not always so tall and so robust as the chiefs of the Sandwich Islands. One of the ministers had the waist half way up his back; the coat had been buttoned with the greatest difficulty; he perspired in his tight state dress; his distress was very evident, but fashion would not suffer him to relieve himself of this inconvenience. It is very singular that the savages should surpass the Europeans in bearing the inconveniencies which the power of fashion imposes on them. The sentinels at the door were quite naked; a cartridge-box and a pair of pistols were tied round their waist, and they held a musket in their hand. After the king had poured out some very good wine, and had himself drunk to our health, I made him acquainted with my intention of taking in fresh provisions, water, and wood. A young man of the name of Cook, the only white man whom the king had about him, was quick, not without education, and spoke fluently the language of the country; he had formerly served as pilot on board a ship, but had been settled on the island for several years. He was a favourite with the king, and was in possession of a considerable portion of land; he acted as interpreter between us. Tamaahmaah desired him to say to me as follows: 'I learn that you are the commander of a ship of war, and are engaged in a voyage similar to

* It is the custom here to take the names of the Europeans with whom a friendship has been contracted.

those of Cook and Vancouver, and consequently do not engage in trade; it is therefore my intention not to carry on any with you, but to provide you gratis with every thing that my islands produce. This affair is now settled, and no further mention need be made of it. I shall now beg you to inform me, whether it is with the consent of your emperor that his subjects begin to disturb me in my old age? Since Tamaahmaah has been king of these islands, no European has had cause to complain of having suffered injustice here. I have made my islands an asylum for all nations, and honestly supplied with provisions every ship that desired them. Some time ago there came from the American settlement of Sitka some Russians, a nation with whom I never had any intercourse before; they were kindly received, and supplied with every thing necessary; but they have ill-rewarded me, for they behaved in a hostile manner to my subjects in the island of Woahoo, and threatened us with ships of war, which were to conquer these islands; but this shall not happen as long as Tamaahmaah lives! A Russian physician, of the name of Scheffer, who came here some months ago, pretended that he had been sent by the Emperor Alexander to botanize on my islands; as I had heard much good of the Emperor Alexander, and was particularly pleased with his bravery, I not only permitted M. Scheffer to botanize, but also promised him every assistance; made him a present of a piece of land, with peasants, so that he could never want for provisions; in short, I tried to make his stay as agreeable as possible, and to refuse none of his demands. But what was the consequence of my hospitality? Even before he left Owhyhee, he repaid my kindness with ingratitude, which I bore patiently. Upon this, according to his own desire, he travelled from one island to another, and at last settled in the fruitful island of Woahoo, where he proved himself to be my most inveterate enemy; destroying our sanctuary the Morai; and exciting against me, in the island of Atooi, King Tamary, who had submitted to my power years before. Scheffer is there at this very moment, and threatens my islands.' Such was the account given by the king; for the truth of which I can only say, that Tamaahmaah highly distinguishes every European who settles in his islands, if his conduct be good; and that he is generally known to be an upright and honest man. I am not personally acquainted with M. Scheffer, but have since learnt the manner in which he came to the Sandwich Islands. He had served as physician on board the Suwaroff, belonging to the Russian American Company, which went, in 1814, from Cronstadt to Sitka, under the command of Lieutenant Lasaref. From motives unknown to me, Lieutenant Laseref left Dr Scheffer, in 1815, at Sitka, and returned to Europe without a physician. M. Baranof, who generally resides at Sitka, as director of all the Russian American colonies, and whose character is but indifferent, took him under his protection, and sent him to the Sandwich Islands; with what intention is not known. How he conducted himself there the reader has been informed.

"I assured Tamaahmaah that the bad conduct of the Russians here must not be ascribed to the will of our Emperor, who never commanded his subjects to do an unjust act; but that the extent of his empire prevented him from being immediately informed of bad actions, which, however, never remained unpunished, when they came to his knowledge. The king seemed very much pleased on my assuring him that our emperor never intended to conquer his islands; the glasses were immediately filled, to drink the health of the Emperor; he was even more cordial than before, and we could not have desired a more agreeable and obliging host. He conversed with a vivacity surprising at his age, asked us various questions respecting Russia, and made observations."

From Owhyhee they proceeded to the harbour of Hanarura in Woahoo, which, from its fertility, is called the Garden of the Sandwich Islands. The marks of advancement in the arts of civilization observed here were very striking. Many of the houses were built in the European fashion. A number of ships lay at anchor in the harbour, two of which bore the flag of Tamaahmaah; and the same flag was displayed from the walls of a fort, from which the Russians were jealously excluded. In some respects these changes were not altogether agreeable. The times are gone by, when a nail or a few glass beads could command the services of the natives; and the value of hard cash is known here as well as in the oldest communities. The Rurick was exempted, as a man-of-war, from the regular harbour-dues, but forty piastres were charged for pilotage and towing the ship into the harbour.

They remained at Hanarura till the 14th of December, and departed under mutual salutes from the fort and Tamaahmaah's man-of-war. The account of the continued progress of these islanders in the arts of civilized life will be perused with much interest. The great man under whom they have made such rapid steps, is now no

more—what effects his death may produce, remains to be seen.

On the 1st of January, 1817, a low woody island, about three miles in length, was discovered, and named New-Year's Island, it lies in 10° 8′ 27″ north lat., and in 189° 4′ west long. from Greenwich. The surf prevented the boats from landing, but an animated traffic was carried on with the natives, who came off in canoes.

On the 4th of January, a group of coral islands, connected by a reef, was discovered, and named after Count Romanzoff; an opening was observed in the reef, through which the Rurick passed. The bason within was as smooth as a mill-pond, and here Lieutenant Kotzebue remained till the 7th of February, maintaining a friendly intercourse with the natives, who are represented as a mild, timid race, with much cheerfulness and vivacity; their bones are as delicate as women, and their hands and feet uncommonly small; they are tatooed, and in their general appearance resemble the other islanders in the Pacific.

The whole group, consisting of a ring of coral isles, is about thirty-five miles in length; and in process of time will form one large island, with a lagoon in the centre—a species of island of very frequent occurrence in these seas;—the largest of the group is named Otdia, and is situated in lat. 9°, 28′ 9″ N. and in long. 189°, 43′ 46″ W. The neighbouring seas are filled with similar groups—a chart of which is given, from information collected from a native, and which proved, as far as Lieutenant Kotzebue had the means of ascertaining, to be remarkably correct.

They sailed on the 7th February; and after passing a similar group, called Eregup, anchored at Kawen, another of these groups, on the 11th; and at Aur, a third cluster of islets, within ten miles of Kawen, on the 23d of the same month. In one of the canoes they remarked two savages who were tatooed differently from the rest, and spoke a different language; their history was curious, and proves how easily the islands of the Pacific may have been peopled by the Malay race, even against the trade winds. They were natives of the Carolinas, which lie at least 1500 miles to the westward of Aur. In passing in a canoe from one island to another, they were driven out of their course by a gale of wind; and imagining themselves to leeward of their own island, they kept plying to windward; and after a navigation of eight months against the N. E. monsoon, reached Aur, having supported themselves chiefly by fishing. Kadu, one of these islanders, requested leave to go with the Russians, which was granted.

They now returned to the northward; and after passing several of the groups with which that part of the Pacific is so thickly studded, and the Cornwallis Islands, they encountered a gale of wind on the 13th of April, and Lieutenant Kotzebue unfortunately received a contusion on the breast, having been driven against a corner by a sea which broke on board of the vessel.

On the 24th April, they reached Oonalashka, where they remained to refit till the 29th of June. They then proceeded to the Islands of St Lawrence, but here the effects of the climate on the health of the commander forced them to return.

"At twelve o'clock at night, when we were about to anchor at the northern promontory, we perceived, to our terror, firm ice, which extended as far as the eye could see to N.E., and then to the N., covering the whole surface of the ocean. My melancholy situation, which had daily grown worse since we had left Oonalashka, received here the last blow. The cold air so affected my lungs, that I lost my breath, and at last spasms in the chest, faintings, and spitting of blood ensued. I now for the first time perceived that my situation was worse than I would hitherto believe; and the physician seriously declared to me that I could not remain near the ice. It cost me a long and severe contest; more than once I resolved to brave death, and accomplish my undertaking; but when I reflected that we had a difficult voyage to our own country still before us, and perhaps the preservation of the Rurick, and the lives of my companions depended on mine, I then felt that I must suppress my ambition. The only thing which supported me in this contest, was the conscientious assurance of having strictly fulfilled my duty. I signified to the crew, in writing, that my ill health obliged me to return to Oonalashka. The moment I signed the paper was the most painful in my life, for with this stroke of the pen, I gave up the ardent and long-cherished wish of my heart."

On their return to Oonalashka they

received the following account of the origin of a Volcanic Island:—

"In the year 1796, on the 7th of May, M. Kriukof had arrived on the northern point of the island of Oomnack, at a small distance to the east of Oonalashka, with several hunters, who had selected it as a retreat after a fatiguing excursion. They intended to continue their voyage to Oonalashka in their large baydares the next day, but were prevented by a violent storm from the N.W., accompanied with rain. This storm lasted till the 8th; upon which the weather became fine, and they saw to the N. several miles from land, a column of smoke ascending from the sea; towards evening they observed under the smoke something black, which rose but a little above the surface of the water. During the night, fire ascended into the air near the spot, and sometimes so violent, and to such a height, that on their island, which was ten miles distant, every thing could be distinctly seen by its light. An earthquake shook their island, and a frightful noise echoed from the mountains in the S.* The poor hunters were in deadly anxiety; the rising island threw stones towards them, and they every moment expected to perish. At the rising of the sun the quaking of the earth ceased, the fire visibly decreased, and they now plainly saw an island of the form of a pointed black cap. When Kriukof visited the island of Oomnack, a month after, he found the new island, which, during that time, had continued to emit fire considerably higher. After that time it threw out less fire, but more smoke: it had increased in height and circumference, and often changed its form. For four years no more smoke was seen, and in the eighth year, (1804,) the hunters resolved to visit it, as they observed that many sea-lions resorted to it. The water round the island was found warm, and the island itself so hot in many places that they could not tread on it. The island is said to increase in height and extent to this day. A very sensible Russian who was there, told me, that it is two miles and a half in circumference, and was three hundred and fifty feet high: for three miles around, the sea is strewn with stones. He found the island warm from the middle to the summit, and the smoke which ascended from the crater appeared to him to have an agreeable smell. Some hundred fathoms to the north of this island is a rocky pillar of considerable height, mentioned by Cook: he took it, at a distance, to be a ship under sail. Our Russian navigator, Saritschef, has seen this pillar, which has kept its place since time immemorial. Experience has however now taught us that it is connected under water with the island of Oonemack."

After refitting at Oonalashka, the Rurick proceeded to the Sandwich Islands, where the Russians had another interview with Tamaahmaah; and from thence returned to the Romanzoff, or Radack Islands, and again entered the Bason. They were receieved with joy by their friends, and their companion Kadu wisely determined to remain upon the islands, and parted from them here.

On their return, they touched at the Ladrone Islands and the Cape of Good Hope, and anchored in the Neva, before the Palace of Count Romanzoff, on the 3d August, 1818.

The translation is carelessly executed, and evidently by a person ignorant of nautical affairs. If the very respectable publishers of the work cannot find naval men to translate voyages, they ought at least to submit their translation to the inspection of competent judges, previous to publication.

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* All the Aleutian islands are of volcanic origin, and seem to be the production of a dreadful revolution; nothing is seen but high conical mountains, of which many exceed the Peak of Teneriffe in height; formerly they threw out fire, and some of them still continue to do so.

ON THE METAPHYSICS OF MUSIC, AND THEIR ACCORDANCE WITH MODERN PRACTICE.

"I say silver sound, because Musicians sound for silver."
Romeo and Juliet.

Mr North,

Were you ever at a Concert? If you ever were, the lines of your expressive physiognomy must have been "worth the marking." As you observed the nimble bows of the musicians dance, and quiver, and bound, upon the tortured strings—the conceit of the player—the affectation of the amateur—the nonchalance and lassitude of the fashionable lounger—the men with pale stone faces, looking half asleep, like busts—the ladies attentive by starts, and then, ever and anon, relapsing into chit-chat; until vainly trusting for impunity to the noise of a "tutti," in some pitiless overture, they are at once betrayed, by some sudden pause of a bar, which the composer (God knows why—he cannot tell himself) has interposed at so inconvenient a juncture. As you gazed upon all these things, Mr North, I suspect your countenance must have discovered some distinguishing signs of lurking scepticism as to the merits of so strange a scene. Do not be alarmed—the matter is between ourselves. Far be it from me to attempt to seduce you into putting your *imprimatur* upon any set of unfashionable opinions. That is not your way—still one cannot help thinking, that had doubts and difficulties not been sticking like a remora to the bottom of your understanding, you would ere this have put forth an unanswerable exposition of the sublimities of modern music.—You must own it is strange, that the admirers and cultivators of modern science have not invented any thing like a consistent theory of musical expression—nay, that the vague ideas of most writers on music, with relation to its expression, embody the very principles, which in their full extent are most inimical to modern practice. Nor will it be less odd, if musical reasoners, as well as composers, have just admitted into their works meaning enough to shew their abuse of those laws upon which it is naturally founded. To come however to the point.

Music may be briefly defined to be *the Poetry of Sound*. It seems to be agreed on all hands, that its province and end is to express poetically, by means of inarticulate sound, certain passions and feelings incident to human nature. This is involved both in the practice and phraseology of all musical people. From the earliest times, the lover has interested his mistress, and the general excited his troops, by means of music and song; and composers have, from time immemorial, affixed to their compositions, words and expressions of direction, which imply that the pieces to be played either have, or pretend to have, some connexion with the feelings of the auditor. We have as many marginal hints as in a German tragedy, and much to the same purpose, and generally quite as much needed. Now if a tune is to be "amoroso," or "maestoso," or "agitato," or "pastorale," or "spiritoso,"—in plain English, if musical sound is to express sentiment or passion, it can only do so in one of these two ways. Either the notes singly, or in some known combinations, must, as words are, be understood to be arbitrary signs of the things to be expressed by them;—or else they must express passions and feelings by copying so nearly, that the likeness may be recognized, those sounds which nature has appropriated to the expression of those passions and feelings. The first of these modes* has never, I believe, been contended for. Arbitrary significations have indeed been attempted, by fanciful individuals, to be affixed to the peculiarities of the tones of different musical instruments; but these fancies have not been generally received. To the notes or divisions of notes of the musical scale, however, meanings of this sort have been never attributed. Crotchets and quavers have never been in-

* Vide Musical Queries, &c. Vol. V. pp. 399, 556, 694.

vested with the powers of letters; neither have they been made to stand for whole words, like the characters of the Chinese alphabet. It should seem then, that if melody is expressive at all, it must be so by imitation—and by imitation of that which is sufficiently familiar to the minds of men in general, to render likely a general recognition of the resemblance. That peculiar intonations of voice, in the expression of certain passions and feelings, are common not only to whole nations, but, with some varieties, to mankind in general, is a fact that experience teaches. It is observable too, that of all others the people whose language has least variety of natural intonation, have been least successful in music,—I mean the French. The tones as well as the looks of love, jealousy, anger, revenge, joy, or despair, need only to be exhibited by the actor, to be at once felt and known. Tones, in fact, are of as great consequence as words, in as much as by varying them, a sentence of praise may be turned into one of irony, love into ridicule, and rage into humour. It is by a reference, then, to these well-known intonations of passion, that the meaning of a combination of musical sounds is to be ascertained. But the imitation is not a servile one. The musician, like the poet, is to preserve a rhythmical regularity; he is to conform to certain laws and limitations; and, above all, to impart a poetical heightening to his euphonic delineations, without overstepping the modesty of nature. He is to marry the poetical to the natural in sound, neither dividing the substance nor confounding the persons; a delicate task, and one which exalts the original musician into a poet. He is a bard who expresses himself in musical instead of articulate sounds; and, to read his compositions, we must learn to sing or play, or else have them read to us by those who can.

It is this poetical imitation of the natural tones of passion, which is the origin and essence of musical expression. Other imitations have indeed been introduced into modern composition; but they do not deserve the name of expression, and are of a nature totally dissimilar. They, in fact, depend, for the most part, upon the peculiar tone of the instrument employed, and not upon abstract resemblance, as the poetical imitation of the rises and falls of passion must do.—Thus we have storm-pieces for the piano-forte, in which the lower keys are rumbled into a sort of thunder, and the higher "tipped" to resemble drops of rain or hail. We have shrill fac-similes of the whistling of birds, and battles, in which the great-drum is thumped for cannon, and the kettle-drum rattled in the manner of the galloping of horses; but to what do all these peculiarities amount? Why, to a proof that a piano-forte can rumble something like distant thunder, and "drip, drip," as Mr Coleridge would say, like "water-drops:" that an octave-flute is not very unlike the whistle of a bird, and the percussion of a double-drum nearly as bad as the "report of a culverin." They delineate no passion, nor can they excite any, excepting indirectly, and by chance. The curiosity they gratify is trifling, and it can only be once gratified. One reason certainly, why compositions of this sort must please a certain class of hearers, is their artful and complicated mechanism,—but more of this by and by.

Harmony is, or ought to be, the handmaid of melody. It cannot be denied, however, that it includes in itself the power of pleasureable excitement. For proof of the existence of this excitement, we may appeal to facts. The sound of an Æolian harp, for instance, is pleasing merely from the chords. The order in which they are produced is the work of chance. The excitement would seem to be direct, and to act strongly upon the nerves as a stimulus. Indeed, sounds produced simultaneously, for the most part, act strongly upon the nerves. The excitement caused by discords, however, is disagreeable, and with some persons so violently efficient as to induce that nervous affection, called "teeth on edge." In Mozart, when a child, it produced convulsions. That chord and discord are only varieties of nervous vibration, seems pretty evident in the fact, that those who are incapable of pleasure from the one, are also nearly, in a like degree, insensible of pain from the other. The excitation from harmony, has likewise, in some instances, been known to have brought on fainting and stupor, with persons of an irritable temperament. From all this, it appears to follow then, that the pleasure arising from

harmony, be it as intense as it will, is a bodily rather than a mental pleasure. It is a dram taken by the ear, only the exhilaration is transient like that of the nitrous oxide. It does not act through the intellect, but goes directly to the nervous system. We must be allowed, therefore, to conclude, that the pleasure of harmony is inferior in its nature to that of melody; and that melody ought not to be sacrified to it, nor put beneath it, as has long been the case. The invention of counterpoint has so far been the bane of melody. The mathematical has over-run the poetical. The mechanical has overlaid the intellectual. Nor is this to be wondered at. The thing is capable both of explanation and excuse.

It is asserted somewhere by Rousseau, no mean judge of such matters, that the musical world may be divided into three classes, Those who are capable of feeling the intellectual part of music, who are generally men with something of a poetical temperament, and no very correct ear for harmony; —Those who have an ear for harmony, and a taste for harmonious arrangement, but whose feelings are not excited by expressive melody, and who are, for the most part, men deficient in imagination; and lastly, Those who unite these two qualifications—a class, says Rousseau, rather rare. In this judgment of the celebrated citizen of Geneva, I must own that my limited observation, as far as it goes, strongly inclines me to concur. Now, if this idea be founded in truth, the consequent changes in the world of music are of natural occurrence: nor is it easy to conceive how they could have been materially different.

Before the discovery of counterpoint and of the present accurate system of musical notation, the science (if science it could be called) of music was limited to the composition and repetition of a few simple airs. The harmonies, when harmony was attempted, were mean and monotonous, and the composer or performer possessed little means and less inclination to improve this branch of his art. Indeed, if the date of many of the finest old airs be as modern as some contend, the indifference of the bards who composed them, to harmonious accompaniment, is almost incredible. They must of necessity have been aware of the improved arrangement of harmonies, and of the passion for that arrangement, which had then been spread, chiefly by the ministers of religion, over all Europe. Yet so little have the minds of the poets, who conceived those melodies, condescended to invest themselves in the trammels of science, that of those exquisite remains, there are few which do not violate some of the rules of composition, and scarcely any which, without injury to the melody, admit of a moderately full or scientific accompaniment. Be this, however, as it may, it is clear enough that the number of the individuals who lived either by the composition or performance of those airs, could not have been great, and in all likelihood was small. The whole of the known music about that period would, perhaps, not equal in bulk the thousandth part of the composition of the last ten years; and probably not one of the composers was the author of as many of those imperishable melodies as would fill a modern folio second page. The religious music of the ages prior to the invention of counterpoint, would seem to have been very deficient. It was necessarily simple; and where all passions save that of devotion were forbidden, melody naturally became either monotonous or unimpassioned; at last, probably both.

In this state of things, counterpoint and the phrenzy for complete harmony, which to this hour is only subsiding, effected a radical and total change. A new order of men, that is to say, Rousseau's second class, became, from their numbers, and from the endless variety of which the description of music they cultivated is susceptible, the Lords of the Ascendant. The power of employing a multiplicity of voices and of instruments in chapels and cathedrals, was immediately turned to account. The church was omnipotent; and the "Maestro di Capella" was only another name for the best musician in the place. The expressive but simple airs of the obscure bards, who in all countries have composed what is called "national melody," were at once buried under an avalanche of motets, canons, masses, requiems, anthems, hymns, psalms, and choruses. To these were quickly added fugues, symphonies, sonatas, duetts, quartetts, quintetts, and all

the varieties of what has been called "Chamber-music." It is a mistake to imagine that the complication of harmony has been a taste gradually acquired. It was a phrenzy sudden and irresistible, both from its novelty and from the real effects it is capable of producing. Those with the truest feeling of musical expression were naturally more or less captivated, like others, by the excitement of harmonious accompaniment. Those whose feelings were in the ear alone, rushed forward to claim pre-eminence for the elaborate and injurious additions which excited with such effect their grosser sensations. Science too was formally enlisted in the service; and mathematicians, with neither ear nor feeling, eagerly caught at consequence in a department where they had never dreamed of shining. The elegantly-turned sentiment of Heinsius, "*Harmoniæ pater est numerus,*" was carried to its full extent. Some of the wonderfully elaborate movements of the early harmonists shew the extremes to which this mania carried them. Doubtless these harmonies were crude and harsh, and often barbarous, and later science has done much in sweetening their discordant chords, and refining their awkward modulations. Still as the knowledge of harmonies has extended, it is undeniable that harmonious composition has, upon the whole, been simplified. Hasse, Vinci, and Sebastian Bach, and then Handel, began to improve and polish the melody so neglected by their predecessors; and, as Dr Burney expresses it, to "thin the accompaniments" that, like untrimmed underwood, choked up and smothered what they were meant to adorn.

We have heard many complaints of the modern rage for musical accomplishment. Men of more refined taste have joined Mr Cobbett in vituperating that indiscriminating thirst for sound, which would send honest farmers' daughters "to make a villainous noise on the piano." But this is comparatively nothing to the extent to which musical education was carried during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. The class through which it was possible to extend it was, of course, at that period much smaller than at present. But where it did form any part of education, and it did so of that of every gentleman, it seems to have been pushed to a great extreme. Few persons of a certain rank were then to be found who could not play, and with superior execution, on at least one instrument; and, where nature permitted, take a part in vocal compositions; the awkward and forced complexities of which, certainly did not tend to diminish their difficulty, however they might detract from their real merit. This fever of harmonies had subsided in England, until the establishment of the Italian opera, and the celebrity of Handel, in some sort revived it. The quarrels of the furious partisans of Faustina and Cuzzoni, and the homage paid to Nicolini, and afterwards to Farinelli, are strong symptoms of what is called the revival of music in England. A great step, however, was gained. Throughout the musical world, melody, forgotten and despised so long, began again to be attended to. Corelli and others are known to have been so far sensible of the excellence of some of the old airs, both of their own and of other countries, as to have made them the ground-work of many of their sonatas. From about this period, the national melodies of Italy, of Scotland, and of Ireland, may, it is said, be traced in the compositions of the best masters. Some of the most celebrated operatic songs now known, have the same origin. And if a single instance may suffice, I may mention, that the far-famed "Nel cor piu" is taken, almost note for note, from an old Sicilian ballad. The success of the opera was an acknowledgment that songs are essentially dramatic; and it is confessed, in words at least, that, to the finished musician, feeling and expression are as necessary as science.

If such be a tolerably correct sketch of the progress of this art; and if, as the course of events has seemed to indicate, the hypothesis of Rousseau be founded in truth, a key is afforded to the explanation of the many anomalies which music, in its modern practice, presents. That natural melody should be both neglected and depraved, appears to have been inevitable. The difficulties against which it has to struggle, are immoveable and overpowering. It is a most unequal conflict, to set Mr Coleridge's "blind boy," with his "pipe of sycamore," be his "notes as strangely moving" as they will, against the crash of a whole orchestra. Expressive melody

must ever be in danger of being overwhelmed by mere harmony; and they who essay to rescue her from the depths of thorough bass, must, like Hotspur, dare

"To dive unto the bottom of a sea
Where fathom-line did never touch the ground,
And pluck up drown'd melody by the locks."

It is a question, whether one air, during the last hundred years, has been composed by a professed musician, with any direct and intentional reference to any principle in nature, upon which musical expression can be founded. Strong as the assertion may seem, the chances are, that he who embraces music as a profession, and goes through an elaborate musical education, is less likely than other men to produce a naturally expressive combination of sound. This is no paradox, whatever may be thought of it. The fact is, that the harmonists have exterminated the melodists, as the great missal thrush does the common mavis. The race of bards, half poets half musicians, has disappeared, because it is next to impossible that such a being should continue to exist; nor, if he could, would he dare to bring forward one original composition. Ranking amongst the profounder studies, constituting a lucrative branch of trade, and giving employment to thousands, harmony must go nigh to overturn melody, by its very weight and momentum, if by nothing else. It is all-pervading. Now, who does not know how difficult it is for the greatest poetical genius to free himself, in any considerable degree, of those common-places and idioms which long custom, and eternal repetition of versifiers, have made a habit almost as inevitable as a natural tendency. In music this is ten times worse. The common-place "musical phrases," as they are styled, which have spread themselves everywhere through the medium of the voluminous and endless compositions of science, have of necessity become almost a part of the nature of every one who is possessed of a musical ear. They fly abroad "upon the wings of the wind," like the feathered seeds of the thistle or dandelion. There is no avoiding them. We hear them by day and by night; in the theatre, in the street, in the church, in the ball-room. Like Pharaoh's plagues, they follow us into our very chambers. The difficulty of original composition is thus increased a hundred-fold, and the most determined cultivator of simple, expressive melody, will find himself, at every step, sliding into some of the innumerable artificial turns or modulations with which constant custom has indelibly impressed his imagination. Should a composer of expressive airs, in a style similar to that of the old melodies, exist at this moment, he would be denied the very name of musician. He would be hooted at by nine out of ten, and for three or four different reasons. He would be told that his music required no execution; he would hear it called simple stuff that a child might play or sing; he would be twitted with monotony of key; he would be reproached with not concluding upon the key-note, and with a score of other offences against rules of which he and nature knew nothing. He would be accused, as every musician who has dared to verge towards simplicity has been, of want of science. This was the fate of Piccini, of Pleyell, and of Shield. The constant craving for variety and for difficulty—the superior extent of the class of those who are affected by harmony only—and the consequent multiplicity of its professor's publications, exhibitions, and gains, must probably always give scientific music a preponderance. He only can be celebrated, who either distinguishes himself in elaborate composition, or in the performance of almost impossibilities of vocal or instrumental execution.

That no alteration can take place in the present state of music, it would be presumption to say. That, since the invention of counterpoint, it has altered materially, though slowly, cannot be doubted. The advances, too, towards natural expression, however faint or sophisticated, are such as prove some recognizance of that principle of poetical imitation which seems to be the foundation of musical expression. That much of modern practice is totally inconsistent, and at direct variance with that principle, is true. It may be difficult to imagine how it has happened that, admitting so much, the whole has not followed—but the fact is so.

If we look over a collection of modern music, we shall find, that, in the management of the time, the principle

of natural imitation has been, upon the whole, adhered to. As in nature, grief expresses itself slowly, and joy rapidly; so in modern compositions, as well as in the old airs, the *vivaces* are played quickly, and the *affetuosos* more slowly. As in nature, we find that passion hurries particular words and tones, although the general effect is plaintive and slow, so in the old pathetic airs we find that semiquavers to the extent of two or four at once, are generally and judiciously used. In modern music, the same principle seems to be decidedly admitted; but pushed by a love of novelty and of execution to an excess which, far o'erstepping the modesty of nature, of course totally mars the effect originally intended. To the exaggerations of the stage may be traced many of the corruptions of musical expression; and it seems to be probable, that the introduction of long hurried hubbubs of passages into airs essentially slow, has been much encouraged by theatrical performances. Be this as it may, it would be an easy matter to point out a score or two of scientific adagios and largos which a person, unable to read music, and not having the real notes as written, and the divisions of the bars in his mind's eye, would never discover to be in essentially slow time. The only effect of such composition upon unlearned hearers, is to surprise and confound them. As to touching the finer feelings, the thing is out of the question; indeed, the evident intention of the composer is to take advantage of the slowness of the time, in order to exhibit his own skill and that of the performer, in running through divisions and sub-divisions. In the management of piano and forte the same principle of imitation may be traced, however faintly. All natural "discourses" of passion are alternations of softness swelling into loudness, and loudness dying into softness, as the gusts of feeling rise and fall. In expressive pathetic airs the imitation is accordingly true to nature. But in modern compositions, especially of the "lengthy sort," though the practice remain, and in full force—the reason for it is gone. Ask a musician why such a fortè and such a piano are marked, and he only answers you with some vague and indefinite appeal to taste or to precedent. He calls it "*light and shade*;" but what rule is there for the distribution of light and shade over a surface where no intelligible form, no natural picture is delineated. We may indeed "*marble*" such a surface; but if the lights were shadowed and the shadows lightened—if the *ffs* were turned into *pps*, and the *pps* into *ffs*, what difference could it make? It is easy to give emphasis to that which is destitute of meaning, just as a boy reading Latin "nonsense-verses" at school, applies to them the same intonations that he is taught to give to a line of Virgil. This is only a trick, however, to make that look something like sense, which in reality is devoid of it, and if the emphasis were reversed, it would do just as well. The most glaring instance, perhaps, of the united use and abuse of imitation in modern scientific musical expression, is the "shake." The shake is in reality a poetical heightening of that tremulous effect of the voice which is always produced, especially at the close of a sentence where the tone begins to drop, by intense feeling. In accordance with this law, in all music the shake is introduced towards the close of a passage, which usually descends. The natural shake is any thing but that which musicians call a perfect shake. It is a tremulous imperfect vibration, and not a violent and distinct oscillation between two tones, which is a matter of most difficult vocal acquirement. In nature it rarely occupies more time than would be required for a crotchet in a common-time Andante movement. In modern compositions, however, it is no unusual thing for it to occupy a whole bar of four crotchets—nay, two such bars—and upon exaggerations like these composers pride themselves.

So thoroughly forgotten are the natural reasons upon which these monstrosities have been originally built, that in treatises on musical composition they are not even attempted to be accounted for. The reader may look in vain for any intellectual explanation of the origin of piano and of forte, or of shakes or trills, or retardations, or pauses. He is taught by experience to expect the occurrence of such things in certain places, and after passages of a certain description—but why, he is not told and he need not enquire. In the well-known book of Avison, the foundation of musical expression

is hardly once attempted to be evolved, and for the detection of the very principle on which the treatise professes to hinge, we are referred—to nature? no—but to the scores of Geminiani, Crescembini and Corelli! Mr Ralph in his pamphlet does nearly the same thing. Dr Burney at times seems to recognize the origin of expression in melody in the imitation of nature, but generally contradicts himself in the next page, floundering between the effects of melody and harmony; sometimes speaking of them as distinct things, and sometimes confounding them together.* Both in the practice and theory of vocal and instrumental performers, the same ignorance, or neglect, of any resort to nature for the explanation of melodious meaning, is exhibited. Scientific singing and playing constantly degenerate into a display of trickery. We are called to attend to exhibitions of the voice and hand, which have as little reference to natural intonation as the twirls of a high French ballet have to graceful motion. Of the indifference of most professional singers to the meaning of the airs they sing, their indifference to the quality of the words is a stubborn evidence. They will as soon attach doggrel trash to a favourite tune as the effusions of our best poets. A glaring instance of this is the stuff which Mr Braham and others are content to tack to the melody of Robin Adair, although the best song-writers which this country or perhaps any other ever produced—Burns and Moore—have written beautiful and appropriate songs to this very air. Foote, in his Commissary, has admirably ridiculed this piece of ill taste. Hear Dr Catgut's account of the approved mode of writing a comic opera: "Last week, in a ramble to Dulwich, I made these rhymes into a duet for a new comic opera I have upon the stocks. Mind—for I look upon the words as a model for that kind of writing."

First *she*.—"There to see the sluggish ass,
Thro' the meadows as we pass,
Eating up the farmer's grass,
Blythe and merry, by the mass,
As a little country lass."

Then *he* replies,—"Hear the farmer cry out zounds!
As he trudges thro' the grounds,
Yonder beast has broke my mounds;
If the parish has no pounds,
Kill, and give him to the hounds."

then Da Capo, both join in repeating the last stanza; and this tacked to a tolerable tune will serve you for a couple of months—*you observe*." In the same spirit of ridicule Sir Richard Steele makes Trim, in his comedy of the Funeral, sing Campley's Cheque for three hundred pounds; repeating, "hundred—hundred—hundred—because there are three huudred;" a better reason than can be given for most repetitions in music. With indifference to expression bad taste necessarily comes in. If we criticise the practice of musical people, we shall every where find that vagueness and inconsistency which always are the result of a want of reference to first principles. Thus a celebrated vocalist of the day, in that marvellously mawkish ballad, "the Bewildered Maid," gives the word, "battle," with a furious accent—"in King Cambyses' vein," although the passage in which it occurs is one of melancholy and quiet narrative. I have heard a person of reputed musical refinement laud the setting of the words, "follow, follow," in the well-known Mermaid's song, "because the notes seemed to follow each other"—a brilliant musical illustration of oratorical action, so ingeniously applied to that famous line,

"The long—long—round—of ten revolving—years."

Nay, I have been told, on inquiring why a *forte* was to be followed by a *piano* in the repetition of the two dotted crotchets in "Fly not yet," that it was *an echo!* In Bombet's Lives of Haydn and Mozart, some notable specimens of musical criticism occur. The best, perhaps, is the chuckling self-satisfied way in which he favours us with the edifying anecdote of Mozart's composing the admired overture to

* In his account of the performances at Westminster Abbey, in commemoration of Handel, he talks of the sublimity of effect produced by the multitude of voices and instruments, as if it were something peculiar to the music; forgetting that this kind of sublimity is common to all loud sounds, whether arising from shouting, from thunder, from the firing of cannon, the waves of the sea, or —— Don Quixote's fulling mills.

Don Juan whilst drunk and sleepy. He absolutely hugs himself on the idea of having discovered, in the leading passage, a striking resemblance to the half-yawn half-snore which the nodding composer might be supposed to emit at intervals. Now, what, in the name of common-sense, has this to do with Don Juan? or in what way could it be a suitable overture to the exploits of that fiery hero, or, indeed, to those of any body else, unless the celebrated journal of Drunken Barnaby be dramatized and brought upon the stage.

If we inquire into the particulars of the admiration expressed for airs and songs in general, we continually discover either that the difficulty and trick of the execution, or the general smoothness and harmony of the accompaniments, are the sole grounds. They are taken for the excitement rather than for the meaning—pretty much as the Indian convert is said to have taken the sacrament, wishing "it had been brandy." Songs are often said to be good, *when well sung;* a qualification of praise which seems to mean, that the difficulty of getting through them is the real inducement for hearing any one make the attempt. With an expressive air, if the singer can give the meaning, it is nearly sufficient. In music, as in every thing else, even an involuntary exhibition of skill which draws attention from the subject to the performer, is disadvantageous. In modern singing, however, this rule is reversed. Every convenient pause is occupied by a cadence, which is neither more nor less than a barefaced display of the talents of the performer. In the midst of the most pathetic appeal we are to break off and listen to the melodious vaulting of Madame or Signor. It is just as if Mr Kean were to fill up the intervals of his bye-play in tragedy by leaping through the back-scene, because he can play Harlequin as well as Othello. Now all this goes to prove, that the gratification of what is often called musical taste, is, at bottom, that of mere curiosity; but it remains to be shown why curiosity is to be confounded with a feeling of the effects of music. Would they who flocked to hear Catalani sing Rode's violin variations, have felt the same pleasure in hearing them played upon a barrel-organ, or upon the violin even of Rode himself? Certainly not. It was the difficulty of the attempt, then, that was the motive for listening; and curiosity was the passion to be gratified. We go to hear the human voice do what it never did before, for the same reason that we go to see human legs and arms do what they never did before. We admire him who runs highest upon the musical scale, upon precisely the same principle that we applaud the Indian jugglers twirling their balls, or Mr Ireland leaping over a pole thirty feet high.

The observation may be fanciful; but it is an odd fact, that musicians, in the modern acceptation of the term, have failed in securing that respect and hold upon the imagination which the obscurer bards seem to have enjoyed. Shakespeare never brings them upon the stage but to ridicule them; and "a fiddler, a minikin-scraper, a pum-pum!" are no unusual epithets with the older dramatists. It is remarkable, too, that of those to whom nature has allotted a share of sensibility above the common portion of mankind, very many have been known to prefer simple airs to more scientific compositions. Accustomed to delight in and to analyse the fluctuations and combinations of the passions, they have been delighted, above all others, with natural, and at the same time poetical intonation. Burns was so;—so is Moore;—so was Madam de Stael;—so was Jackson of Exeter,—at once author, painter, and musician. This last, indeed, drew upon him the wrath of the musical reviewers of his day, who accused him of attempting, in his Treatise, to include all good compositions in the class of mere "Elegies,"—as they styled pathetic airs. Buonaparte had similar predilections; and was reproached by the irritable Cherubini, with having no other idea of a serious opera, than its being a succession of grave andante movements. The Emperor, no doubt, was rather too domineering a critic. After telling the unfortunate composer, that his most elaborate complications of semiquavers "had no meaning," he used to take the liberty of striking his pen through them, and insisting upon "sense,"—

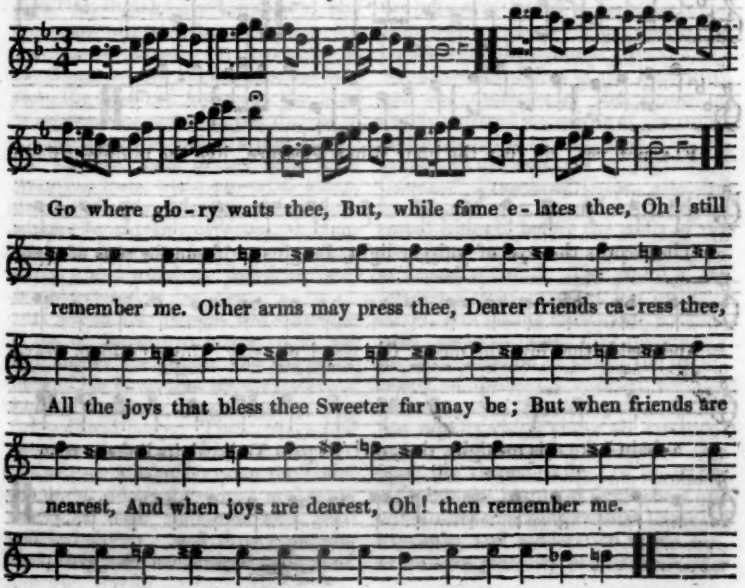
"——————— a hard
"And hapless situation for a Bard.

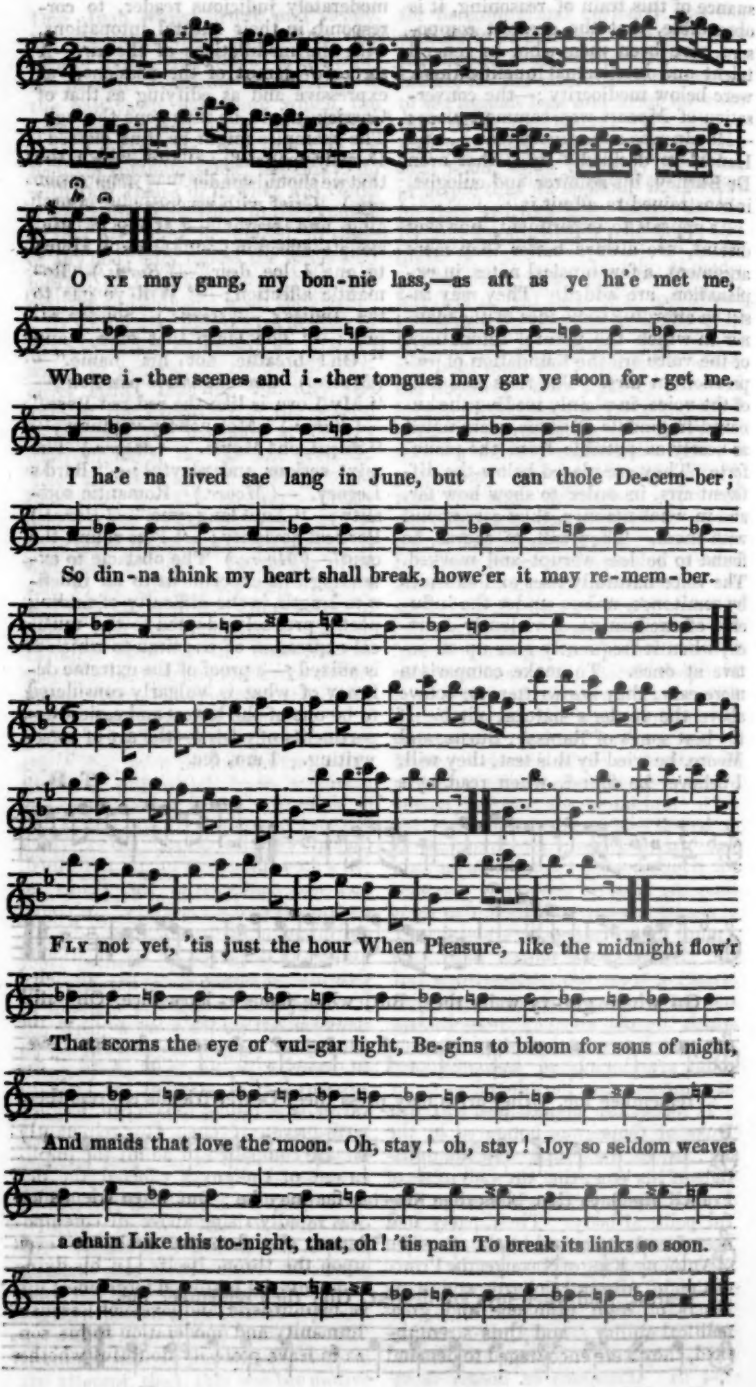
It was perhaps too much for human nature in any shape;—but had Napoleon never played the tyrant elsewhere, the world would have had no great reason to complain. In pur-

suance of this train of reasoning, it is observable, that the greatest composers have been men who, in general talent and intellectual qualifications, were below mediocrity;—the conversation of Mozart was common-place;—Haydn was an ordinary man;—and Handel so decidedly dull, that even Dr Burney, his admirer and eulogist, is constrained to admit it.

As appeals to experiment, however distant, are always better than mere argument, a few musical notes, in explanation, are added. They may assist in affording some idea of the manner in which the natural intonations of the voice are the foundation of expression in airs. The rises and falls of the voice, in plainly reading the annexed fragments of songs, were noted as nearly as possible from the pianoforte. They are placed below the different airs, in order to shew how far, and in what manner, they correspond with them. They will, of course, be found to be less abrupt and marked. The voice naturally rises and subsides by semitones, unless under the influence of excitement, or violently exerted, when it frequently goes up an octave at once. To make comparison more easy, they are written an octave above the reader's natural pitch. If the best songs of Ramsay, Burns, and Moore, be tried by this test, they will, I believe, be found, when read by a moderately judicious reader, to correspond, in their natural intonations, with the modulations of the air.—A sort of "gamut of the passions," as expressive and as edifying as that of Garrick, might be thus gone through. The examples might be thus classed: Despairing grief;—"Woes my heart that we should sunder."—(*Allan Ramsay.*) Grief with revenge;—"Avenging and bright."—(*Moore.*) Passionate affection;—"Here's a health to ane I loe dear."—(*Burns.*) Romantic affection;—"Will ye gae to the Indies?"—(*Burns.*) Solemn regret;—"The Harp that once," and "Oh! breathe not his name."—(*Moore.*) Contemplative passion;—"My Love is like the red red Rose."—(*Burns.*) Melancholy wildness;—"Silent, oh! Moyle."—(*Moore.*) The mixt serious and playful;—"Bard's Legacy."—(*Moore.*) Romantic sociality;—"Auld lang syne."—(*Burns.*) Poetical joviality;—"Pass round the cup."—(*Moore.*) The obstacle to extending this experiment to an indefinite length, is the difficulty of finding poetry precisely adapted to the musical expression of the time to which it is affixed;—a proof of the extreme delicacy of what is vulgarly considered to be one of the lowest and easiest departments of poetry—the art of song-writing. I am, &c.

T. D.




O ye may gang, my bon-nie lass,—as aft as ye ha'e met me,
Where i-ther scenes and i-ther tongues may gar ye soon for-get me.
I ha'e na lived sae lang in June, but I can thole De-cem-ber;
So din-na think my heart shall break, howe'er it may re-mem-ber.
Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When Pleasure, like the midnight flow'r
That scorns the eye of vul-gar light, Be-gins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids that love the moon. Oh, stay! oh, stay! Joy so seldom weaves
a chain Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.

HORÆ GALLICÆ. No. I.

RAYNOUARD'S STATES OF BLOIS.

Historical Introduction.

PREVIOUS to entering into any discussion upon the merits of Raynouard's Tragedy, it may be necessary to give some account of the events which led to the singular catastrophe which it celebrates, and the character of those persons who were any way connected with, or opposed against, the hero of France at that period. In order to this, we have chosen to compress the historical notice which Raynouard himself has prefixed to his work, as it contains more original matter than any other book with which we are acquainted upon the subject. Without going back to the genealogies of the House of Guise for the history of their gradual ascent to dignity and power, we find them, under the reigns of the Valois Princes, possessed of almost all those offices under the crown, which comprised high rank and substantial authority; they had discovered the secret of making themselves useful to weak princes, in times of difficulty and trouble; and Francis the Second acknowledged the obligation, by permitting them, under his feeble government, to unite in their own persons, the highest civil, military, and ecclesiastical authorities; for while the Cardinal of Lorraine was giving law to the King and the Parliament, his brother, the Duke of Guise, at the head of armies, was asserting the dignity of France upon his frontiers, and driving the English back to the seas, after wringing from their powerful grasp, the last of those ancient possessions, which the chivalry of departed Henries and Edwards had won for their country, and which she had considered as consecrated to her glory.

It was at this period, when Francis Duke of Guise was honoured by the applause of the people and the gratitude of his king, that the Calvinists of France began to form a more powerful political body. Their party had been greatly increased by the accession of Anthony, King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, Admiral Coligny, and many others of high influence and great political ability; and thus strengthened, they were encouraged to demand a reform of the evils of which they complained, and the many oppressions and abuses of the Catholic church. The impolitic and severe persecution of Francis First and his son Henry, and the indecent method of confiscation adopted by the latter sovereign, of granting the estates of the proscribed to Madame de Valentinois, his mistress, had given, independent of any other consideration, an appearance of truth and justice to their complaints and their cause. The outcry was too loud to be stifled, and Catherine de Medicis, who hated equally the Reformed and the Guises, was yet compelled to choose a champion in the person of the Duke, to oppose the storm which was rapidly gathering around, and threatening the royal authority—The marriage of her son with the niece of the Duke, (the unfortunate Mary Stuart,) strengthened her determination, and her union with the house of Guise became immediately the signal of revolt, as the nobles of the reformed party quitted the court, and prepared to oppose its measures.

Francis of Guise did not disappoint the hope entertained of his courage and talents by his sovereign and Catherine; the battle on the plains of Dreax, which witnessed the defeat of the Reformed, and the captivity of the Prince of Condé, revived the spirits of the court, and prepared it to anticipate new triumphs, in the expected subjugation of Orleans. Francis of Guise, attended by his son, the Prince de Joinville, seated himself before the walls of the city, from which he was destined never to depart with life. The sword of the assassin Poltrot arrested his brilliant career, and public fanaticism, leagued with private revenge, (for reluctantly we are compelled to admit the implication of Coligny,) effected the destruction of a gigantic power, which was rapidly rising above all cotemporaries, and throwing a shadow even upon the throne itself. In his dying moments, he bestowed forgiveness upon his murderer, and gave such lessons of humanity and moderation to his son, as to leave posterity doubtful whether

such sentiments sprung only from the horror of his sudden and premature death, or from a conviction of their truth, purchased by the experience of his anxious and stormy life.

However this may be, his son and successor, Henry Duke of Guise, chose rather to remember the deeds of his father's life, than the words of his deathbed; his hatred of the Calvinists was augmented by his loss; and, with his two brothers, Charles, Duke of Mayentz, and Louis, Cardinal of Guise, soon shewed himself ready to second the hatred of Catherine, and the resentment of Charles the Ninth, against the Reformed, by publicly swearing* never to know repose till he had avenged the cowardly murder of his father upon his assassins.

But it was neither the wish nor the intention of the politic Catherine to elevate this young Prince to the overgrown power of his father—he had already too plainly manifested what he was likely to become, and the anecdote related† by Margaret of Valois, of the spirit of his youth, was corroborated by his subsequent conduct as a man; the child who chose always to be the master of his playmates—the youth who so proudly exhibited his aspiring device of "Rient de petit," and the man who was capable of forming and conducting such an association as the League, was too well known to Medicis to be trusted, and his timely retreat into Hungary alone preserved him from the consequences of his presumption.

Although the plot of the Reformed to seize the king's person, and in his name destroy his party, and disperse his friends, again made the House of Guise necessary to the throne, yet proof is still wanting of any share being taken by that illustrious family in the horrible celebration of St Bartholomew, that detestable conspiracy of a king against his subjects. Many acquit them of the charge, and even their enemies admit, that when their undying hate and desire of revenge was appeased by the death of Coligny, they used their utmost endeavours to preserve the affrighted Calvinists, and assuage the brutal fury of the people.‡ Certain it is, that neither the Duke nor Cardinal of Guise were present at the council where this conspiracy was planned, and that the cowardly Charles, after throwing all the odium of the act upon the Guises, boldly acquitted them, by taking it upon himself, when he discovered that he might do so with impunity.

The death of Charles the Ninth—the accession of the fugitive King of Poland to the throne of France, and the formation of another party, which had joined the Huguenots against the court, headed by the Duke of Alençon, were sufficient motives for Catherine, ever faithful to her system of holding the balance between parties, to offer terms of friendship and alliance to the Guises, and these, on their part, were gladly accepted. War was declared against the Reformed, and the King, idle, weak, and plunged in dissolute pleasures, was content to resign his sceptre to their discretion, and occupied himself with the most absurd practices of superstitious devotion. A ball one day was followed by a religious procession on the next, in which the King marched with uncovered head, bare feet, a crucifix in one hand, and a scourge in the other—in these gracious absurdities he was encouraged by the Guises, who applauded that edifying example, from which the reflecting part of his subjects shrunk in horror, and more loudly called for a correction of those abuses which they now saw supported and encouraged by the power and the precedent of the monarch.

Melancholy as this spectacle was for France, it was rendered still more so, by a farther proof which the king gave of the deplorable weakness of his character. A pain in the ear, which had for some time distressed him, was construed into the effect of poison, which he persisted to believe had been administered to him by his brother, the Duke of Alençon. Confident in the justice of his accusation, he summoned Henry of Navarre to his presence, and by the most artful representations

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* Brantome.

† Margaret of Valois' Memoirs.—She relates her objection to him as a child, on account of his imperious disposition.

‡ Spirit of the League.—Manuscripts of Augustus Conch.—La Popiliniere, Book xxix

of his proximity to the crown, on the removal of the sole barrier before it, instigated him to the murder of the Duke. But it was no easy task to shake the honesty of the good Bearnois. Henry III. found it impossible, and he was compelled to leave the care of his malady and the cure of his revenge equally to the healing or the avenging hand of time.

The credit and reputation of the Duke of Guise rose higher for the contrast afforded by the vices and follies of the monarch. At the coronation, he had the boldness to declare his resolution of stabbing the Duke of Monpensier, even at the foot of the altar, if he persisted in his intention of taking precedence of him at that ceremony. The King was compelled to submit to the imperious demands of Guise; and the marriage of the Prince soon after with a Princess of the House of Lorraine, was still more gratifying to his pride, and a stronger confirmation of his authority. He trusted, through the ascendancy of his kinswoman, to govern, in the King's name, with the plenitude of regal authority; nor could he have failed to accomplish this object, had not the Queen-Mother, the far-sighted Catherine, divined his intentions, and used her utmost ability to traverse and defeat his projects.

But defeat was not always to be the destiny of Guise. Called to the head of the army by the revolt of the Duke of Alençon, and the invasion of the German Protestants, (marching to the assistance of their brethren in France,) he gained immortal glory at Chateau Thiery, where he met and defeated the rebels; receiving in the contest a wound, which, carrying off a part of his cheek and left ear, stamped upon him an indelible scar, in which he ever gloried, and which procured for him the cognomen of Balafré, or the Slashed; but his exultation was damped by the peace which the Queen-Mother found it necessary to make with the malcontents, and which assured to them the free exercise of the religion which they had chosen. It was entirely against his views; and, in order to balance the power thus gained by the opposite party, he immediately, though in secret, set on foot the ancient project of forming a Catholic League, to oppose the association of the Reformed. This scheme had originally been planned in the lifetime of his father, but abandoned upon his murder, as his son was too young to fill the arduous office of chief. At twenty-five, he realized these projects. Under the mask of gaiety and indifference to public business, he arranged this powerful association, which consisted of all the Catholic nobles and princes of France, and many of those of other countries; and was encouraged by the highest promises of service and protection from Philip II. of Spain. Continual success crowned the views of the Duke of Guise; by his ingenuity in turning the elections in favour of the Catholic deputies, he had defeated the objects which had induced the reformed to demand the convocation of Blois, and this success, together with the applause which followed it, and the devoted attachment of the League to his person, persuaded the Duke, that nothing was farther worthy his enterprize except the crown itself; and to the securing this desired and coveted object, was exerted all the energy of his powerful mind, and all the courage of his vehement spirit. His friends have denied that such was his intention, but were history silent, abundant proof might be discovered in the work of an advocate called David, a friend of the League, from whose manuscript we present our readers with the following extract:*—

"*Memorial upon the Means which the Duke of Guise must employ in order to ascend the Throne of France.*

"And, in order to effect this, sermons should be preached in all the Catholic towns, to stir up the people, to prevent the preachings of the abominable sect from being established, according to the permission contained in their edict.

"The King should be counselled not to object to any disturbances which may be raised, but to leave all the charge (of quelling them) to the Duke de Guise, &c. &c.

"The said Sieur de Guise should give order that all the curates of towns and

* Manuscript de Bethune—King's Library.

villages should send in lists of the men in their parishes capable of bearing arms, &c. &c.

"The Queen-Mother must recall her misled son,* whom she will easily persuade to return to the King, and accompany him to the convocation at Blois. She must also strive to draw over the King of Navarre and Prince of Condé, by proving to them, that if they do not present themselves before the States, they will be declared rebels and traitors; and, in order to take from them all excuse of doubt or fear, the Duke of Guise, and his brothers, shall absent themselves from court as malcontent.

"To destroy the ordinary succession, as settled by Hugh Capet, the captains of the provinces shall assemble in the field with their forces, and each in his own district fall upon the heretics, their friends, and adherents, and put them all to the sword.

"Finally, by the advice and permission of his holiness, he shall shut up the King and Queen in a monastery, as Pepin his ancestor had confined Childeric."

It is a singular proof of the carelessness of the King, that the first intimation he received of the association of the Holy League, was from a memorial transmitted to him by his ambassador at Madrid, and his conduct, in consequence, sufficiently marks the timidity and negligence of his character. He declared himself chief of the party, and thus bound himself to fulfil their views, without foreseeing, that while he possessed the empty name of leader, the Duke of Guise alone would dispose of the resources, zeal, and energy of the Leaguers. This painful truth was soon made apparent to the King, who, too weak and too listless to attempt at lessening the power which he dreaded, submitted in silence to the wrong which he could not remedy; and, while brooding over his meditated revenge, indulged his hatred, by seizing every possible occasion of humiliating and mortifying the high spirit of his too popular rival. An opportunity unfortunately offered itself too soon, as, though the King did not neglect it, he was doomed to pay a high price for the gratification it afforded him. A new edict having left the reformed in the peaceable practice of their religion, and the King and his favourites to the enjoyment of their usual amusements, some violent disputes among the courtiers, (the unhappy result of liberty and leisure in ungoverned spirits,) were extinguished in the blood of three of the particular friends of the King. Vengeance was muttered against D'Entragues, the conqueror of Caylus, by the royal party, in case of the demise of the wounded favourite; but it was a vengeance which was confined to threatenings only, for the Duke of Guise protected D'Entragues; and upon the dreaded death of Caylus, the offender remained in perfect safety, for it was remembered that the Duke had defended his conduct, and declared that his sword, which, as he observed, cut deeply, should avenge any wrong offered to the person of his friend. The King was obliged to chew this bitter cud in silence; but it was not long ere a delicious tribute to his hatred of Guise was presented by the unthinking vanity of St Megrin, another of his worthless favourites, who boasted of his intimacy with the Duchess of Guise, and made, by desire of the King, his successes so public, that the report at length reached the ear of the family, whose vengeance (though the Duke himself appeared to disbelieve and disdain) was only satisfied by the life of the unhappy offender. The conduct of Guise upon this trying occasion, both towards St Megrin and his Duchess, are strong proofs of the firmness and prudence of his character; but it is too generally known to require a repetition here.

While the King was occupied with religious processions and mourning ceremonies over his slaughtered favourites, the Leaguers busied themselves in forging a title for their idol to the crown, which gave him a more legitimate claim than that even of the reigning family. They found out and asserted, that the family of Lorraine was descended from Charles, the last of the Carlovingian race, from whose brow the strong hand of Hugh Capet had rent the diadem of the Lilies. It was the first time any posterity of this

* The Duke of Alençon.

monarch had been heard of or mentioned; but the story gained credit, and the King himself did not disdain to refute the assertion, and suppress the huge folio which was written to support it. The death of the Duke of Anjou, the last brother of the King, gave still more energy to these visions of greatness. Guise thought, or pretended to think, it would not be difficult to crush the more distant, and (on account of his religious opinions) somewhat unpopular claims of the King of Navarre; but not as yet daring to direct the pointing finger of popularity towards his own person, he affected to consider the old Cardinal of Bourbon as presumptive heir; his own real sentiments were carefully concealed from all with whom he conversed; he had a secret to entrust, opinions to demand, and a project to discuss; and the Queen Mother, the King of Spain, and the Cardinal of Lorraine, were all alternately deceived and amused by his calmness and ingenuity.

But the insolence with which the order of the succession was discussed, at length opened the eyes of the monarch, and made him sensible of the necessity of uniting himself with the real heir of his crown. Unfortunately the King of Navarre had just accepted the order of the garter from a Queen of the reformed faith, and this raised a new outcry against his possible intentions, and the probable destruction of the Catholic faith, should he ascend the throne. The Duke of Guise strengthened and animated this opinion, and encouraged by Sixtus, who about this time fulminated his famous bull against the King of Navarre and his party, assembled his troops, and prepared to oppose both the court and the reformed. Again was the unfortunate Henry of France compelled to offer terms to his formidable subjects, and barter, as the price of their acceptance, his solemn word of honour, pledged to his Protestant people, to allow them the free exercise of their faith; but Catherine had so willed it, and it was well known the sovereign of the most powerful monarchy in Europe dared not disobey his mother. The Huguenots were obliged to submit, and their gallant leader, Henry of Navarre, wearied out with the perpetual promises, deceptions, and quarrels of the court, at length challenged the Duke of Guise as the head of the opposite party, to decide the dispute by single and mortal combat; but for this extravagance the Duke was too politic. Of his courage, no one could harbour a doubt, and he was therefore very generally believed, when he asserted, that regard for Henry's person and respect to his high station, alone prevented his acceptance of a challenge which did him so much honour in the eye of the world. Of his friendship for Henry, there was indeed little reason to doubt—they had each bold and enterprizing feelings in common, and we are assured, both by Serres, and De Thou, that each had at different times driven men from their presence, who, either from zeal, hatred, or policy, had offered to the one to assassinate the other.

The Queen-Mother herself at last became convinced of the necessity of conciliating the King of Navarre. The insolence of Guise, who, at the head of the Leaguers, made war upon his own authority, and had just taken Rocroi without any orders from the King, hastened the negociations. Many were the meetings, but little success attended them, for Henry of Navarre, aware of the character of Catherine, understood that her aim was the balancing of parties for her own interest, not his establishment as heir of the throne. The conversation which passed at one of these meetings we translate with pleasure for our readers, as being little known and sufficiently curious to merit the attention of those who like to see the sentiments of such remarkable personages, delivered in their own particular phrase. The conversation took place at St Brix, and this account is extracted from the manuscript in the King's Library at Paris.

"After many courtesies," says the MS. "on both sides, the Queen-Mother said to the King of Navarre,—Well, my son, shall we do any good?

The King. It does not depend upon me, Madame, but it is certainly what I desire.

Queen. Tell us then what you wish.

King. My wishes, Madame, are those of your Majesties.

Queen. A truce with these compliments, my son, which are useless—what do you require?

King. Madame, I require nothing of you, and I only came hither to receive your commands.

Queen. Make some proposal then.

King. Madame, I have no proposal to make.

Queen. What! you are determined to be the ruin of this kingdom, in which, next to the King, you have the greatest interest?

King. Neither you nor he, Madame, can make it appear so, having raised eight armies solely to ruin me.

Queen. What armies, my son? you are deceived; do you imagine the King could not have destroyed you had it been his pleasure?

King. It was neither in the King's power, nor in yours, Madame, to destroy me.

Queen. Are you ignorant, then, of the King's power, and of what he can do?

King. No, Madame, we know well enough what he can do, but we also know what he cannot do.

Queen. You will not then obey the King?

King. Madame, I have always endeavoured to do so, and have exerted myself to make it appear so by my actions, having frequently written to him to beg he would honour me with his commands, that, under his authority, I might oppose the League which has arisen in his kingdom to the prejudice of his own edicts, and the destruction of his tranquillity and repose.

Queen. Do not deceive yourself, my son; they are not leagued against the kingdom; the King himself approves it. There is no confederacy,—those who, you imagine, are of it, are the best Catholics—in short, the King is satisfied with all they have done. But let us not mind this; ask all you wish, the King will grant it,—but ask only for yourself. Can you think the members of this pretended religion love you?

King. Madame, I shall ask nothing of you; but if you will make some proposal, I will lay it before the princes and the gentlemen, both within and without the kingdom, to whom I am bound by oath, and without whom I will neither act nor negociate.

Queen. Well, my son, I see you will not say any thing. I assure you the King, my son, loves and honours you, desiring nothing more than to embrace you as his good brother and subject, and to give you the next rank to himself.

King. Madame, I thank him very humbly. I shall never forget the duty which I owe to your Majesties.

Queen. Well, but will you say nothing more?

King. Have I not said a great deal, Madame?

Queen. You are the cause of the disasters of this kingdom. Are you not afraid that the displeasure of the King will effect the total ruin of your interest?

King. No, Madame, I know that it cannot be so totally ruined, but there will still remain some rallying point for me.

Queen. But leaving all this, tell me why, under the false pretence of the Leaguers, having obliged the King to break through his own edict, and deny you the liberty of exercising your religion, you are continually complaining against his authority?

King. Madame, do you wish me to repeat what you are saying to the princes and gentlemen who are with me?

Queen. No, no, I do not wish that; but will you not obey the King?

King. Madame, I must speak the truth. I have not obeyed the King these eighteen months.

Queen. Do not say so, my son.

King. Madame, I must say so; for the King, who should have been a father to me, instead of treating me like a son, has made war upon me like a wolf; and you yourself, Madam, have played the lioness towards me, and given me a scratch when I was weakest. Now I am more powerful than you are, but still I fear your artifices, which do me more harm than all the armies which could be brought against me.

Queen. Have I not always been a friend and mother to you?

King. Madame, you were indeed a tender mother when I was very young, till I was fifteen years old, and for this I am grateful to you; but during the last six years, your conduct towards me has entirely changed.

Queen. Believe me, the King and myself are only desirous of serving you.

King. Excuse me, Madame, but I know quite the contrary.

Queen. Never mind that. Do you wish that all the trouble I have taken during the last six months should be fruitless, after having so long trifled with me?

King. Madame, it is not my fault; on the contrary, it is your own. I do not prevent your sleeping quietly in your bed, but during the last eighteen months you have effectually hindered me from lying down in mine.

Queen. Must I then always be in troubles when I am so anxious for rest?

King. Madame, these troubles are your pleasures, your nourishment; if you were at peace you would not live.

Queen. How is this? I have always seen you calm and tractable, now you are overcome by passion.

King. Madame, it is true; but misfortunes and the ill treatment I have received at your hands, have changed my natural disposition.

Queen. Well, since you cannot act of yourself, we will endeavour to get a truce for a short time, during which you may confer with the churchmen, and your other associates, in order to make as good a peace as we can, in the manner which shall seem to you most expedient.

King. Very well, Madame, I will do so.

Queen. Ah! my son, you deceive yourself; you imagine you have troops, and you have none.

King. Madame, I did not come here to hear news of my troops from you."

From the sulky answers of the good Bearnois to his politic mother-in-law, it is evident he strongly distrusted her honesty. Nothing was effected in consequence; and the march of the German troops to the assistance of their brethren in France, still farther alienated the mind of the King from his cousin of Navarre. The distress of his situation was greatly increased by the establishment of the Council of Sixteen, an association in Paris consisting of persons, distributed in the sixteen wards of the city, who entirely engrossed the management of affairs, were devoted servants to the Duke of Guise, and insolent opposers of the regal authority. The flight of the King of Navarre and his party to join his German auxiliaries, induced the King, now heartily desirous of peace, and wearied and disgusted with the insolence of Guise, to offer terms to the strangers. A treaty was made between them, (they had already refused to fight against the King of France in person;) and they were quietly retreating homewards, when the Duke, insolently braving his sovereign, and in defiance of the treaty just agreed on, attacked, defeated, and dispersed the peaceable strangers, under the pretence that the King had a secret understanding with the enemies of his country. For this ungovernable sally the Duke was loaded with encomiums; the churches rung with the commendations of the priests, who did not hesitate to apply the words of Scripture for the purposes of treason, and "Saul has slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands," became the favourite text of the day. The leaguers loudly demanded the presence of their idol in Paris. The King forbid his approach; yet he dared disobey the positive orders of his sovereign, and, returning to the capital, demanded an audience of his offended master. The King, on receiving the intimation of this effrontery, remained for some moments motionless with surprise and vexation; on recovering his recollection, he consulted with Alphonso D'Ornano, what was to be done in so momentous a crisis.—"Sire," replied the Sicilian, "do you regard the Duke of Guise as a friend or as an enemy?" The King replied by a significant gesture, and the courtier added, "If you will commit the execution of this business to me, I will this day throw the head of the Duke of Guise at your feet." But the King shrunk from the proposal, and dared not refuse the demanded audience to his audacious enemy, who came to the Louvre with the whole city in his train, filling the air with the shouts of "Guise! Guise! Long live the pillar of the church!" The King received him coldly; the Duke endeavoured to justify his conduct, and then retired amid the acclamations of the people to his palace. Emboldened by the weakness of the King, and the presence of their chief, the Leaguers next ventured to appear in arms in the city of Paris; and the day of the "Barricades" (so named from their closing the streets with cannon and chains against all passengers except their own party) beheld an attack upon the King's troops, and the blood of the royalists shed without pity or remorse by the infuriated Leaguers. The prayers and entreaties of the Queen-Mother alone prevailed upon the Duke (who was quietly regarding the spectacle) to exert his authority,

and close the abominable contest. Unarmed, he appeared among the Leaguers, and their instant obedience to his word, their unbounded devotion to his person, was more convincing to the King of the danger of his own situation, than all the former insolence of the haughty Lorraine. He took the first opportunity of making his escape from Paris, leaving the Duke absolute master of the capital and its resources; and when at a distance from its towers, he turned back for a moment, and throwing a look of vengeance upon the city which he was destined never again to behold, declared, with a solemn oath, that he would never enter it again, except through a breach.(6)

But when the ardent spirits of the multitude began to calm, they sincerely regretted the step they had thus compelled their monarch to take, and every art was put in practice to make him break his resolution of returning to them no more; but petitions and negociations were of no avail, even processions had lost their charm in the eyes of the monarch—he continued firm to his determination, and although he received and heard them with kindness, yet with the humble request of his "good city" he absolutely refused to comply. To put an end to their useless entreaties, he summoned a meeting of the states at Blois, where, as before, to his infinite vexation, the elections fell entirely upon the creatures of the Guises, who, attending the convocation, gave law to the monarch, and by their organ, the council, compelled him again to revoke the indulgences granted to the reformed, and to declare Henry of Navarre, the real heir of his crown, a traitor, heretic, excommunicated, and incapable of the succession, which they adjudged to be the right of the old Cardinal of Bourbon.

Dictating to his sovereign, named general-in-chief of the armies, receiving from the people honours due only to the monarch, (7) the Duke of Guise was making rapid advances to the throne; but, as Montaigne justly remarks, pretenders to the throne find all steps easy of ascent to it except the last, which is always too high to be mounted. The Duke was silently and secretly opposed in this great project by his own family, who did not wish to see him King of France. Charles Duke of Mayenne, his brother, Charles Duke of Nevers, Charles Duke of Elbeuf, and Charles Duke of Aumale, his cousins, although united to support the power and dignity of their house, would not become his accomplices in treason. Separating themselves, therefore, from the private plan of the Duke, but still continuing their union with the League, they formed, under the name of the Caroline party, a fourth faction in the distracted kingdom; but, preserving their loyalty, they gave information to the unhappy Henry, by Alphonso D'Ornano, of the designs of the Duke of Guise against his crown, with the solemn assurance of their non-participation in his guilty projects.(8) In the memorial given by the King to M. Maisse, it is stated, that the Duke of Mayenne desired the King to take care of himself, and added, "that the enterprize against him was so near its execution, that he almost feared the notice would be too late;" and Peter le Maitre, one of the witnesses afterwards examined in Paris, asserted, that the King declared he was obliged to act resolutely, both for the safety of his own person and the tranquillity of the state, both of which were threatened by the plots of the Duke of Guise.

But as it was not in the power of the King of France to bring his daring enemy to the stroke of public justice, other methods were therefore to be resorted to, and the dagger of the assassin was destined to free the monarch from his fears, and the kingdom from farther miseries. It was determined in a council of Henry's friends, that the Duke should fall by their daggers on the morning of the following Friday, the 23d of December, and his own insolent security, and utter contempt for the King, hurried him on to the

(6) The author of the "Martyrdom of the Brothers," from whom we shall quote more largely hereafter, mentions this circumstance with his usual exaggeration. "From the top of a hill," says he, "Henry looked upon the city, and swore that he would so deal by it, that posterity should say, there stood Paris, and that he should never be satisfied till bathed in the blood of its inhabitants."

(7) D'Aubigné.

(8) De Thou—Serres.

fate which threatened him. Many were the notices he received of the plot against his life, but all were treated with a similar disregard. Once in particular, the night before his death, he found a note under his cover at supper, containing these significant expressions, "Take care—they are about to play you an ugly trick." He read this billet—wrote at the bottom, "They dare not," and then threw it under the table.

The night of the 22d was passed by the King in a state of extreme anxiety and restlessness. The weakness of his mind was struggling with the greatness of his enterprize, and his cowardice with his extreme desire of revenge. He arose by day-break, and dressing himself in great hurry and trepidation, assembled the members of his private councils, and urged them by every argument he could suggest, not to fail in the purpose for which they were met. He told them that that day must be the last of his life, or that of the Duke of Guise. It depended upon them, he said, whether he or his rebellious subject was to be the victim. Public duties, he remarked, he knew they would willingly pay, but he now required more, a proof of their attachment to himself, as well as regard for their suffering country, and which could only be evinced by the death of the Duke of Guise from their hands. He then distributed poniards, adding, "It is I, your lawful sovereign, who authorise you to use them against the traitor who has sworn his destruction." He then retired to his cabinet, where he continued pacing backwards and forwards in great anxiety; and presently opening the door of the council-chamber, he exhorted the gentlemen assembled not to suffer themselves to be wounded by the Duke. "He is tall and powerful," added the timid Henry, "and I should be sorry if he injured any of you." The members all being assembled, and the Duke not arrived, the King's restlessness, which, as De Thou remarks, was always increased to madness in frosty weather, grew so insupportable, that he sent to command the attendance of the Duke, who almost immediately followed the royal message. On his arrival he sat some time in the council-chamber, conversing with the gentlemen till the King sent to desire his presence in his cabinet; he rose to obey the mandate, and, stooping down to raise the curtain before the door, received at that moment the swords of the conspirators in his body; he made some desperate but ineffectual struggles, and fell dead at the foot of the King's bed, heaving only one deep sigh.

Such was the miserable death of the ambitious Duke of Guise. The particulars of this transaction, as related by Raynouard, we forbear to give, as they are detailed more clearly in the informations made at Paris, with translations of which we shall hereafter present our readers, as they contain much curious matter, together with the opinions of both parties upon the subject, and something (in the papers of Miron, the King's physician) which is intended to be a justification of Henry's conduct upon this occasion. For the present, we will trespass no longer upon the patience of our readers, which we would not have done so much, had it been possible to have compressed the long notice of Raynouard into a smaller compass, without any injustice to himself and the usefulness of his researches.

LETTER FROM SIGNOR ——, TOUCHING SOME POINTS OF ITALIAN LITERATURE.

In my last, I gave you a short account of my lately published Biographical Treatise on the Writers of Italian Literary History; and as you have been pleased to say, that whatever concerns myself and my pursuit of letters, will be interesting to you, I make no further apology for continuing in the same somewhat egotistical strain. I not long ago published two volumes of Essays and Researches, regarding the origin, progress, and perfect development of some of the principal European languages, a subject of inquiry, which, as you well know, when directed towards the elucidation of our own sonorous tongue, alike so beautiful and majestic, has occupied, perhaps, too great and too exclusive a share of our literary labours, and has not yet ceased to be a matter of acrimonious dispute.

I dedicate my first volume almost

entirely to the Italian language, to that language which is at once the glory of our own country and the delight of the intellectual stranger, and from which so many thousand times have flowed,

"Più che mel dolci d'eloquenza i fiumi."

I commence by reasoning on its origin and chief merits, and then treat of the question, whether in literary composition use ought to be made, and in what way, of the vulgar tongue. Such discussion naturally leads me to inquire, if there may be in Italy a written language different from the spoken tongue; that is, a language which learned and elegant writers adopted, and which differs from all the dialects spoken in the various parts of Italy. In regard to this I do not hesitate to assert, that the pure written language differs in no respect from that spoken in Tuscany by cultivated persons. For we must bear in mind, that some slight difference, in a few instances, in the conjugation of the verbs, is not what constitutes the diversity of a language. Besides, I would ask, when did they form this language which they call written? What ancient documents can be produced in evidence of the fact? How was it accomplished? Perhaps many learned men met together in congress; but of this no chronicle or history has spoken. Perhaps the Italians dispersed throughout Italy determined the language—yet this appears to me to be impossible, nor does any nation, ancient or modern, offer an example of so singular an occurrence. And if dispersed Italians did create this language so very different, as it is said, from the native, it may be supposed they would have been solicitous to write its rules, in other words, to compose a grammar—yet the first Italian grammars are of the 15th century, as every body knows from the works of Fortunio and Bembo. These first grammarians knew nothing of any such early convention, but sought their precepts from amongst the ancient Tuscan authors. And for what motive, it may be asked, was this language created? Learned men disdained to write regarding the sciences, except in Latin. The vernacular tongue was destined to subjects which they esteemed of little moment—love verses, chronicles, romances, novels, books on horsemanship, farriery, and the like, for the untutored. The fragments of history printed by Muratori, in the *Antichita Italiana*, are written in the Neapolitan dialect, or one very similar to the Neapolitan. The Venetian authors of the chronicle cited by Foscarini, have used their common tongue, and their travellers have done the same. It appears to me, that these writers would have acted otherwise if there had been a language common to the whole of Italy, and designed, by universal consent, for literary productions. Tuscany, incomparably beyond every other part of Italy, furnished authors† ********* and these wrote in their common dialect, which quickly led to that perfection which we see in the 13th century, by the labour of some who knew how to select the finest forms of expression from those used by the people. Strangers, enchanted by that style, soon began to imitate it, and with the greatest success, perhaps, at Bologna.‡ The language, which some call common, is no other than the language of Tuscany freed from mere *Tuscanisms*, and the irregularities of the vulgar.

That I may not be said to dwell solely upon my own lucubrations, allow me, in continuation of a subject which I know you once regarded with considerable interest, to present you with an extract of a letter by Professor Ciampi, whose learning and character stand deservedly high in your esteem. His sentiments are contained in the following:—

† A few words of our manuscript being here illegible, we thought it as well to leave them untranslated.

‡ The Bolognese dialect is now one of the worst in Italy.

IDEE SU L'ORIGINE DELLA LINGUA ITALIANA.

I NEVER, my dear friend, entertained any doubt of your having seen all that has been written upon the subject by our authors; but, to say the truth, I cannot agree with them, for I have formed a system of my own, which it will not be difficult for me on some future occasion to develope more fully. You ought to pay especial attention (which, in your esteemed favour, you do not seem to have done with sufficient care) to that which I wrote to you regarding the barbarous Latin of the diplomatic monuments of the 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th centuries, which was not at that time the common language, but only that of diplomacy and of the senate, where they still wished to maintain an obscure Latin, not knowing any better. We are not to believe that the few words of the Italian language which we there find scattered, are the only ones which existed, as if they were the germes of a future tongue, but rather that they had been introduced into the written documents from the common language of the people; more especially the proper names of boundaries, castles, cities, &c. which may be found inflected just as they would be pronounced at the present day. Thus in a document of the year 940, published by Zaccharia (*Anecdota Medii Aevi*) p. 281, Turin edition, we read as follows: "Locus qui dicitur *Vincio*. Locus qui dicitur *Casule*." In another document of the year 1067, published in the same work, page 321, we read: "Prima villa qui dicitur *Celle*.. tertia villa quæ vocatur Petriolo. Quarta quæ vocatur *S. Giusto*; 5. quæ dicitur *Montagnana*; 6. quæ vocatur *Campilia*; 7. quæ dicitur *Mumigno*; 8. quæ vocatur *Fugno*... 11. quæ vocatur *Fabrica*; 16. villa quæ vocatur *Gugliano*." And that these notaries who wrote a barbarous Latin frequently adopted words and expressions in use by the vulgar, is manifest from a thousand examples; and among others, we may cite an instrument of the year 775, printed by Zaccharia, p. 277. "Idem casa Massericie sunt in primis casa gudiperti *di Calamicca*. Casa Istavili de Calamecca; Casa Crespuli de Freaniano excepto sorte Fosculi qui *fuie barbano ejus*." In these instances the notary departed from the barbarous Latin in the words *di Calamicca*, where we have the Italian article, and in those others *fue barbano*, that is *zio paterno*, (paternal uncle) we have words altogether Italian. In another instrument in the same work p. 275, of the year 767, we find "locus qui appellatur ducenta excepto cafagio illo in integrum ad catarattula *da padule* quod nobis reservamus, et insuper casa quod habere visi sumus quod nobis de Guillerard gastaldio *in cambio evenue*;" and a little above, "excepta silva illa qui *fue* de ipsa curtes."

In a document given as belonging to the year 953, p. 285, the expression "*da* uno capo, *da* ipso lato," is many many times repeated. You may here call to mind the examples given in my former letter, in loco qui dicitur *la Ferraria*, written in the year 793, and *La plebe di radicata*, written in the year 1084, with those others which I need not now repeat. Indeed you will constantly find the use of the article in the common speech sometime before the 10th century; and as we have already seen the terminations of nouns and verbs according to the vernacular Italian, *fue avenne*, &c., what more is wanted to assert that the language of the vulgar was the same as that which was afterwards so greatly improved in the 13th century? Will any one assert that the use of these articles, of these terminations, both of nouns and of verbs, were restricted to the examples which we find in such writings? We might advert to the terminations in *us* and *um* changed into *o*, as rivus rivo, caput capo, romanus romanum romano, and many others, which the celebrated Lanzi has well observed in his "Essay on the Tuscan Tongue." But I will also produce another sufficiently decisive example to shew that the language which diplomatists wrote was different from that of the vulgar. In a document of Zaccharia (p. 289), of the year 1022, I read in *Ecclesia et domui Sancti Zenonis sito Pistoia*; and yet, in the cotemporary monuments, one reads *Pistoria*. What does this indicate? That the popular word *Pistoia* had escaped from the notary instead of the more legal one *Pistoria*. But it may be asked, did they not continue in diplomacy to write in this barbarous Latin also in the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries, when they had already written in the common Italian tongue?

If writers had not then begun to adopt the latter language in matters not diplomatic or connected with the Senate House, we should still have continued ignorant of what had been then the language of the common people, in like manner as we are ignorant of what it was previous to the 13th century. One may conclude then, that from the words scattered among the diplomatic documents of the ages prior to the 10th century, may be deduced the existence of a vulgar dialect, which was our common Italian, but extremely unpolished, and abounding with latinisms vulgarly inflected.

For the above reasons, I know not how to accord either with yourself or others, who allege that it was towards the close of the 12th century that the Italian language was produced, and that Lucio Druso was the first to conceive the arduous design of forming a third dialect jointly from the Latin and the vulgar tongue. This third dialect resulted specially from the use of the article, and the change in the terminations of nouns and verbs, which had taken place, as we have already seen, prior to the time of Lucio Druso. Besides, it is not in the power of any single individual to accustom a people in the short space of a few years to the use of a new tongue. He may have been among the first to adopt it in poetry, and other branches of literature; and he may have been the first who thought of ennobling it by uniting the dialect of Sicily with that of Tuscany, but I cannot grant him more; let the praise which has been given him in the oft-quoted sonnet suffice. To conclude, it is one thing to say that the Italian language existed before the 10th century, uncultivated it is true, and not subjected to fixed rules; another, that it originated about the end of the 12th, when, in fact, they only began to write it generally, and sought to polish, and in some measure regulate it, until Guido d'Arezzo, Messer Cino, Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch, rendered it perfect. The inscription of Verruca, near Pisa, shews, that in the Pisan territory, and in the city, they spoke the vulgar tongue even from that period; but I do not clearly see that any argument ought to be drawn therefrom, to prove that it was spoken in Pisa earlier than elsewhere, because the monuments of all the other Tuscan cities of the times anterior to the 10th century, abound in so many more Italian words, as assuredly to prevail against the very few made use of in that inscription. At farthest, the conclusion may be drawn, that the Pisans were among the first to write it without any intermixture of barbarous Latin, or even that they were the first to write the vulgar tongue, and here would be confirmed the boast of the supporters of Lucio Druso. Nor do I refuse to yield to them the glory that from among the citizens of Pisa have sprung various of our prime poets, of many of whom mention is made by Allaci, and also by myself, with numerous illustrations, in a letter to Signor Gaetano Poggiali, inserted in the *Giornale Encyclopedico* of Florence.

Thus, my dear Sir, I have repeated to you, with somewhat greater extension, my sentiments upon a subject which has greatly occupied our literary men, whose opinions are not found to accord, because they forsook the true path, believing that the written language of the monuments of the so called barbarous ages, was the common language, and that those other words commingled with it, were so many disconnected materials, which, combined with the remnants of the vulgar Latin, afterwards originated and gave place to the language of the 12th century; whereas, such words belonged to the language in common use, though not admitted in writing, especially diplomatical, unless when introduced through the ignorance of the notaries, who, when they were at a loss for a Latin or Latinized word for their law courts, made use of the vulgar. By inadvertence, too, these common words may have sometimes crept in, whilst, for a matter of form, they continued to write a language worse than the vernacular tongue.

Thus far our excellent and venerable friend, Professor Ciampi. With a view, I suppose, of forming an opinion regarding our present taste in literature, you desire me to inform you what English authors are most read by us in Italy. As you know I am no critic, you must excuse the dryness of a mere catalogue, while I mention the names of such works as have been translated within these last few years. Our chief translator of poetry

is the Signor Leoni, who is very regular in harnessing (the English word harrassing would also do) my Lord Byron's Pegasus after the Italian fashion. Listen—

"I stood in Venice, on the bridge of sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand."

"Sopra il Ventto, ponte de' sospiri,
Iafra un palagio e un sprigion m'arresto."

I intended to have transcribed a few pages for your amusement, but I find I have lost or mislaid my copy, and alas! for our remembrance of common verse, I can get no farther than the initiatory lines of the first stanza. Shall I send you a sheet of it some day by the courier of your kind and noble Ambassador?

Besides the fourth canto of Childe Harold, (published under the name of *Italia*), the following are also among Leoni's translations: *Il Saggio Sull' Uomo* of Pope, *La Scuola della Maldicenza* of Sheridan, several *Tragidie* di Shakespeare, Pope's *Lettera d' Eloisa ad Abelardo*, Gray's *Elegia*, *Una Scelta di Poesie Inglesi*, *I Lamenti del Tasso* of Byron, some miscellaneous translations from Ossian, Otway, Goldsmith, and Thomson, *La Storia d' Inghilterra* of Hume, volume 1st, and *Il Paradiso perduto* of Milton, which last translation falls greatly behind the admirable one already executed in blank verse by Papi.

Count Luigi Bossi has published a translation of Roscoe's *Vita di Leon X.*, and Signor Torri a polyglott edition of Gray's Elegy. Lord Byron's *Giaurro* was translated by Rossi, and *Il Corsaro* (anonymously) at Turin. *Lala Rook racconta orientale in prose ed in versi di Thomaso Moore*, appeared in 1818 by the hand of Tito Povirio Catti, and *Il Saggio dell' Intendimento Umano* of Locke in the following year. New editions were also produced of *Le Quattro Stagioni* of Pope, and by the same author (G. Vincenzo Benini,) an admirable translation of *Il Riccio Rapito*, (the Rape of the Lock) a great favourite among the Italians, who possess the model from which it was taken, the *Secchia Rapita* of Tassoni. Finally, there was published by Ghersardini of Milan, Darwin's *Amori Delle Piante*.

Of our original works in poetry of the present day I shall say nothing. In Italy the genius of the times seems to have conspired against the arts of imagination. Political agitation has given another tendency to the human spirit. Society here occupies itself more willingly in the consideration of national rights, of commerce, mechanical inventions, and the progress of manufactures, than in madrigals, sonnets, and canzonettes. In poetry itself, we love politics and philosophy; and the productions of the nineteenth century bear about them a character of reasoning power which separates them from the greater part of those of the preceding age. In criticism we are somewhat improved, being more pithy, and less infid than of old; but we do not make use of personal satire, nor apply the *reductio ad absurdum* to men whose character and opinions are deserving of reverence, as is so often done in your English Review.—(*Rivista Inglese.**) I think it is one of your own great writers who asserts, that there is so much room in the world for the serious and the gay together, that we might impose it upon ourselves as a law, never to trifle with what is worthy of our veneration, and yet lose nothing by so doing of the freedom of pleasantry. Still the anathema of Horace against mediocrity in poetry is with us more in vigour than heretofore; and it is now no longer allowed to appear before the public with a volume of *mere verses*, if they are not presented in the spirit of humility, and with a prayer for grace.

I hear that you have lately had executed in your country a good translation of our Dante—a most arduous undertaking for an Englishman, even supposing him as well versed in the language and literature of Italy as Matthias or Roscoe. In the meantime, I beg leave to call your attention to the following little critical discovery which has been recently made regarding our great "Signor del Altissimo Canto."

Those two verses in the *Divina Commedia*, spoken by Nembrotte and Pluto, so long the despair of commentators, and a stumbling-block in the way of all interpretation, have become in the hands of the Abate Lanci, two oriental jewels of the first order, and a new proof of the immense knowledge of Dante.

Raphel mai amech zabi almi
Pape Satan, pape Satan aleppe.

* We presume the blue and yellow is here meant.

The last opinion of the critics was, that these words were mere barbarisms, without any meaning, and inserted through caprice. It now appears from Lanci's learned Dissertation, that the first verse is pure Arabic, and the second equally unexceptionable Hebrew, and thus that Dante, in addition to his other vast stores of learning, was a great orientalist. The Arabic line reads thus:

Raphe lmai amec hza biahmi.

Of which the literal translation is, "Esalta lo splendore mio nell' abisso, siccome rifolgono per lo mondo." And the Hebrew line thus:

Pa pe Satan, pa pé Satan alep;

Or translated literally, "Ti mostra, Satanasso! ti mostra nella maesta de' tuoi splendori, Principe Satanasso!" Thus, say my countrymen, the apotheosis of Dante is completed!

Milano.

AN EVENING SKETCH.

The birds have ceased their song,
All, save the black cap, that, amid the boughs
Of yon tall ash-tree, from his mellow throat,
In adoration of the setting sun,
Chaunts forth his evening hymn.
'Tis twilight now;
The sovran sun behind his western hills
In glory hath declined. The mighty clouds,
Kiss'd by his warm effulgence, hang around
In all their congregated hues of pride,
Like pillars of some tabernacle grand,
Worthy his glowing presence; while the sky
Illumined to its centre, glows intense,
Changing its sapphire majesty to gold.
How deep is the tranquillity! the trees
Are slumbering through their multitude of boughs;
Even to the leaflet on the frailest twig!
A twilight gloom pervades the distant hills;
An azure softness mingling with the sky.
The fisherman drags to the yellow shore
His laden nets; and, in the sheltering cove,
Behind yon rocky point, his shallop moors,
To tempt again the perilous deep at dawn.

The sea is waveless as a lake engulph'd
'Mid sheltering hills; without a ripple spreads
Its bosom, silent, and immense—the hues
Of flickering day have from its surface died,
Leaving it garb'd in sunless majesty.
With bosoming branches, round yon village hangs
Its row of lofty elm-trees; silently,
Towering in spiral wreaths to the soft sky,
The smoke from many a cheerful hearth ascends,
Melting in ether.

As I gaze, behold
The evening star illumines the blue south,
Twinkling in loveliness. O! holy star,
Thou bright dispenser of the twilight dews,
Thou herald of Night's glowing galaxy,
And harbinger of social bliss! how oft,
Amid the twilights of departed years,
Resting beside the river's mirror clear
On trunk of mossy oak, with eyes upturn'd
To thee in admiration, have I sate,
Dreaming sweet dreams, till earth-born turbulence
Was all forgot; and thinking that in thee,
Far from the rudeness of this jarring world,
There might be realms of quiet happiness!

TO THE PROTESTANT LAYMAN.

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."
SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,—If your candour had kept pace with your professions, or if you had willingly displayed towards Catholics "the full extent of that charity which is the essence of Christianity," in your letter to Lord Nugent, which appeared in the last Number of this Magazine, it would perhaps have been unnecessary for me to have thus addressed you; but as you have not merely attacked, but also calumniated and misrepresented, (I shall not say intentionally, for *my* religion teaches me to judge no man rashly,) the faith which I possess, and as *your* charity appears to me to be great obscured by the jaundice of religious prejudice, I shall endeavour to remove the latter by answering your principal arguments against restoring Roman Catholics to the full and free enjoyment of their civil rights, and that in a manner and spirit very different from that displayed by you. If, for instance, I shall find it necessary to allude to the persecutions which Catholics have suffered from Protestants of every denomination since the period of the Reformation, I shall not impute it to any principle of Protestantism, but to the misguided zeal of the individuals who have exercised them, and so far from charging the sects to which they respectively belonged with their crimes, as you, sir, and others such as you, constantly do in your writings against the Catholic claims, I will rather ascribe them to an absence of every religious idea.

It is very easy to perceive the reason why the opponents of the Catholic claims follow a different course. The times are now happily over when Catholics were individually charged with designs hostile to the Government as by *law established*, and when the terms Catholic or Papist and traitor were synonymous; and you yourself, sir, candidly confess, (*O si sic omnia!*) that "Roman Catholic gentlemen have the same sense of honour which regulates the conduct of others," and that "there is no fear of their practising so scandalous a fraud," as to take the Anticatholic declarations and oaths required by law, for the purpose of obtaining those privileges from which they are excluded. This is a compliment which no Roman Catholic will, whether a gentlemen or not, accept at the expence of his religion. You, however, very inconsistently maintain the old hackneyed jargon, a thousand times brought forward, and as often refuted, that it is a principle of the Roman Catholic religion not to keep faith with heretics or other persons differing from them in religious opinions; and while you are forced to acknowledge that the doors of Parliament are open even to the unprincipled atheist, to the exclusion of men whose great crime is not of believing too little, but too much, you console yourself with the idea, that if such a man should attain the summit of power "he (the atheist) *certainly* would never harrow up the feelings of the country he was destined to rule by exhibiting the spectacle of an *auto da fe*." Have you then, sir, forgot the horrors of the French Revolution? Are you not aware that many thousands of persons professing the religion you attempt to vilify lost their lives, and that a vast number more abandoned their country to avoid a similar fate because they would not worship the Goddess of Reason? See to what a serious charge your intemperate zeal against the religion of your ancestors has exposed you! But, sir, the reason remains to be explained why the opponents of the Catholic claims have now adopted the extraordinary course of charging the real or supposed crimes of certain Catholics to their religious tenets, in place of laying them at the doors of the criminals themselves. It is simply this, that as the loyalty, honour, and good faith, of the Catholics of these kingdoms, are beyond dispute, and even admitted by their bitterest enemies, the opponents of their claims are obliged to have recourse to unfounded sweeping charges against the whole body, to substantiate which they are forced to adduce the acts of certain individuals of that body, acts which they profess to declare that no individuals of that body would now be guilty of! You, sir, are not perhaps aware how destructively such a mode of argumentation would

operate against the cause you espouse; for if it can be shewn, which it can, that Protestants have committed atrocities against Catholics as revolting, and perhaps more revolting, than any of those imputed to the Catholics, why, in the name of common sense, should Protestantism be exempted, and Catholicism charged solely with them? or why should the deeds of wicked Catholics be charged to the tenets of their religion, and similar acts of wicked Protestants ascribed not to their tenets, but to the bad spirit of the individuals? But it seems that you found it necessary to do so to justify the vote of the Peers.

As there is no rule, however general, but may be liable to exceptions, so I perfectly agree with you, that it must depend on the peculiar nature and practices of each particular religious sect, whether it shall be entitled to full and free toleration; and if you, sir, had, like "an open and generous enemy," joined issue with Catholics in endeavouring to shew, not by misrepresentation and calumny, but from their own admitted principles and practices, that these should, like those of the Druids, except them from this rule, in place of entertaining your readers with the alleged belief of the "orthodox Spaniard," and the nonsense of Swift, I should have been disposed to have admired your candour, whatever opinion I might have formed of your Christianity and logic. But it is the boast and glory of Catholics, that no person ever yet attacked their religion and practices without first misrepresenting them.

Before proceeding to examine your charges against Catholics or their religion, (which is the same thing,) I shall take notice of the position you maintain, in opposition to Lord Nugent, that the Roman Catholic is not deprived of his civil rights, "*because* he prays for the intercession of the Saints between himself and his Maker, *because* he recognizes the Pope in spiritualities, and *because* he believes in the real presence of our Lord in the elements of the Sacrament of the last supper." And that the cause of his being deprived of his civil rights "is because he (the Catholic) has an invincible propensity to *force* these doctrines on the belief of other men."

Now, if you really imagine that it was not on account of the doctrines alluded to that Catholics *were* deprived of their civil rights, I am fully prepared to shew that you are mistaken; but if you mean that these doctrines, which are *now* admitted to be quite harmless, are no longer held out as grounds for the exclusion of Catholics, you are doubtless correct. Our first reformers, from their zeal and the ferocity of their dispositions, were open and candid in their condemnation of Catholicism, or Popery as they called it; and as soon as they obtained the ascendancy, the doctrines above-mentioned were at once declared by the civil and ecclesiastical powers superstitious and idolatrous, and the believers in them were denounced as beings unfit to live. Hence the sanguinary laws which followed the enkindling of "*the pure flame*" of the reformation in every country where it succeeded, and hence the severe persecutions suffered by the professors of the ancient religion. I am fortunately spared the trouble of going farther back into our history than the periods of the corporation and test acts to establish what I have advanced, as you will be aware that these are now the only laws in force to prevent Catholics from being eligible to the highest offices in the state. You are probably also aware that these acts prescribe certain oaths or declarations to be taken by all persons entering on office, by which they must *swear* that the doctrines alluded to, as practised by the Church of Rome, are *idolatrous*, and yet I will venture to affirm, without hazard of contradiction, that scarcely nine out of ten who swallow these oaths know the meaning put upon these doctrines by the Church of Rome, and still fewer could give any explanation of the most noted, viz. that of transubstantiation!

There is such a want of method in your letter as renders it impossible for me to follow it in detail, but for perspicuity's sake, I shall pick out your charges against Catholics, and answer them in the order here set down. These may be reduced to three heads. 1st, That it is a principle of Roman Catholics to keep no faith with heretics, or other persons differing from them in religious opinions. 2d, That it is also a principle with them to persecute every person who differs from

them in said opinions. And lastly, That they hold it lawful to depose and murder heretic Sovereigns.

1st, You maintain that there will be danger in admitting Roman Catholics to a participation of the power of the state, because it is "the genius of the Roman Catholic religion," and the "*acknowledged maxim* of that church, to keep no faith with heretics." Now, though I could at once silence you by putting a single question, viz. where you found this maxim *acknowledged* by the Catholic church? yet as I am desirous of giving you every satisfaction on a subject of which you are apparently ignorant, I must inform you that the Catholic Church *never* maintained any principle of the horrid nature you impute to her. When I come to speak of the affair of Huss, I shall shew you how this calumny originated, by reference to a Protestant author. Meantime it may be proper to observe, that the doctrine is disclaimed by Catholics in their oaths to government, "as impious and unchristian;" and surely their oaths are entitled to some weight, when it is considered that they have been petitioning Parliament, after a lapse of 200 years, for a repeal of the disabling and penal statutes, in consequence of their refusal to take certain oaths, the taking of which would at once have delivered them from these pains and disabilities. This question is, however, set at rest by the answer of the foreign universities to the question proposed by Mr Pitt, of which I am convinced you were not aware when you made the charge in question. When the Committee of the British Catholics waited on Mr Pitt, in the year 1788, respecting their application for a repeal of the penal laws, he requested to be furnished with authentic evidence of the opinions of the Roman Catholic clergy and the Roman Catholic Universities abroad, "on the existence and extent of the Pope's dispensing power." Three questions were accordingly framed, and submitted to his approbation; and Mr Pitt's approbation being obtained, they were sent to the universities of Paris, Louvain, Alcala, Douay, Salamanca, and Valladolid, for their opinions. The *third* question, which is the one applicable to the present charge, was this, "Is there any principle in the tenets of the Catholic faith by which Catholics are justified in not keeping faith with heretics, or other persons differing from them in religious opinions, in any transaction, either of a public or private nature?" To which the universities answered unanimously, "That there is *no* principle in the tenets of the Catholic faith by which Catholics are justified in not keeping faith with heretics, or other persons differing from them in religious opinions, in any transaction, either of a public or a private nature." Indeed some of these universities expressed perfect wonder that such a question should be proposed by a nation that glories in her learning and discernment. After this explanation, sir, I hope you will display "the full extent of that charity which is the essence of Christianity," if you shall resume your pen on this subject.

But, in proof of your charge, you adduce the cases of two crowned heads, James the Second and Mary of England. Granting, however, that these sovereigns violated their engagements to their Protestant subjects, (which, in the case of the first, I do by no means admit, and the latter has been greatly exaggerated,) what is that to the purpose? Is the Catholic Church to be charged with the crimes of her children, any more than the Church of England, or the Church of Scotland, or any other religious sect? Are James and Mary the only sovereigns who have violated their engagements? Or is it because you expect a greater exemption from the frailties of our common nature in the persons of Catholics, than in those of Protestants, that you support your charge by such a mode of reasoning? With regard to the instance of King James, "He began his reign," says a celebrated writer, "with solemn declarations, both in Council and in Parliament, that he was determined to preserve the government, both in church and state, as he found it established; and that the law was sufficient to make him as great a king as he wished to be. Towards the close of his life, when, with every thing else, he had lost his hopes also, and could have no interest in deceiving, he assured his confidential friends that it ever had been his intention to govern according to law. What gives a plausibility to this declaration, was the care which he took in causing the most obnoxious branch of his prerogative, the dispensing power, to be

tried in the Court of King's Bench. With all this honesty and good intention, which, I believe, James possessed, I am ready to grant, that he was ignorant of the state and constitution of the nation which he had undertaken to govern; and that he was precipitate, violent, and headstrong. But God grant that no future sovereign of this country, who is devoid of these defects, may be ever exposed to such unfavourable circumstances as those in which he was placed, with a people worked up to madness by religious prejudices and forged plots, with judges who misled him, with counsellors who deceived him, with a prime minister, who intentionally and systematically led him on to destruction, and with the most heart-breaking treachery amongst his dearest domestic ties." * The fact is, that this sovereign fell a sacrifice to the toleration of his religious principles, whatever opinion may be formed of the imprudent step he took of dispensing with the penal statutes, "by declaring, that as long as he was King, no Catholic, Arian, or Anabaptist, should be put to death; and that no Quaker, Dissenter, or other Protestant, should be whipped, fined, or imprisoned, (as had been the case in all the preceding reigns,) for the mere profession or exercise of his religion, whatever that might be." † But Hume proves that this dispensing power had been exercised, on certain occasions, by all our preceding sovereigns. ‡ "As to the dispensation, in particular, of the penal laws against Catholics, it is demonstrated from better authority than Hume's, that this had always depended entirely on the will of the sovereign, in every reign since those laws were enacted." §

As to the case of John Huss, which you say "is one of the clearest proofs of the genius of Catholicism, and of the regard in which the assembled pastors and masters of that (the Roman Catholic) church hold promises made to persons whom they called heretics," the conduct of the Council of Constance, on this head, has always been understood by Catholics, and even by some Protestants, as any thing but sanctioning the impious and unchristian doctrine imputed to it; so that there could be no occasion for any Council or Pope pronouncing the censure you so vauntingly call for. In fact, the Council no more violated the safe-conduct or passport granted to Huss by the Emperor Sigismund, by depriving him of his ecclesiastical functions, declaring his propositions to be heretical, and leaving him to the judgment of the state, than any court of law could be said to do which had tried and condemned a man on charges proved against him, to refute which, he had voluntarily agreed to submit himself to its tribunal, on condition of receiving proper protection against any supposed violation of the law in his person previous to trial, and after it, *if duly acquitted*. "I am going," says Huss, "to the Council, to make it clear whether or no I have held or taught any erroneous doctrines, which if they can prove against me, I will readily submit to all the pains of heretics." ‖ The Emperor, so far from reprobating the conduct of the Council in detaining Huss, as many Protestants suppose, expressly explained to Huss himself that his safe-conduct had not been violated thereby, since he had been convicted of heresy by the Council.

"It is evident, then," says the Protestant, Mr Usher, in his Free Examination of the Common Methods employed to prevent the Growth of Popery, "that the safe-conduct was not desired by him (Huss,) nor granted to him with an intent to protect him from a trial, and from the judgment of the Council, but for that very purpose that he might proceed without molestation, be tried and adjudged there. So that the safe-conduct was in no wise infringed by the trial, condemnation, and censure. He had been publicly accused of a crime; he, of his own accord, surrendered himself to take his trial for it upon the public faith; accordingly, no injury was offered to him until he came under the jurisdiction of the court to which he appealed, and he after suffered nothing but what was *strictly agreeable to the laws of the empire*, which he perfectly knew in that case, before he went to Constance." The same author afterwards adds, "It is then when *rebellion*

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* Milner. Letters to a Prebendary. † Ibid. ‡ History of James II. c. I.
§ Ibid. ‖ L'Enfant, Hist. Conc. l. 3. § 6.

was in meditation in aftertimes, and there appeared a necessity of raising in the breasts of men an incurable mistrust of the Church of Rome, that this scandal (of the alleged breach of faith in the Council) appeared useful and was propagated. It was laid also hold of by the Calvinist ministers, for the *very same purpose*. You can now judge whether the Emperor did or did not violate the public faith, by the execution of Huss, when you consider the purport of the safe-conduct, and that Huss, before his surrender, knew the laws of the empire, in case he should be guilty of heresy. I believe it appears very clearly, from what I have said, notwithstanding of the disingenuous clamour of the Calvinists, that the authority exercised by the Council is conformable to the doctrine and practice of most Protestant churches; for it must be remembered, that the *execution* of John Huss was an act of the *civil* and not of the *ecclesiastical* power, and that the Council of Constance did not, by any act of theirs, violate the safe-conduct given to Huss, unless you judge his imprisonment before his trial to be a violation of it, which is very immaterial, otherwise than as it prevented him from absenting himself and evading an open discussion and trial, when he found it probable he should be condemned."

But you say, sir, that Huss was burned by desire of the Council. This I positively deny, and I prove my assertion by referring to the Acts of the Council. "It having been manifestly proved," says the decree, "that John Huss did publicly preach and teach many scandalous, seditious, and dangerous heresies,"—and "as it is apparent, from all that the Council has seen, heard, and known, that John Huss is stubborn and incorrigible, and that he will not return into the pale of the Holy Mother the Church, by abjuring the errors and heresies which he had publicly maintained and preached, this sacred Council of Constance declares and decrees, that the said John Huss ought to be deposed and degraded from the order of priesthood," * &c. The deposition and degradation having accordingly taken place, the Council afterwards declared, "That John Huss ought to be delivered over to the secular arm, and does actually deliver him over to it, *considering that the Church of God has nothing more to do with him.*" † Now, sir, can any thing be more plain than this, that the Council passed no sentence of death upon Huss, and that there was no ecclesiastical law inflicting such punishment, when it is admitted by the decree itself, that the church could do nothing further than by deposing and degrading him? "*Hæc sancta synodus Constantiensis, Joannem Huss, attento quod Ecclesia Dei non habet ultra quid gerere valeat, judicio seculari relinquere, et ipsum curiæ seculari relinquendum fore decernit.*" ‡

2d, You charge Catholics with holding it as a principle to persecute every person differing from them in religious opinions. This is "the unkindest cut of all;" for of all the charges made by you against the Catholic Church, the present is one which, for the honour of Protestants, should have never been even hinted at. Was it not in consequence of the most cruel and intolerable persecutions against the followers of the old religion, that Protestantism first obtained a footing? You indeed admit that the axe and the faggot have been employed in the cause of religion, "even by Protestants." What consideration, sir, could then have induced you to bring forward a charge which can be recriminated against the cause you espouse in a tenfold degree? But if your prudence in doing this be so questionable, what opinion can be formed of your defence of the first apostles of the reformation for these persecutions by imputing them to their "savage temper," and that it could not be expected but that they would "act like savages!"

In your zeal to lay every sort of crime at the door of the Catholic Church, even when committed by Protestants, you excuse the barbarities of the reformers, "of those fiery natures which were *incapable* of being softened by the pure and mild spirit of Christianity," by a very singular and original sort of argument—that they were bred up in the principles of the Roman Catholic Church. But how does it happen that "the pure flame" kindled by them should not have refined their

* L'Enfant, l. 3. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

"savage tempers" and "fiery natures?" The fact, however, is, that the first reformers never had seen any means employed by the Catholic Church for extirpating error, for no innovation in doctrine had been attempted for a whole century before the era of the reformation.

Not having read Lord Nugent's letter, I cannot judge whether his Lordship "appears inclined to affix the stigma of persecution upon the Protestants more strongly than the matter of fact will authorise." The only instance singled out by you is, that of the massacre of Glencoe, which, for the sake of "the glorious memory," I shall leave you the full enjoyment of; and I shall therefore proceed to point out a few incontestable instances of persecutions by Protestants against Catholics; but remember, sir, as I have told you in the outset, I do not impute them to the religion of Protestants, as you do in the case of the Catholics. At the same time, by pleading recrimination, I by no means wish it to be understood that I approve of persecutions by Catholics, (for I abhor persecution of every kind, by whomsoever practised, and under whatever pretence,) but I merely wish to exhibit the per contra side of the account, to give you an opportunity of shewing, "that charity which is the essence of Christianity," by withdrawing your charge against Catholics, of being persecutors from principle. Even a creditor must cancel his claim when he finds that his debtor has a demand against him to an equal amount.

There is a natural propensity in man to propagate his opinions; and in proportion as he is sincere, his zeal is increased. Different persons will doubtless pursue different plans, according to the peculiar constructions and dispositions of their minds, to accomplish their ends; some by persuasion, others by force; but the methods employed do not flow from any immediate principle in the opinions themselves, but from the particular temper of mind of their professors. This holds in religion as well as in politics, but with this difference as to the former, that however ardent a man may be to gain proselytes, the mild and persuasive doctrines of Christianity will operate strongly as checks against abuse, if he be actuated by the pure spirit of the gospel.

It appears from history, that wherever the reformers of the 16th and 17th centuries became the triumphant party, not content with the free exercise of their own religion, they violently overturned that of their ancestors, and carried on the most severe and oppressive persecutions against those who continued to adhere to it. This was the case in England, Scotland, France, Ireland, Germany, the Low Countries, Sweden, Denmark, and Switzerland, though in different manners and with different degrees of violence. The reformation in Scotland was immediately succeeded by the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, the murderers being instigated, according to Fox, in his *Acts and Monuments*, "by the spirit of God," to the "godly deed," as Knox calls it, (if my memory be correct,) in his *own* edition of his History. And in 1560, the Parliament, in establishing Calvinism, decreed at sametime the punishment of death against the professors of the ancient religion. "With such indecent haste," says Robertson, "did the very persons who had just escaped ecclesiastical tyranny proceed to imitate the example." So intent were our Scotch reformers on extirpating the religion of their ancestors and its professors, that in 1596, in an answer to the King and Council concerning the Catholic Earls of Huntly, Errol, &c. they declared, that "as they had been guilty of idolatry, a crime deserving of death, the civil power could not spare them." Shew me, sir, if you can, in the annals of the Catholic world, any thing half so infamous as this! In France, the Huguenots prohibited the exercise of the Catholic religion wherever they carried their victorious arms against their sovereign, slaughtered the priests and religious, burnt the churches and convents, dug up the dead to make bullets of their leaden coffins.* N. Froumenteau, one of their own writers, confesses that, in the single province of Dauphiny, they killed 256 priests and 112 monks and friars. In these scenes the famous Baron D'Adrets signalized his barbarity, forcing his Catholic prisoners to

* Maimbourg Hist. Calvanism. Thuanus' Hist. I. 31.

jump from the towers upon the pikes of his soldiers, and obliging his own children to wash their hands in the blood of Catholics.

It would, sir, be wounding your feelings too much to carry on the recital of these barbarities as they occurred in the several countries I have mentioned, but I cannot avoid taking notice of the persecutions against Catholics carried on in England. With the exception of Mary's reign, and the unfortunate and short-lived one of James the Second, the Catholics of that kingdom have experienced nothing but persecution, from the reign of the infamous Henry, (whom you so ungratefully wish to discard as a reformer,) up to the accession of the present Royal Family. Not to fatigue you, I shall cite a few cases from Stowe's Chronicle, which occurred in the reign of "Good Queen Bess."—

"1578. John Nelson, priest, for denying the Queen's supremacy, *and such other traitorous words* against her Majesty, was drawn from Newgate to Tyburn, and there hanged, bowelled, and quartered.

"The 7th of February, one named Sherwood, was drawn from the Tower of London to Tyburn, and there hanged, bowelled, and quartered, *for the like treason.*

"1581. Everard Hanse, a seminary priest, was, in the Sessions Hall in the Old-Bailey arraigned, where he affirmed, that himself was subject to the Pope in ecclesiastical causes, and that the Pope had now the same authority here in England that he had an hundred years past, *with* other traitorous speeches, for which he was condemned and executed.

"1588. The 26th of August, were condemned six persons for being made priests beyond the seas; four temporal men for being *reconciled* to the Roman Church; and four others for relieving and abetting the others," all of whom were executed along with "Margaret Ward, gentlewoman, who had conveyed a cord to a priest in Bridewell, by means of which he made his escape.

"1600. June 21st. John Rigby was drawn from the King's Bench, in Southwark, to St Thomas Waterings, and there hanged, bowelled, and quartered, for being *reconciled* contrary to the statute!!!"

Were it necessary, I could swell the catalogue of these enormities to a frightful extent, and could adduce a variety of cases of persecution by Protestants of different denominations against each other, but I presume you will be right glad to have done.

3d, You maintain that the Catholic Church holds it lawful to depose and murder heretic sovereigns. I might also answer this charge, partly by recrimination in the same way as the last, and that not by allusions to particular authors, but by quotations from the writings of the Reformers themselves, but I shall merely observe, that the doctrine you impute to Catholics is disclaimed by them in their oaths to government, and was proscribed by Pope Pius the Sixth in his rescript of 17th June, 1791. It is also disclaimed by the opinions of the foreign universities.

But you *refer* in a *note* to the writings of St Thomas Aquinas, Gerson and Petit, in which you say encouragement is given *in plain terms* to the murder and deposition of heretic sovereigns. With regard to St Thomas, I must inform you, sir, that if you had read his writings, you would have found that the charge against him is unfounded, and that there is no such detestable doctrine to be found in any part of his numerous writings. You must have borrowed your assertion, *par hazard*, from some unprincipled calumniator; and though I am led to suppose, that you really believed it to be true, yet I trust you will not (if you should ever again resume the subject,) write at mere random against such a numerous body of your fellow Christians. St Thomas, sir, was a man celebrated for the holiness of his life and the moral tendency of his writings, a man, who, in place of inculcating the impious doctrine attributed (unintentionally, I trust, by you,) to him, expressly teaches that it is never lawful to deceive, even our enemies, by telling them a lie or breaking our promise. "Dupliciter aliquis potest falli ex facto vel dicto alterius; uno modo ex eo, quod ei dicitur falsum, vel non servatur promissum; et istud semper est illicitum; et hoc modo nullus debet hostes fallere."*

I would willingly allow Messrs Gerson and Petit to shift for themselves, for of the former I know nothing (which

* S. Thom. 2, 2. Q. 40. Art 3.

is perhaps as much as you yourself know,) and as for the latter, *that very council you have libelled have denounced his doctrine as heretical and scandalous!* but I shall, for your instruction, detail a few circumstances relative to Petit, which you are evidently unacquainted with. In the year 1407, John Sanspeur, Duke of Burgandy, having caused Louis, Duke of Orleans, only brother of Charles the Sixth, King of France, to be assassinated, formed a party, and raised a civil war. Among his partizans was John Petit, a Doctor of Paris, who had gained great reputation for his learning and eloquence. This unhappy man publicly defended the murder, and maintained, in substance, this wild proposition, That "any tyrant whatsoever may and ought, lawfully and meritoriously, to be murdered by any vassal or subject of his own, even by secret snares, or subtle flattery or adulation, notwithstanding any oath given, or agreement entered into with him, and without waiting the sentence or command of any judge whatsoever." As this affair was not settled when the council of Constance met, Petit's scandalous doctrine was brought before it, and, after a full hearing of the parties, the following condemnation was passed upon it: "The Sacred Synod, solicitous to combat this error, and root it out entirely, declares and defines, that this doctrine is erroneous in faith and morals; and therefore rejects and condemns it as heretical, scandalous, and opening a door to frauds, deceit, lies, treachery, and perjury. And, moreover, declares and decrees, that those who obstinately assert this most pernicious doctrine, are heretics, and, as such, are to be punished according to the sacred canons."* This sentence should for ever shut the mouths of those who accuse the Catholic Church of not keeping faith with heretics, and of holding it as a tenet, that it is lawful to depose and murder heretic sovereigns; for, in the first place, it condemns the doctrine of king-killing by their subjects as *erroneous in faith and morals*, as an *heretical, scandalous, and most pernicious doctrine;* and even though the prince should be a tyrant *of whatever kind; quilibet tyrannus*, as the condemned proposition expresses it. In the second place, the doctrine is not only condemned as heretical in itself, but also, because to assert it to be lawful, *notwithstanding any oath given or agreement entered into with the party, opens a door to frauds, deceit, lies, treachery, and perjury.* I am confident, sir, you will now feel indignant at those writers who have thus misled you, and blush at such an alliance.

If I might be allowed to indulge in pleasantry, after the melancholy recital which has been wrung from me by your unfounded and calumnious charges, there would be an ample field for it, in the circumstances of your turning heel upon Henry the Eighth, the father of the Reformation in England, and the first supreme head of its established church; but I shall forbear. It is very laudable, however, in you to wish to expunge Henry from the list of Protestant reformers, as I have no doubt you are heartily ashamed of him. Indeed, I am rather surprised that you have not disclaimed others of the same kidney, for truly, sir, there are many such.

In conclusion, I ask you to lay your hand on your heart and say, if you *now* really believe that Catholics hold it as a tenet of their religion, that no faith is to be kept with heretics or other persons differing from them in religious opinions—that they are persecutors from principle, and that they are taught that it is lawful to depose and murder heretic sovereigns. If any doubts should still remain on your mind, do, my good sir, examine our Catholic books of instruction for once at least, (for every word of your letter shews plainly that you have not yet done so,) and if you can substantiate any one of your charges, by a single quotation from them, I shall willingly abandon my religion. Above all, I would recommend to your attentive perusal "The Papist Represented and Misrepresented," a small work easily procured, written by the learned Gother, who at one time entertained the same opinions of the Catholic religion as you do, but who, afterwards, by proper inquiry, detected and exposed the gross falsehoods of Protestant writers who had misled him. How unfortunate it is, sir, that religious dis-

* Act. Conc. Constant. Sess. 15.

putes should be carried on in a manner different from all other subjects, without that charity which you justly characterise as the "essence of Christianity!" Philosophers and men of science, in combating the arguments of each other, never have recourse to misrepresentation, by inventing and imputing imaginary principles and axioms to their antagonists, and inferring conclusions. Yet this is precisely the case wherever the Catholic religion is in question. It is surely more consonant with reason, that Catholics should be better instructed in the principles and practices of their religion, and be more able to give an answer of the hope that is in them, than those who have been brought up in perfect ignorance of these principles and practices, in whose minds the most deep-rooted prejudices have been instilled, and who perhaps have never read a Catholic book of instruction in their lives.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your humble servant,

A Catholic Layman.

Edinburgh, 20th April, 1822.

CALCUTTA.

Chapter III.—Artists and Paintings.

On the following morning, after the usual ride round the course, we proceeded to a most substantial breakfast, consisting of ham, eggs, rice, fish, sweetmeats, and preserves, besides the other et ceteras which constitute that meal in England; and that discussed, I went to call on some gentlemen, with Mr Fanning as a cicerone, which procured me an introduction to a number of wealthy agents, and half a dozen invitations to dinner at different periods.

It is to be hoped that the word *agent* will not suggest to your Edinburgh readers the idea of a prim, stiff man of law, seated in the penetralia of his dwelling, surrounded with tables loaded with files of papers, and green boxes, ostentatiously labelled with the name of the unfortunate individual whose *estate* they contain; and which, I believe, o' my conscience, are exhibited on the same principle that induces sailors to nail up the tails of dolphins and other fish who have acted so like gudgeons as to let themselves be caught. Nor at the sound *agency* let them conceive an Edinburgh pawn-broker's shop, where are exposed for sale, flutes, books, seals, trinkets, and fowling-pieces—the ex-moveables of some unfortunate student of medicine, and placed there to give him the means of escaping the clutches of the tradesmen from whom he obtained them. A Calcutta agent, save that he has (in common with all mercantile men,) the keen eye to his own interest, so prominent in the one, and the close gripe in business transactions, proverbial to the other, resembles neither of these; he is the great mercantile leviathan of the east, combining in his own person the characters of banker, merchant, ship-owner, and underwriter; and holding the funds, is often the partner of the indigo planter and manufacturer. To all these he may be said, in some degree, to add the functions of shopkeeper; for though these gentlemen do not, like the *select men* of America, stand behind the counter of a *store*, (*anglice*, shop) yet goods are advertised by them in retail quantities, —their gentility occasionally being saved from compromise, by some one of their clerks, (whom they, in imitation of the Yankees, style assistants,) signing the advertisement.

This body, though unconnected with the honourable Company, which, in that part of the world, like the king in this, is the source of all honour, is still held in high consideration in India. This high station they do not derive from any mental superiority; for though there are many among them, particularly those who have been educated for other professions, possessing intellect and information that would adorn any circle of society, yet the mass are not much above the scale of the pilots I have described, and certainly not upon a par with the generality of the skippers who sail their ships. But they possess one power, to which the civil servant, however unwillingly, must bow down; and that is, the command

of money; for though these gentlemen deem themselves of higher rank, and their claim is allowed in a grand party, yet the enjoyment of this elevation is much modified by the recollection frequently obtruded upon them, that they either are, or may be, in the power of the agent, as few of them are independent of his aid; and should they at any time assume too much, they might, in the day of trouble, be repulsed with the taunt of Shylock, "Hath a dog monies?"

After accomplishing our calls to these people of worship, Mr F. took me to Mr Cheyne's, to see a portrait of himself, (Mr F.) which that artist was about to finish. When we first entered the house, we were had, as John Bunyan would express it, into a room, where, as Mr C. was engaged at his easel, we had some minutes to wait. This gave us an opportuity of looking at some of his best pictures. As most of these were portraits of people with whom I was unacquainted, they did not occupy my attention so much as a fine historical painting which almost filled one end of the room. The subject was, the delivering up the children of Tippoo Sahib as hostages to Lord Cornwallis. The scene was laid before Seringapatam; the walls of which, in the distance, were partially obscured by the smoke of a salute firing from the ramparts. The management of the whole was admirable; the group, though immense, was arranged without either confusion or stiffness; and the principle figures, Lord C., his staff, and the children, were prominent, though apparently not pushed forward. One which struck me most, was an old Hindoo vakeel, or ambassador, lame, and borne in a silver chair to witness this splendid degradation of his master's family—every line of whose venerable and care-worn face, seemed to express a lamentation on the instability of human greatness, and formed a striking contrast to the mirthful, polished faces of the young princes, animated by the pomp and circumstance of the surrounding pageant. The numerous crowd behind were all portraits; and from the individuality of feature, more especially the high cheek-boned harshness of some of my countrymen, I felt they must have been like.

I was given to understand that it was the work of an unfortunate son of genius, named Devis, I think; and from its high finish, and minuteness of detail, must have cost him the labour of years; but in an hour of necessity, he had sold it for a mere trifle, to one of those cognoscenti who make their knowledge of the fine arts the means of gratifying their rapacity, and hover round ill-fated artists, as vultures and carrion-crows round sickly cattle, in hopes of making a prey of them.

I had not done admiring this splendid production, when Mr C. entered the room, with his pallet on his thumb, and his mahl and brushes in his hand. He was a smart, active, little man, about the middle age; his face by no means handsome, but marked with a quick shrewd expression; and that no part of it might be lost, his hair was turned off his brow by a semi-circular comb, such as I have seen used by girls in this country, extending from the ears across the forehead; his manner and enunciation were *vif* and rapid, and the spring in his gait, as he whisk'd from place to place, demonstrated that neither a tropical climate, nor a sedentary profession, had subdued a frame naturally active and vigorous.

He took us into his study, where he was in the act of finishing a picture of a baronet and his lady; they were dressed in the Spanish costume, and made one of the handsomest couples I ever had seen. Family pictures are notoriously dull and stupid in general; for a mere portrait painter, after he has bestowed a book on the gentleman, (a superfluous gift, for he never reads it,) and placed a flower in the fair hand of mamma, leaves them in a state of such fashionable nonchalance as to each other's employments, that unless we are to suppose that they are personifying the husband and wife of Hogarth's Marriage A-la-Mode, we are at a loss to discover what brought them together on the same canvas. With C. the very reverse is the case; he seems to require something of a story in his picture to call forth all his energies; he is happier in his family groupings than perhaps any artist I have ever known, and his style has a boldness and strength in it that I can only explain by comparing it to that of Mr John Watson of Edinburgh.

The picture we came to see (a small full-length of my friend Fanning) was

a masterpiece of its kind. He was in full dress, in a ball-room—a pillar forming the back-ground. It was not only the strong resemblance of the features that struck me, but the painter had so completely caught the air and attitude of the man, that had the head been entirely erazed, there could have been no difficulty in recognizing the figure. There was, in fact, that charm which makes us feel, in looking on a picture, not a likeness, but the actual presence of the original—that painting of the mind, if I may so express myself, which distinguishes the artist of true genius from the servile copyist of colour and form.

I sat about an hour by his easel, while he put the finishing touches to this picture, and was particularly struck with the ease and rapidity with which his brush moved along the surface of his canvas. We then accompanied him to dinner, which was served about the same hour as other people's tiffin. Just as we were about to sit down, a gentleman was announced, who was introduced to me as Mr Buckingham, the same who was so unmercifully cut up in the last Quarterly. He seemed a very pleasant, clever kind of man; but had too much the air of a savant for a plain sailor like myself, and talked too much about Egypt and the Holy Land, Belzoni, the Pyramids, the Sphinx and Shaik Ibrahim—persons and things with whom I was at that time not so intimate as to be upon speaking terms. I could say a great deal about "this learned Theban," but shall reserve it for its proper place—that is, a paper I mean to write on the Calcutta press; only this, that there are some reasons I could explain to you for the venom which has been so lavishly (I don't say unjustly, for I don't understand the subject) poured out upon him by the reviewer, quite unconnected with the merits of the work; but Mr B. has ability enough to defend himself, and I am very much mistaken indeed if he has not equal inclination.

I found Mr C. a perfect enthusiast in his profession, and constant study of the theoretical, as well as practical parts of it, had made him a walking dictionary of anecdotes connected with it; these he told with such spirit, that, had they been in themselves dull, would have redeemed that fault. On my happening to name Wilkie, he got into raptures. "Sir," said he, "he is the cleverest man your country ever produced—he is the cleverest man that ever was in this world, by G—d; the very cleverest man that ever was created. A great Italian master, said he, studied his profession sixty years, and learned something new every day—I have studied mine nearly forty—thought I knew something about it—when a fellow starts up, who, the first time he ever takes a brush in his hand, proves he knows more of his business than us both put together—a boy whom nobody ever heard of before, comes from Scotland with a picture under his arm—lays it on the table (*"suiting the action to the word with a soup-plate,"*) the very cleverest thing that ever was done on this earth, by G—d. A set of bunglers have attempted to imitate him. Any I have seen very *prosaic* indeed—quite impossible to imitate him—the thing, my good sir, never can be done." In reply to a question of mine as to the state of the art in Bengal, he said there were a few amateurs, among whom he mentioned as pre-eminent, the baronet whose picture I had admired. I have since learned that this gentleman is most accomplished in every way, and besides his talents in the higher branches of the graphic art, excelled in caricature, a dangerous power no doubt, but one which he possesses good sense enough to keep within proper bounds. C. did not tell me of this qualification of the knight's, chiefly, I suspect, because he had the misfortune to be the hero of a good number of his productions in that way. He also named an officer who painted a panoramic view of the breaking up of the Marquis's army after the Ghoorkah campaign, which was exhibited last year in Glasgow, and, I believe, formerly in Edinburgh. A young gentleman connected with a mercantile house in Calcutta, to whom he was giving some instructions, and who, from his unwearied assiduity, promised to become an artist. He has since published an account of the Ghoorkah war, and that picturesque country which he had full opportunities of delineating. And lastly, "a young Scotch officer of engineers, who," said Mr C. "excels in painting as he does in every thing else he attempts. I cannot, my good sir, bring myself to believe that he is only three and twenty, for my vanity can-

not be brought to own that a boy of that age can instruct me in my own profession." I afterwards saw some of this gentleman's architectural sketches, they were done in black lead, in the boat coming down between Barrakpore to Calcutta, and were curious, as well as beautiful, by shewing the perfection to which that style might be carried. His skies, particularly, had the regularly tippled appearance of an engraving, to a degree that I should have thought quite incompatible with the rapidity with which he executed them.

I asked him if there was no one who followed painting as a profession besides himself. He said there was only one, a Mr Hume, who, though an excellent painter, had not made much of it, so far as emolument went, but had of late been employed, with a handsome salary, by the Newaub of Lucknow. "When I heard of this piece of good fortune," said Mr C. "I thought poor H. has been unfortunate all his days, but he's in *luck now*." I ought to have stated that before I was three minutes in C.'s company, I found, that though his conversation was lively and agreeable, yet he was so totally abandoned to the vice of punning, that he could hardly utter a sentence without one—a sore grievance to me, who, never being able to make one myself that I was not obliged to explain afterwards, have as great an aversion to that species of wit as Mr Walter Shandy could have had for the very soul of him.

I afterwards saw the portrait of a lady by Mr H. executed when he was a very young artist. She was dressed in silks, which established a date much anterior to the present century, and a hat equally large, but much more picturesque than the coal scuttles which the ladies wear at present. The whole reminded me strongly of the style of the Flemish portrait painters. In his later paintings he has adopted a different style, which he thinks a vast improvement, but I (not being a connoiseur) do not like nearly so well as his old mode. Children are what he chiefly excels in.

On my expressing my admiration of a portrait of the Marquis of Hastings I had seen below stairs, and which I heard was to be engraved, Mr C. said he had been pretty successful in that, though not quite what he could wish. He mentioned, as the best of that nobleman he had ever done, one which he had painted for the Masonic Lodge at the Mauritius I think, the story of which he told with great complacency.

He had received an order for a full-length portrait of Lord Moira, to be hung up in the lodge-room, and accordingly, it was finished with masonic emblems, &c. and sent off with a note of the sum charged for it. The brethren were thunderstruck at the amount, and unanimously resolved that they would not receive the picture, so a letter to that effect was dispatched to Mr C. accordingly. As, however, there was no means of immediately returning the painting, the box in which it was contained was placed in the lodge-room until an opportunity should occur. Soon after, at at a meeting of the lodge, some one suggested that it would be as well to have a peep at the production for which so exorbitant a sum was demanded, and after some consultation the box was opened. When the picture was exposed to view, they were all perfectly dumbfounded, so far did it exceed the highest notions they had formed of it; and the result of their surprise and admiration was, to keep possession of the prize at all hazards. Accordingly, by a unanimous resolution, a letter was sent off to Mr C. enclosing a bill for the amount.

To an artist, who is, next to a poet, the vainest of all created beings, this triumph of taste over avarice must have been the most flattering compliment that possibly could have been paid, and so C. seemed to feel it. "I thought a thousand times more of it," said he, "than if they had given it at once."

We rose to depart, after spending a more rational evening than I had supposed Calcutta had in store for me, and on my return home I found an invitation awaiting me to a grand dinner for the next day. The gentleman apologized for the shortness of the notice, a useless piece of etiquette, for had the card come much sooner, it would have had to wait my own arrival.

Chapter IV.—A Burrah Khanna.*

The next forenoon I was occupied in going through the auction rooms, (which marts I may hereafter see fit to describe), and that and the usual forenoon routine business over, we set off about seven in the evening for the grand entertainment.

Though the evening was oppressively hot, we were under the necessity of going in our cloth coats, but took our cotton jackets in the palanquin with us, least, peradventure, our host should happen to be a man of sense, and permit us to wear them, and this, happily for us, proved to be the case. Indeed, it is now pretty generally understood in Calcutta, that even in the most ceremonious parties, (the government house always excepted) a man, after making his bow to the lady of the house, if any, or to the company, if not, may throw off these troublesome exuviæ—but at that time some great people, high in the church and the army, had set their faces most fiercely against the Jacket system, and compelled all within the sphere of their authority to appear in strictly professional habiliments—insomuch, that a major-general in his Majesty's service presided at the piano at a subscription concert, in what soldiers call review order—and perhaps they had reason on their side, for they drew their inferences from those of their respective callings, with whom they were best acquainted, and deduced from these that there were clergymen in this world whose holiness went no deeper than their gowns, and soldiers, whose best claim to that title lay in their regimentals.

We were ushered into a large hall, called by its inhabitants a drawing-room, where a good number of the party were already assembled, who seemed very much at a loss how to dispose of themselves. The ladies sat on sofas whispering to each other, and the gentlemen lounged up and down the room, or stood in groups in the veranda. A kind of momentary relief was afforded as each succeeding sound of the gong† announced an addition to the party, for though it proclaimed the sex of each approaching guest, it left the name open to conjecture. But, on the whole, the party had much the air of people preparing themselves for something that was to be suffered rather than enjoyed.

We should have got over this part of the fatigue much sooner, had it not unluckily so happened, that two young ladies had just arrived from England, whom their chaperones had determined to produce with eclat on their first public appearance in the promised land of husbands. Those experienced matrons, well aware of the importance of first impressions, were detained adorning their protegées; and, if I might judge from the result, endeavouring to find out some vacant spot on their dress, whereon to stick an additional ornament. Perhaps also they might be aware of the effect that would be produced by bringing them on the stage by themselves, when all the rest were assembled and impatiently waiting their arrival. Here it may be necessary, gentle reader, to inform you, that when a young lady is *got off* in Calcutta, a full share of the credit remains with the lady who has brought her out. Indeed often, though the young lady should be so handsome as not to stand in need of her aid, the elderly gentlewoman usurps the whole merit, so you may have some notion of what plotting and jockeying there must be among the tabbies when the market is a little overstocked with beauty and fashion. On this occasion some of the company made no allowance for these laudable feelings; for, after waiting a full half hour, during which some sat in a state of half comic half sulky resignation, while others, particularly the elder part of the gentlemen, expressed their impatience by low peevish mutterings, and some pretty broad hints to the master of the house, about the impropriety of allowing the dinner to be spoiled to humour the caprice of a couple of silly girls, who were only shewing off *Europe airs*.

When this state of things had arri-

* Grand dinner.

† At the outer gate of a Calcutta mansion, a gong, or circular plate of bell-metal, is suspended, which the durwan, or porter, strikes with a wooden mallet, to announce the entrance of a visitor. One blow is generally given for a gentleman, two for a lady, &c.

ved at its acme, the gong was struck with a thundering sound—the bell in Venice Preserved, or the clock in Puff's tragedy, could not have had a more startling effect, or more completely begot an awful attention in the audience. The sound seemed unexpected, for every one started as if electrified. Any conversation which might have been going on was instantly broken off, and every neck was stretched and every eye fixed on the door at which they were to enter, while only the tap of their feet was as yet heard on the stair. At last, preceded by their matrons as heralds, in they came, swimming, and sailing, and sparkling, and blushing, and simpering, amidst a perfectly audible murmur of applause.

Admiration is grateful to all mankind, and not particularly displeasing to most women; but there may be too much of a good thing, as these ladies seemed to feel, for after the first buzz of approbation had ceased, and the fixed stedfast gaze with which they had been scrutinized was withdrawn, the company divided itself into small parties, and a whispering consultation commenced, which, from the keen penetrating glances ever and anon thrown towards the part of the room where they were seated, it was evident that every one was busy criticising their merits and appearance; and when this was in some degree settled, the young gentlemen of the party approached nearer, for the benefit of a more minute inspection; and so much did their close-knowing examination, and the cool air with which it was gone through, remind me of jockies reconnoitring a horse, that I felt an involuntary terror, that they would not trust their judgments to the evidence of their visual organs alone, but call in touch to their aid, and I every moment dreaded that they would pass their hands along the young ladies' shin-bones in search of splints and spavins.

From the evident embarrassment which all this caused, the poor girls were relieved by dinner being announced, and a rush was made towards them by a band of youngsters, each eager to hand them to table. By the bye, they order these things much better in the east than in Scotland. Here, after the gentleman of the house has settled in a family council, consisting of his wife and daughters, with a maiden aunt or two as assessors, which lady he has to hand to the dining-room, and having adjusted, with the most scrupulous exactness, how far rank, seniority, being the stranger, the bride, or the person to whom the dinner is given, shall preponderate, the happy fair is handed out by the tips of the fingers by mine host, with an air of deference and politeness which bears the visible impress of a dancing-school of the last century; and the rest of the ladies, who, to do them justice, have generally settled in their own mind what is their place in the procession, file in without much confusion; but then follows a scene of almost Chinese ceremony among the men, bowing, waving hands, and disclaiming the honour, so that the gentleman of the house, and all the ladies, have some minutes to stand staring at each other before the head of the male column gains the dining-room. In India it is got through much more easily, for each gentleman offers his arm to a lady, and they, as I remarked before, knowing their places, get through it at once.

As I had not the honour of being acquainted with any of the ladies present, I stood out of the way, and allowed others to hand them, and was leisurely following the crowd, when I observed, for the first time, a plainish, modest-looking girl standing in apparent confusion, as if uncertain how to act. So very small is my knowledge of these matters, that, though willing to be of service to her, I did not exactly know how, but thought that the good-natured way would be to offer her my arm, first looking round me to see that there was no one who, if it was rejected, might witness my mortification. It was accepted, however, with an avidity, and acknowledged with a warmth that I was by no means prepared for; and my first impression was, that I must be neither so awkward nor ill-favoured as my friends had always pronounced me. I fear vanity is the sin that doth most easily beset me; and on this occasion I felt "mightily uplifted" by the partiality which this young lady had so unequivocally shewn for me, and the immediate effect of it was, that she rose in my estimation rapidly. I thought her by no means so plain as I had done at first, and was quite convinced that she had a sensible expression which I never had seen in a female face before. On my part, I endeavoured to acquit

myself in my new office with the best grace possible, by throwing back my shoulders to the utmost extent that the usual lounging stoop of my gait would permit, and protruding my *thorax* and *abdomen* (as our surgeon calls them) to the extremest inch, without losing altogether my equilibrium. It then came into my head that it would be proper to say something, but though (thank God) neither diffidence nor want of words can be ranked among my failings, yet I could not for the soul of me fix upon a proper topic. I was soon, however, relieved from the difficulty of commencing a conversation, by the lady remarking that she was afraid she should have been *shipwrecked*. I thought this a queer beginning, but as it referred to a misfortune which could not fail to excite my sincerest sympathy, I said I hoped she had had no recent cause for such an alarm. "But I have though," replied she gaily, "I was shipwrecked twice very lately." Notwithstanding the sensible expression, I began shrewdly to suspect that my fair friend must needs be a little cracked in her upper story, to talk so coolly of such a calamity; but thinking that I must say something whether or not, I asked her if this occurred on her voyage out. At this question she burst forth into a most irrepressible fit of laughter, and, as soon as she could speak, told me, that *shipwreck*, as applied to a young lady in Calcutta, meant the necessity of walking unattended to the drawing-room. An evil which, being considered ominous, is almost as much deprecated by spinsters, as its synonyme by sailors, and, as instantly flashed upon me, this was the cause of the lady's alacrity in accepting even *my* arm.

There are, no doubt, many of my readers who will be inclined to laugh at my vanity, and exult in my mortification, but those who are best acquainted with themselves and the world, will be readiest to excuse the one, and sympathize with the other.

If the purpose of a dinner be (as the vulgar are apt to imagine) to eat, an Indian grand entertainment is worse calculated for that end than any with which I am acquainted. The space between the first dish being laid on the table, and the whole being arranged, gives just time enough for the meat to cool sufficiently to render it uneatable, to impart, during the process, a sufficient portion of its redundant caloric, as Dr H. would call it, to the wine, to make it unfit to be drank, —add to this, a room about sixty feet long, and high and broad in the proportions of a coffin, in which from fifty to sixty people sit down to dinner, each attended by one servant at least, some by two, some by three, and young cadets and writers often by four, and you may imagine what heat, and crowding, and squeezing, will take place. In fact, a man can have but little choice of what he eats—he must generally dine off the dish nearest to him. One thing for which I was thankful was, that among the other follies they have adopted from Europe, that of two courses has not yet found its way into Bengal.

What appears to me to be at the root of all evil in the social intercourse of Calcutta, is a veneration approaching almost to idolatry, for one cabalistic word, *splendour*, an ideal deity, at whose shrine domestic comfort is daily immolated, and which, could it be analyzed, would most likely be found to be made up of crowd, glare, glitter, plate, noise, and nonsense. A grand dinner there, like every thing else, is splendid. A profusion of silver dishes are ranged in triple row, from one end of the table to the other. Three yards of the centre is occupied by a plateau, on which is erected an epergne, flanked by little alabaster figures, China shepherds and shepherdesses, procelain vases filled with flowers, and the other et ceteras which generally ornament the drawing-room mantel-shelf of ancient maiden ladies. This, with the crowd, the number and picturesque costumes of the attendants, the pendulum-like motion of the painted and gilded punkahs, and the stream of softened light thrown from the numerous lamps, painted and plain, projecting from the walls, or suspended from the ceiling, produce a mighty grand melo-dramatic kind of effect, if one could behold it only as a spectator, and not undergo the fatigue of being an actor in the *spectacle*.

The people of Great Britain entertain an erroneous notion of their countrymen of the east, whom they imagine to be perfect Chesterfields in their manners and address. What would

any lady, above the level of M. Nodier's higher ranks in Glasgow, say of a gentleman who kept puffing tobacco smoke in her ear, and that too before the cloth was off the table? Yet this is the practice in every house in Calcutta, with the exception of that occupied by the Governor-General. Another notion as prevalent, but equally erroneous, is, that the affected soft voice assumed by some of our Anglo-Asiatics, is the common tone in which conversation is carried on in the east. You, my dear Mr North, will see the folly of this when I tell you, that a room there is as large, and more open, than a barn—the servants inhabit outhouses, and there being no bells, they use no other mode of calling them but by hollooing at the very top of their lungs; after this they had better tell us that they acquired their piano notes from the boatswain on the voyage home.

One unavoidable disadvantage of the large unwieldy companies I have described is, that the guests, whenever it is practicable, form themselves into smaller parties, a mode which answers all purposes of conversation pretty well, except when a stranger happens (as has often been my misfortune) to be placed between two people whom he never has seen before, and who, being acquainted with their next-hand neighbours, are not under the necessity of taking any notice of him. And if they can get any one to speak to, they seldom address a stranger for fear they might be inadvertently betrayed into conversation with a man beneath their rank. So making what soldiers would call a quarter face outwards, they leave the pivot isolated, to spend the evening as best he may.

After the ladies had retired, most of these minor parties being broken up, a dead silence ensued, the stillness of which was only disturbed by a half-whispering conversation, from some gentlemen at one end of the table, who were "handling a matter" with great earnestness; but being conscious, that as no one present had any thing else to occupy his attention, the company would most likely listen to what they were saying. In the meantime, the rounds of the bottle were, like angels' visits upon earth, "few and far between," so that I was not ill pleased to see a kind of fidgetty motion amongst some of the party, which ended in a general move to the ladies, more especially as I made sure of enjoying the conversation of the nymph, who, I half believed, I had fallen in love with; but when I entered the drawing-room, I had the mortification to perceive by her manner, (she having attracted a young civilian to her side) that, to use a royal expression, she had no further occasion for my services.

The drawing-room now was somewhat less stiff than before dinner. A lady sat thumping an unfortunate piano, the groans of which were softened, if not drowned, by a running bass, performed by the hookahs of half-a-dozen gentlemen who surrounded it;—a party sat round a table constructing words out of ivory letters, cudgelling their brains to solve the enigmatic mysteries of riddles and charades, or scratching their heads, in hopeless uncertainty over the inexplicable mazes of Chinese puzzles. Thus passed a heavy hour. At last palanquins and carriages were announced, and the company, after formal congés, withdrew. For myself, I returned home, jaded, tired, and bedivelled, to such a degree, that it was not till after half-a-dozen tumblers of brandy and water that I got into *sorts* again.

It must not be supposed that this is a picture of *every* grand dinner in Calcutta, much less that it represents the whole of the social and convivial intercourse of our Asiatic fellow-countrymen. I have seen large parties where the dinner was excellent, and the guests had room to eat it, and I have seen oriental drawing-rooms, which, if they wanted the ponderous wit of a blue-stocking coterie, had at least none of its dulness.

C. B.

Bute, 25th April.

WALTER OF AQUITAINE.—AN HISTORIC ROMANCE.

The ancient poem, of which we are about to give an account, belongs to that extraordinary *Cyclus* of poetry (as the German critics have termed it) which relates the overthrow of the heroic house of the Nibelungs, and the extinction of their line. What is before us is the *German* translation of a *Latin* original; of which the oldest, most complete, and apparently the most correct copy, is contained in a MS. *of the ninth century*, written on parchment, and extant when this translation was made, in the Margrave's library at Carlsruhe. The Latin poem was published at Leipzig, with a good commentary by Professor Fischer, of Halle, about the year 1780, from an incomplete MS. of the thirteenth century. The translation in question was made soon after, from the older MS. by Fr. Molter, the librarian; his preface bearing the date 1782, though the year on the title-page of *our* copy is 1818.

The poem, which is in four cantos, is remarkable for a character of antique simplicity, rudeness, and strength; and though its phraseology is often imitated from the classical poets of Rome, a necessary effect of writing with any feeling in their language and measure, often borrowing their expressions, with here and there the appropriation of a line, or a longer passage, yet is it animated and moulded, as a whole, by an unequivocal native German spirit. The manners bespeak their own originality; and the story is of the pure type of Romance;—interesting to literary research, as it presents an authentic specimen of that kind of composition, from the native fable of modern Europe, in a much older form than we elsewhere possess. From the internal character, the subject, and, as far as it appears, the date, there is little room to doubt, that it is itself taken (not indeed as a translation, but in the free manner in which tales were rendered from one language to another,) directly from one of those ancient *historical poems* of the Germans, which, as is well known, were in existence in an oral state to the time of Charlemagne, by whose command they were collected and *written*.—And which, in the opinion of the best German critics, in part remain to us, though unquestionably, as remodelled, in a much later form, in the *Lied der Nibelungen*, and the other old rhythmical romances, which relate to the adventures of the same and contemporary heroes. It is in this light, as an original German, not as a barbarous Latin poem, that this piece is curious and valuable; and it is upon this consideration, that we have thought it worth while, in the difficulty, in this country at least, of meeting with the Latin original, to give an account of it from the present translation. Our story will be sometimes an abstract, sometimes a simple rendering of the version in our hands, which we have reason to regard as very literal; and which, it may here be observed, is executed, notwithstanding its fidelity, with much force and spirit,—in blank verse, as it should seem intentionally rude. The reader will remark a sprinkling of the author's learning at the outset, which reappears occasionally during his progress, but troubles him least when he is most earnestly engaged in the real interest of his narration.—

The third part of the earth, my brothers, is Europe. This is divided into many nations, unlike in name, manners, speech, religion. In Pannonia are the Huns seated, a gallant people, who, flourishing in virtues as in arms, ruled not only over the bordering countries, but stretched their might to the ocean-strand; and, masters of peace and war, have reigned more than a thousand years.

This empire, in former times, King Attila held. He summoned his host, and ordered his march for the territory of the Franks. The Frank King Gibicho, held rejoicing for an heir, the Prince Gunther, when tidings reached him that a power, exceeding in number the sand and the stars, was marching over the Ister. He called together his council to deliberate on the national emergency; and it was resolved to accede to the alliance of the Huns, to give tribute and hostages as required, rather than expose land and life, wives and children, to the fury of the invaders.

At the court was a noble stripling,

of *Trojan* blood, of high endowments, HAGANO.* As the Prince Gunther was yet too young to be removed from a mother's care, he was chosen for the pledge of peace; and ambassadors took the youth, and the tribute, and made good the league.

At that time was Burgundy divided under strong sceptres.—Herrich held the mightiest. He had one daughter, HILTEGUND, noble in soul and form, the destined heiress of his kingdom and his long-collected treasures. But when peace was made between the *Avars* and the Franks, and the host turned back from the frontier, Attila directed his swift march on Burgundy. Already had they passed the deep streams, the Saone and the Rhone, and spread themselves out for plunder. At that time was Herrich at Chalons. Suddenly the watchman looked up, and cried, "A cloud of dust arises.—The foe comes.—Make fast the gates." The King goes to council. He knew what had been done in the land of the Franks. He proposes to render tribute and make friendship with the Huns, offering his daughter as hostage.—The council assent.—Messengers are dispatched to Attila, who, receiving them with his accustomed friendship, said, "More disposed to alliances than to battles, the people of the Huns ruleth willingly in peace. Unwillingly we take up arms, and those only who oppose us do we smite. Let the King come, and give and take peace." The King accordingly comes, brings uncourted gifts and his daughter.—"The fairest jewel of her parents goes into misery;" and the alliance is concluded.—Attila proceeds westward.

The kingdom of Aquitaine was at that time governed by Alpher, whose son, Prince WALTER, was then just rising into the bloom of youth. This king was under compact with Herrich, to wed their two children as soon as their age should permit. Alpher saw the approach of the conquerors, and feared. "To what end," said he, "do we stand on our defence, when we can make no war? Doth not Burgundy, doth not the Frank shew us example? Will it dishonour us to be like these?" And he too submits to the tributary alliance, and delivers his son into the hands of Attila as hostage for his good faith. Loaded with treasures, and with joyful hearts, the Huns withdrew, and took Hagano, the beautiful Hiltegund, and Prince Walter, with them.

Attila, who discovers himself to be a monarch of much more amiable dispositions than has been usually understood, treats his prisoners very gently; shewing them nothing but love and indulgence, and educating them as if they were his own children. The two youths were never out of his sight; and he deigned to be himself their instructor in noble arts, and in those games of war which the Huns were wont from time to time to hold. They grew in spirit as in years, till they excelled heroes in prowess, and sages in wit. No Hun might be their mate. They held the first places in Attila's wars, and triumphed in every field; on which account they became very dear to him. The Lady Hiltegund too, through her diligence, her skill in women's employments, and her chosen manners, was in no less favour with the Queen, to whose service she had been attached. She was appointed keeper of the royal treasure, and in the household might almost be said to rule jointly with the Queen, for nothing was done but by her counsel and direction.

In the meantime King Gibicho dies; and his son, Prince Gunther, on his accession, refuses tribute; which Hagano no sooner hears, than he makes his escape, and joins his Prince. Walter was at that time absent on one of his victorious expeditions. Ospirin the Queen, arguing from Hagano's proceeding what Walter's was likely to be, prudently bespeaks the King, communicating to him her apprehensions, and recommending to him as soon as Walter shall return, for whom

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* *Hagen* or *Hagene*, as his name is found in the German Romances, especially in the poem of the NIBELUNGS, of which he is a principal hero. His designation is of *Treneg*, *Tronge*, or *Tronie*, as it is variously written; either the ancient name of Kirchheim in Alsace, not far from Strasburgh, or, possibly, *Troneck* near Treves. But some forms of the story give *Troja* instead, incorrectly, as in the present poem. It is remarkable how early the great tale of Troy, which took such strong hold upon the fancy of the new nations of Europe, began to corrupt the traditions of their native history.

she expresses the highest regard, calling him nothing less than the pillar of the state, to address him in a very gracious speech, commending all his great and valuable services, and desiring him in return to chuse a wife out of the noblest houses in Pannonia, with assurance of advancing him so high in the country and in the palace, that no one shall blush to have given him his daughter. The hero returns, and Attila punctually executes the Queen's suggestion. But Prince Walter, who all the while the King was speaking, was judiciously considering what answer he should make him, eludes the snare; and representing to Attila that a married man can never be a true warrior, that it is for the state's service he should remain single, and that all he desires in the world is to perform his duty to the King with all faith, zeal, and obedience, the good-hearted Attila is willing to hope that all may yet go well, and gives up his proposal.

At this juncture, one of the vanquished nations revolts; and Walter is sent to reduce them to submission. He overthrows their host with his customary facility, in one great battle, and returns home in splendid triumph. The court-followers run out to meet him, and begin questioning him about his campaign. He tells them as much as serves to pacify their curiosity, and then wearily treading the court, he passeson to the chambers of the palace. There he finds Hiltegund. When he had kissed, and tenderly embraced her, "Give me, love," he said, "to drink, for I am faint and wearied." She fills a costly goblet with wine, and reaches it to the warrior; and stands by, gazing in silence, upon the countenance of her lord, till Walter had drained it off, and returned it empty to her hand. They knew both that they were destined to one another. Then thus bespeaks he the beloved maiden:—"So long a time do we suffer in misery, and know what our parents have resolved concerning us. How long do we stifle this within the speechless mouth?"—The maiden thinks he mocks her.—She is silent a little space, and answers, "Why speakest thou with feigned tongue that which in thy inward soul thou disdainest, persuading me with thy lips, whilst thy heart gainsays, as thinking it a scorn to take such a bride?"—The youth replies with prudence, assuring her that he speaks sincerely; and adds, "Did I know that thou wert ready to hearken to me, and to yield belief and compliance to my hidden wishes, I would discover to thee in confidence the secrets of my heart." Therewith the damsel bows herself to the knee of the young hero, and says, "Whither thou callest, my lord, will I diligently follow, nor will I ever prefer aught to thy will and behest."—"Know then," said he, "I am long since weary of this exile. Oftentimes do I bethink me of the ever dear borders of our native land, which we had no choice but to forsake. I will now speed my secret flight. This might I indeed have done many days ago, but it rued me to leave thee, Hiltegund, alone behind me." The good maiden spoke from her inmost bosom: "Let my lord command. Good and ill will I bear willingly through love to him." Walter then imparts to her his plans, and gives her her instructions. Her own preparations are such as, it must be regretted, are not reconcileable with our usual expectation of the principles of heroes and heroines. Being keeper of the treasure, she is to bring Walter the King's helmet and coat of mail, and the treble-twisted cuirass that bears the artist's mark. She is then to take two moderate-sized chests, and in these so much of the bracelets and jewels of Pannonia, that she can scarce lift one up to the breast: four pair of sandals for him, and as many for herself. So will the chests be tolerably well filled. Nor must she forget the crooked-toothed angling gear, for both fish and birds must be their meat. Necessity will teach him the manner of its use. All this is to be ready in a week. The part he takes upon himself is in the way of more pardonable stratagem, and is conceived in perfect adaptation to the manners and customs of the court of Pannonia. When Phœbus the seventh time returns on his course, he will give a jocund and sumptuous banquet to the King and Queen, the princes, the military commanders, and the officers of the court, all of whom he trusts, by liberal and diligent entertainment, to place out of the danger of offering any interruption to the further proceedings of their intended flight. She must be careful to drink as little as possible, scarcely allowing herself as much as will allay her thirst. At the moment of their

rising from *eating*, she is to betake herself to her employment, and he to his. When he has succeeded in shutting up the eyes and the understandings of his guests he will join her, and they are then to set out for the tracts of the north. She disposes herself to execute her charge.

The day of the feast is arrived. The court of the palace is covered over with magnificent hangings, and the tables are loaded. The King enters; the noble warrior bows to him with accustomed reverence, and leads him to his throne. The King takes his seat, with a Duke (a military leader) on either hand. The officer of the court marshals the rest to their places, and the company sit down by hundreds. The guests sweat, it is related, with the quantity they have to eat; and as soon as one course is carried off, another is brought in. The colour and the sweetness of the wine are irresistible, and they drink very much to their satisfaction during dinner, their host sedulously encouraging them. At length the tables are removed, and the hero, Walter, advancing before the monarch, thus addresses him:—"I entreat thee, my lord and sovereign, let thy favour to me now be seen, and be thou an example to all that are here present, to make themselves joyous with thee." With this he hands him a drinking-vessel, graven with the deeds of the mighty dead; which the King condescendingly empties at a draught, commanding all the others to drink after him. Walter's design takes effect to the height of his wishes. The King and his whole court are more and more convinced with wine and wassail, till at last they are all laid about on the ground so effectually composed for the night, that if the walls had been in flames, says our author, not one of them would have known there was any thing the matter. Walter, who, in thus disposing of the senses of his guests, had most heedfully guarded his own, now calls his Princess to bring down what she had prepared; and going to the stable, he leads out the conqueror of all horses, whom for his strength he had named the Lion. He equips him, loads him with the two chests, one on each side, with a moderate supply of provisions for their long journey, and gives the bridle into the maiden's hand. He himself, mailed like a giant, sets a helmet, over which a red crest of feathers nods, upon his head, on his thighs puts golden cuishes, girds his two-edged sword on his left side, and on his right hip the steel sharpened after the manner of Pannonia, on one edge only. With his right hand he grasps the spear, the shield with his left. Thus furnished for their flight, they set out; Hiltegund leading the war-horse, who bare more than a ton of gold. They travelled as far as they were able that night; kept the woods in the day-time; avoided all hamlets and open fields, and held their course as much as possible by unfrequented and devious mountain-paths.

About noon the next day, the guests began to awake and to inquire for Walter, that they might greet him with solemn praises and thanks for his hospitality. Attila himself, holding his head with both hands, came from his sleeping-chamber, calling on Walter with groans and sighs, possibly, says our author, intending to complain to him of his head-ache. The servants bring word that Walter is no where to be found. Attila still hopes that he is only sleeping out his carouse in some more unmolested place of rest. But when Ospirin saw that Hiltegund too was missing, and did not attend as usual to attire her, she knew that her fears were accomplished. She tells Attila that Walter has fled, and taken the Princess with him. "Alas for the wine that has laid Pannonia desolate! The prop of the Empire is gone. Strength and renowned valour depart from the land. He that was the light of Pannonia, the proud warrior Walter, is fled, and has carried off with him my beloved Hiltegund."

The King is full of anger, grief, and consternation; and, for that day and night, appears to be too much disconcerted with his misfortune to know what course to pursue. The next morning he assembles and addresses his Senate, —"O who will bring me back the runaway Walter, chained like a misbehaved hound? I will clothe him in pure gold, I will heap lands upon him, nor stint though I stop his way with tons of gold!"—But in all the Empire was neither Prince nor Duke, Count nor warrior, nor armour-bearer, gladly as he would have shewn his prowess in the field, to win lasting renown and treasures too by his achievements, that would dare to overtake the hero with

arms; for they had seen the slaughter he made, and how he always stood invulnerable in the fight. So that the King was not able to persuade any one on such perilous conditions to earn the tons of gold which he proffered.

Meanwhile Walter fled: and, as was observed, he journeyed by night, and when day came sought the thickets and woods. With cunning he enticed the birds, catching them now with bird-lime, now with springes. When he came where a stream ran in windings, he threw in his line. All the time of his flight Walter, the honourable hero, behaved himself full of modesty and virtue towards his maiden. Forty times had the sun brought back day to the world since he left the Pannonian city, when he came at evening to the bank of the river Rhine, which holds its course onward towards the royal capital, Worms. He gave there instead of money for his passage, the fish he had taken, and hastened forwards. With day-break the ferryman sought the city, carrying to the King's head-cook the fish he had received for his fare. They were richly served up. The King was in admiration when he beheld them. "Never," said he, "did my France yield me such fish as these are. Methinks they are surely from another land. Who brought them?"—On the report of the head-cook the ferryman is sent for, who, on being questioned, answers,—"I sat yesterday evening by the Rhine-strand, and saw that one journeying came armed from head to foot, as he that expecteth some fight. He came all iron, renowned King, and whither he went, he bears his broad shield and his naked lance with him. He seemed like a man of prowess; though he bore a heavy load, he strode with mighty steps. A damsel follows him, adorned with incredible beauty, treading fast on the heels of the youth, and leading by the bridle a gallant steed, that on his back bears two chests nothing small. As oft as the proud beast shakes his lofty mane, and throws forward his supple limbs, they give out a sound, as if gold and jewels struck together. This stranger gave me for my hire the fish of which you demand me."

Hagano, who sat at meat with the King, could not for a moment be deceived on hearing this report. "Rejoice with me," he cries, "I know well who it is. My fellow-captive Walter returns home from the Huns!"—The whole court rejoices.—But King Gunther has other thoughts in his head: "Rejoice with me," he cries, "that I have lived to this fortune. That treasure which Gibicho my father sent to the eastern King, the Heavenly Ruler sends me back." Crying thus aloud, he pushes the table from him with his foot, and springs up: commands to bring out his war-horse, and to cover him with the carved saddle. He seeks among the whole people twelve men stark of strength, and of tried courage. Hagano must be of their company. But mindful of ancient faith and of his former comrade, Hagano strives hard to dissuade the King, his lord, from his purpose. The unfortunate King will listen to no remonstrance, and they go forth from the town.

In the mean time the courageous man journeys forward from the river into the Wasgau, as it was then, says the poet, and is still called. Here a boundless forest extends: the haunt of wild beasts, and often resounding with hound and horn. In the midst of the desert rise two contiguous hills: between them winds inward a very narrow but a pleasant cavern, not shaped in the hollow earth, but by the meeting of the overhanging rocks, a convenient retreat for blood-thirsty robbers. It was now grown over with the green matting of grass. The youth scarce saw it ere he exclaimed, "Here let us enter. Here in this lair is it good to give the weary body to rest." Since he had made his escape from the Avars had he tasted no sleep, save resting on his shield, and scarce trusting to close his eyes. But now for once he laid aside his warlike burthen, and sunk on the lap of the maid, saying to her, "Look, Hiltegund, watchfully around thee. And when thou seest a dark cloud ascend, then gently touch me, to give me the signal to arise. And shouldst thou behold even the mightiest host, yet beware thee, beloved, to call me suddenly from sleep. From this place canst thou stretch thy keen sight far into the distance." With that he closed his lightsome eyes, and tasted long the oft-wished-for sleep.

Gunther and his companions come, Hagano still warning them, but still in vain.

When Hiltegund from the ascent of the hill saw the dust rising, and might hear the distant sound of the coming,

she gently touches Walter to awaken him. The youth rises, leisurely arms himself, and then, leaping, hews into the empty air, as a prelude to the grateful fight. The maiden sees the sparkling lances draw near, and believing that they are overtaken by the Huns, kneels down, and begs her betrothed, since she must not share his bed, to take her life, that she may suffer no other embrace. "Shall I stain myself," said the youth, "with innocent blood? How shall my sword destroy my foes, if it spare not my so beloved friend? Fear not. He who has saved me in so many perils, has power to save me now." He then lifted up his eyes, and cried, "Not Huns are here, but those knaves the Franks, the dwellers of the land. And," cried he, laughing, as he distinguished Hagano's helmet, "see, there is Hagano too, my old comrade in arms." With these words he places himself at the entrance of his retreat, and says to the lady, "Hear a proud word which I now speak. From this place no Frank returns to boast with his wife, that he has borne away aught with impunity of this rich treasure." Scarce had he said it, when he fell to the earth, and implored forgiveness of the words he had spoken.—On rising, he regards every thing more attentively, and says that he fears only Hagano of all that he sees; for *he* knows his manner of fighting, and is himself a practised warrior: yet he hopes with God's help to vanquish him too, "and then, Hiltegund, my bride, then am I thine."

When Hagano beheld Walter, he again addressed himself to the King, urging him, before any act of violence, to send one to inquire of the stranger his name and race. It was possible he might be willing to yield up his treasure without bloodshed. If it was indeed Walter, he would, "as a wise soldier, for the sake of honour, be willing to concede to the King." The King sends forward Camelo, who had been set as Burgrave over Metz by the Franks, and who had arrived but the day before at the court, bringing presents. He demands of Walter who he is,—whence and whither he journeys. Walter, in reply, desires to know whether he speaks of himself, or under authority of another. Camelo replies with proud lips, "Know that King Gunther, who rules over this land, has sent me to inquire into thy matters." The youth makes answer, "I know not in truth what need there is to inquire into a traveller's affairs. But I do not shun to declare mine. My name is Walter. Aquitaine gave me birth. I was delivered young by my father to the Huns, as a hostage. With them have I lived. These left I lately from desire to see with delight my dear native land, and my gracious people." Camelo requires of him, on the King's part, his treasure, his steed, and his maiden; assuring him, that on his quiet compliance, he shall be injured neither in life nor limb. "Is thy King a God," answers Walter, "to be the giver of life?—What! has he laid the strength of his arm upon me?—Has he cast me into his dungeon?—Has he bound my hands behind my back?" Nevertheless, for honour to the King's name, he offers him, if he will suffer him to go peaceably on his way, a hundred bracelets of precious metal. The ambassador returns, and Hagano is very earnest with the King to agree to the proposal. "Take the tendered jewels, and adorn with them those who accompany thee, father! Give up a strife in which thou canst not conquer!" He then adds the warning of a vision of the preceding night, in which he had beheld the King contending with a bear, which, after a long conflict, he saw rend up his leg to the knee, and to the hip, and which, when he himself came to his aid, flung itself upon him, and with its teeth tore out his eyes. Gunther vehemently upbraids Hagano with cowardice, like that, as he says, of his father *Agathias*, (a name for which it seems difficult to conjecture a German origin). The hero in great anger refuses all participation in the violence they are about to commit, and retires to a neighbouring hill, where he dismounts and sits down to await as a spectator the issue of the combat. And this brings us to the middle of the second canto.

From this place to nearly the end of the third is occupied in disposing of the King's eleven knights, who proceed, one after another, against Walter, and are killed nearly as fast as they come up. The reason why they do not all fall upon him together does not appear to be any point of honour upon the subject among themselves, or any predilection on the part of the monarch for single combats, but simply, that the nature of the ground

where Walter had posted himself, did not admit the attack of more than one combatant at a time. The detail of the eleven successive combats is minute, and to such minds as are now left to read the celebration of ancient prowess, something tedious: the more so, in virtue of certain speeches on both sides, of some length, all of which are, nevertheless, sufficiently opposite and magnanimous. Each encounter is varied, however, with circumstances which give the appearance of painting from nature, and which, to hearers versed in the proceedings it describes, may have made this a very agreeable part of the poem. The delineation is strong and characteristic; and to the student of the manners and spirit of ancient times, it will prove even interesting. The recital of the names and conditions, as far as these are declared, of the said knights, will probably satisfy the curiosity of most readers concerning them.

The first is the said Camelo. The next Kimo, a brother's son of Camelo, by some called also Scaramund. The third, Wurhard, a descendant of the ancient Pandarus, who is correctly mentioned by our author as having broken off the treaty of the Trojans and Greeks by the first arrow-shot. Wurhard, like his great ancestor, excels, and fights, as an archer. The fourth, Ekevrid, is from the Saxon plains. He is taunted by Walter, rather unaccountably, with his *Celtic* accent, shewing him to belong to that race which nature has gifted, above all others, with the talent of jesting. Hadwart follows, a warrior who, from pride of courage, wore no armour. Patavrid, sister's son to Hagano, is the sixth. The combat with him is not without interest. Hagano first, and then Walter, on understanding their relationship, endeavour in vain to dissuade him from the unequal strife. Gerwith, whom Worms honoured as Count of the Wasgau, comes to avenge, and shares his fate. Rando'f, the champion, is killed eighth. Helmnod, otherwise *Eleuther*, ninth.—(Is this a *Greek* translation of a German agnomen?)—Trogunt and Thanast, the tenth and eleventh, are put to death rather in an intermingled way, and finish this act of the tragedy.

There is, as we have observed, sufficient character and variety in this series of bloody encounters. They are not, to our mind, *poetical*; but the stern and savage detail gives the temper of times, in which minds, otherwise generous, are hardened by the habitual exertion of their single strength, in conflict with deadly hazards; and the language expresses the earnest sympathy of the poet with men whose passions are engaged to the height in the business they are about. Of military matters, it occurs, that Walter bore a *painted* shield—that the battle-axe of the Franks was two-edged. Helmnod's mode of attack is singular—he launches a three-forked dart at the shield of his antagonist, fastened with a line, at which all that are left alive at the time drag with their united strength, expecting either to pull the warrior over, or to force his shield from him. They effect the last.—The self-willed, imprudent, ungovernable temper of Gunther, who, notwithstanding his repeated losses, is still urging the remnant on, is well pourtrayed. As are throughout the frank magnanimity and unshaken self-reliance of the heroic Walter—and the courage and artful wisdom of Hagano, the Ulysses of old German romance.

All the eleven being now dead, the King, who had alighted to assist in the last-described operation, mounts his horse, and flies to Hagano. A dialogue ensues. To the King's entreaty, that he would undertake the combat, Hagano calmly replies, that he is of too unworthy a race to take part in the noble perils of war; that the blood frozen in his veins robs him of all courage for the fight; that even his father was used to shrink back in fear when he looked on weapons, and with many words, to avoid the challenge of battle, reiterating the King's former taunts. The King renews his application. His representations are so forcibly made, and the sight of his Sovereign, humiliated and suppliant, so touching, that shame seizes the breast of the warrior, and he consents to aid the King with his arm and counsel. Refusing positively, however, to attack Walter in his present advantageous position, he proposes to the King that they should draw off, and conceal themselves, while their horses crop the meadow. Walter will suppose them gone, and proceed on his journey. They may then set on him by surprise. This is the only hope left in such an unfortunate business. Then the King, if he is bent upon it, may have fighting as much as he desires;

for Walter, he assures him, will not fly before them both. But they will have to fly, or else to fight most gallantly. The King is delighted with his advice; embraces and kisses him; they retire; look out the most convenient place for their ambush, and, securing their horses, leave them to feed.

The fourth canto informs us that Phœbus sunk westward, working his track over the well-known Thule, which leaves behind its back the Scots and the Hiberni. When he had warmed the ocean-flood, and Hesperus had turned his horns towards Ausonia, the prudent hero began to ponder whether he should pass the night in his stronghold, or trust himself to the immeasureable plains of the long-stretching desert. Nothing was suspicious to him except Hagano, and the kiss which the King had given him. Had they returned to the town to assemble more companions in the night, and to renew the attack with early morning? Or were they alone, concealed in some ambush, to lie in wait for him? This appeared doubtful. The unknown ways of the forest also disturbed him, and the apprehension that he might somewhere lose his bride in thickets, or by wild beasts. He concludes at last to wait out the night. "Let what will befall, King Gunther shall have no cause to say that he fled like a thief by night and mist." He then throws a hasty defence of boughs and thorns across the narrow way, and, turning towards the bodies—the trunks is the expression, for he had severed every head from the body—with a bitter sob, he muffles up his head, and throwing himself on the earth towards the east, he prays with his sword bared. "Him who made all things, who rules all things, and without whose will nothing comes to pass—Him do I thank, that he has guarded me from the merciless weapons and scorn of this hostile swarm. Also, with sorrow I beseech the mild God, who seeks not so much to destroy the sinner as the sin, that he one day grant me the grace to see them all together in heaven." It can hardly be otherwise understood than that the Christian poet has here ascribed to his hero a feeling which he did not find in the native story. When he had ended his prayer he stood up, and fastening the six horses that were left—for two were slain, and three Gunther had taken with him—with cords of well-platted rods, so as to leave them liberty to range in a circle and feed, he ungirds and unarms his body, now reeking from his toil, and with cheerful words comforts his troubled bride. After refreshing himself with food, he lays himself down to rest on his shield, Hiltegund watching him in his first sleep. He slept. The lady sat at the head of her beloved, and watched unwearied. To keep her own slumberous eyes open, she sang. As soon as Walter awoke he stood up, and willed the maiden to take her rest. He himself grasped his spear, undepressed in spirit, on which he leaned. So he passed the remainder of the night. Now he takes a course about his horses. Now he draws unto his rampart, and harks and listens, and wishes that light and the shapes of things would return anew to the world. Meantime the herald of the day ascended from Olympus, and the lightsome Taprobane saw already the glad sun. It was the hour when the earth is bedewed from the cool east, that Walter drew off from the slain, as victor, armour and arms, with their appurtenance. Their shirts of mail, and other pieces, he left to the bodies; only the bracelets, the clasps, the baldrics, and the swords, with helmet and hauberk, he took from them. Four horses he loaded with the spoil; his bride he placed on the fifth; then mounting the sixth himself, he rode foremost to his barrier, which he had first broken through. In the narrow path he cast his eyes around, and looks intently, and caught with his ear the wind and every breath, if he might hear any one treading or whispering near, or if the bridles or the bits of the haughty ones rang, or if the steeled hoof of the coming horses sounded. But all was silent. Then he let the loaded horses and the beloved maiden go forward with her treasure—and he follows. They had advanced scarce fifty paces, when the maiden, from an impulse of fear, turning round, sees two armed riders descending impetuously a hill; and she calls to the youth to fly. He turns, knows them; and, nothing daunted, directs her to lead the Lion into the near wood, and conceal herself, while he mounts a hillock to await and greet the men who are approaching. She does so. And he, gathering up spear and shield, begins to prove his unknown steed, whether it be manageable to arms. The King,

accompanied by the bold warrior, rushes madly towards him; calling aloud, insulting, threatening, and defying him.

To him the warrior answers not: as one that heareth not, he hath turned him from the King unto Hagano. "With thee," he cries, "have I to speak. Hold! what hath changed so suddenly the trusted friend? He who but late at his departing seemed to tear himself so reluctantly from our embrace, falls now in arms upon us, on us who have in nothing ever done him wrong. Something other than this, I own, I had hoped from thee. When thou, methought, shouldst know that it was thy friend who returned from exile, thou wouldst of thy own accord hasten to meet him, greet him with honour, and, unasked, lovingly entertain him as thy guest, till thou shouldst let him depart in peace and safety unto his father's realm. Already did I devise with myself how I should bestow thy gifts, and said inwardly, Now, indeed, must I wander through many unknown regions; yet at the least do I fear, if Hagano be living, the hand of no Frank. I adjure thee by all the sports which, as boys, we learnt together, and in delightful unity pursued through our season of youth, whither is the celebrated friendship fled, which went with us in field, at home, which knew never bitterness nor grudge? for thy aspect was cause to me of the forgetting even of my father, and with thee my noble country seemed to me of lesser worth. Is it possible! dost thou in thy soul extinguish that oft-plighted faith? O leave from strife and heavy wrong! Wage thou this war no more. To us be our unbroken covenant holy. If thou consent, thou goest hence increased in wealth, for I will fill thy broad shield with the rich red metal." Then made Hagano ungentle answer. "First thou usest force, then, Walter, then too late dost thou make pretence with seeming words of wisdom. It was thyself that didst violate our league. Though thou sawest me present, yet with thy fierce sword thou madest waste among my comrades and my kindred. Thou canst never excuse thyself not to have known that I was there, for if thou mightest ill discern my face, yet my arms thou sawest, and from the armour couldst know the man. All else perchance I could have borne, had not one intolerable grief been added. A flower pleasant and beautiful, dear and precious to me; alas! a flower full of hope and promise, thy deadly steel like a scythe mowed down. For this do I accept neither price nor gift. But I will know if courage inhabit with thee. From thee do I require my nephew's blood; and in this place either I die, or obtain renown."

So saying, he springs from his horse to the ground; Gunther and Walter do the same; all three prepared to fight on foot. Each stood and guarded himself from the coming blow. The heroes' limbs tremble under their shields. It was the second hour of the day when they began to fight; two armed men sworn against one. Some particulars of the fight are given, but by no means sufficient to fill up the whole time of the battle, which lasts seven hours. Hagano throws the first spear; it glances on Walter's upraised shield, and strikes deep into the ground. Gunther the over-weening, with great bravery of countenance, but little strength, throws his the next; it lodges in the lower rim of the hero's shield, and is easily shaken off. They then attack him sword in hand, he defending himself with his spear. After a while, Gunther imagines the regaining of his own lance by stealth, which the poet, who seems to conceive the weapon to have been forfeited, takes greatly amiss. The process of his theft is carefully detailed, though it is after all a manœuvre rather difficult to understand. He nearly succeeds, but just as he is making off with the recovered lance, Walter observes him, and plucks it back. Gunther has exposed himself in the attempt, and is on the point of falling a sacrifice to his temerity, when Hagano the mighty in arms comes to his aid, and, covering him with his shield, presents the naked edge of his cruel sword before Walter's face. The King being rescued, they now fight fairly forward till the ninth hour; by which time it seems as if they all began to think the amusement had lasted long enough.

A threefold deadly feeling smote them all:
The grief of fight; sore toil; the sun's strong heat.

At length the single warrior reflects that if this is to continue, the two will inevitably tire him out: a new imagination crosses his mind, and he instantly takes his resolution. He makes

a short impatient speech to Hagano, and springing up, throws his lance at him. It pierces shield, breast-plate, and slightly wounds the mighty body of the warrior. At the same moment he rushes impetuously with his drawn sword upon Gunther, dashes by his shield to the right, and, with an astonishing and puissant stroke, cleaves up shin, knee, and hip. The King falls over his shield at the feet of his terrible foe. The good liegeman Hagano turns pale on seeing the danger of his lord; and as Alpher's son raises his blood-thirsty sword for the last blow, heeding no longer his own pain, the hero thrusts his stooped head before the furious stroke. The helmet of perfect temper and artifice, receives the blow in such wise that the sparkles flash out, and the sword, shivering against the impenetrable metal, glitters in fragments in the air and on the grass. Walter, overcome with rage, loses all his self-command, and impatiently flings from him the useless hilt, disdaining it, much as it was graced with skilful workmanship and costly metal. But as, in casting it away, he stretched out his hand widely from him, Hagano, espying his advantage, hews it off at the wrist, rejoicing to deal him so swift a wound. The dreaded, the conquering right hand, so honoured by rulers, by nations, falls in the midst of its act. But the warlike man, who was not used to yield even to adverse fortune, whose strong spirit vanquished all suffering of his body, let neither his hope nor his countenance fall. He hides the mutilated arm behind his shield, and with the uninjured hand draws his dagger, which hung girded on the right side, to avenge his loss. With it he struck out the gallant Hagano's right eye, slit down face and lip, and reft him of half a dozen cheek-teeth.

These bloody feats end their warfare. Every one was summoned, by his wounds and his spent breath, to lay aside his weapons. For which of them could go free from this strife? When all was over, they looked about at their trophies. Here lay King Gunther's foot—there Walter's hand, and a little to one side, Hagano's quivering eye. This was all the division they made of the bracelets of the Huns. Two—for the third was lying—two sat in the grass, and staunched the streams of blood that gushed from them. Then Alpher's son called the fearful concealed maiden, who came forth and bound up their wounds. He then said, "Bring, Hiltegund—bring hither wine. Bear first the goblet to Hagano. He is a brave man in battle, did he only not prefer loyalty to right. Bring it next to me, because I have endured more than the others. And Gunther, because he is so slothful, and yet has dared to appear among men who wield arms with might, lithely and slackly as he wages war, Gunther shall drink the last."—The daughter of Herrich obeys his words. But Hagano, much as his bosom panted with thirst, spake, as she proffered him the goblet, "Give it, lady, give it first to thy lord and bridegroom; for Alpher's son, I must confess it, is braver than I. He towers above me, and the Frank warriors all in the fight."

The heroes, unvanquished in spirit, fatigued in their whole body—Hagano, and the thorny son of the King of Aquitaine, began, after so many a bout of war and bloody dealing, to engage over their full cups in an encounter of wit. The Frank is gamesome on the future left-handed performances of his friend, and Walter makes as merry with the misfortune of the one-eyed *Sicambrian*, as he calls him. The raillery that passes speaks more for the stout heart of the warriors than for their talent at humour; but it derives some merit from the circumstances, and its strain is at least purely antique and original.

The story is here, abruptly, as it will appear to most readers, but undoubtedly on sufficient grounds, terminated. They now renew their bloody compact, meaning, apparently, their ancient compact, now sealed anew in blood. They lay the groaning king on his steed, and separate—the Franks for Worms—the Prince of Aquitaine for his native land. Here he was splendidly welcomed, and, beloved by all, reigned, after the death of his parents, thirty years over his happy people. What wars he waged, how often he triumphed, the worn-out pen of the author refuses him to describe.

Thou that shalt read, forgive the chirping grasshopper, and think not so much on her hoarse voice as on her tender years, which forbid her yet to forsake the nest, and stretch her flight through the loftier atmosphere.

PARIS.

Paris, April 30, 1822.

Dear Sir,—A new society of men of letters, under the title of the *Asiatic Society*, held its first meeting here on the first of this month, under the presidency of M. le Baron Sylvester de Sacy, well known for his extensive and profound acquaintance with the languages of the East. The object of this society, which counts among its members some of the most illustrious names in French literature and in the state, is the propagation of the study of the languages of Asia. They began on this occasion by adopting the rules and regulations which are to conduct them in their future labours, and by the preliminary operations indispensable for the constitution of the society. M. de Sacy pronounced a discourse, distinguished by the most profound views and most ingenious observations, on Oriental studies, and on the advantages which must result from their progress to religion, history, the useful arts, and diplomacy. M. Remusat afterwards read the first chapter of his Translation of a Chinese novel, entitled *The two Cousins*. This novel, which appears to give a faithful picture of Chinese manners, will probably be admired by those who seek in works of this kind for something else than incredible adventures, extravagant sentiments, and other abuses of the imagination, too prevalent in the *romantic* productions of these times. The Duke of Orleans has declared himself the Protector of this society.

In a former letter I gave you some account of a sort of public *fete*, which takes place here at Shrovetide, or on the three days preceding Lent, which in Paris are called *les jours gras*, and of which you have preserved a memorial in your public ball on Shrove-Tuesday, called Fastens-e'en. The Parisians have a similar fete on the three last days of Lent, which is called *la fete de Longchamp*, and it fell this year on the first week of this month. A foreigner, or a person ignorant of the origin of this public ceremony, would be quite at a loss to imagine how the Holy-week—the most solemn time of the year, expressly marked by the church for the most awful and penitential exercises of religion, as a preparation for Easter, could ever have been selected for such a gaudy show of dissipation as is exhibited in Paris on this occasion. But this public fete is another striking proof how customs, ceremonies, and institutions, may continue to flourish when the original purpose for which they were established is gone by and forgotten. At the western extremity of the *Bois de Boulogne*, which is the Hyde-Park of Paris, close on the bank of the river Seine, an Abbey was founded in the 13th century, by Isabella, sister of Louis IX. commonly called Saint Louis, which obtained the name of Longchamp. On the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, in Holy-week, it has long been a custom in the Roman Catholic church to perform an evening service, called *Tenebræ*, which is composed in a great measure of the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah, and other mournful passages from the Prophets, and the Book of Psalms, in allusion to the sufferings and death of Christ. Some of the first musical composers in Italy and other countries, have exercised their talents on different parts of this fine church-service. As the Opera-house and the other Theatres used to be closed formerly in Paris during Holy-week, the nuns of the Abbey of Longchamp were in the habit of getting the principal female singers of those public places to sing the office of *Tenebræ* in their church; whose performances, joined with the vocal music of the nuns, and aided by various instruments, formed, as you may easily imagine, a delightful concert of sacred music. All the first people in Paris used to flock to the church of Longchamp to assist at the *Tenebræ*; and though the Abbey is now so completely destroyed that scarce a vestige of it remains, yet the custom still continues, of driving for three days together through the Champ-Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne, with no other object than that which takes our London fashionables to Hyde-Park on a Sunday. However, the Parisians look to the arrival of this fete with all the anxiety of impatient pleasure, and seem to enjoy it exceedingly; while a person of a serious and religious turn of mind, cannot help regretting, that the amusements of a people should be

so ill-timed, and so sadly discordant with the spirit and injunctions of their established religion.

In a sort of puffing advertisement, of a new literary enterprize, undertaken by Ladvocat, a bookseller in the Palais-Royal, under the title of *Collection des Chefs-d'œuvre des Theatres Etrangers*, it is said that the work has as great success in the rest of Europe as in France; it has just obtained the most distinguished mention *dans l'excellent Edinburg Magasin de Blakwood*. I think I see you stretching out your neck through one of the garret-windows of the Temple of Fame, and drinking with your ear, as Horace says, the intoxicating buzz of applauding nations.

The celebrated historian of the Italian Republic, Sismondei Sismondi, has lately published a novel, entitled *Julia Severa*, or *The Year* 492. In order to judge this novel with impartiality, it would be sufficient to copy the advertisement of the author, in which he indicates the object he wished to attain, and expresses his apprehensions of having failed. What he feared is positively what has happened. Mr Sismondi allows himself, that at his age, and in a life perfectly serious, it is rare for a man to possess the qualities which give life to works of imagination. His book will justify his advertisement. We find no imagination either in the events, the style, or the characters; nevertheless, it is not the work of an author without talent, and much less without learning; and grave persons, who read novels, will regret less than frivolous characters the time they have given up to the perusal of *Julia Severa*.

Mr Sismondi had, till now, occupied himself with writing history, and had given himself up to serious researches, in order to set up a system under the appearance of profound impartiality; for science is useful for many purposes, and even to make the past affirm what may flatter or shock present ideas. He avows that he often regretted that he was obliged to remove from his narrations, details of manners, and social situations, which, exhibiting men in the habits and prejudices of the times in which they lived, might have thrown a great light on historical events. But then, he must have done like the historian Mezeray, who, at the end of each reign, places a chapter entitled *Manners and Customs*, which certainly is very interesting, and contributes not a little towards the explanation of the events of the reign following.

This method probably appeared too simple to Mr Sismondi; and that he might not leave unemployed the knowledge he had acquired, but which could not enter into the recital of memorable deeds, he conceived the project of writing novels in which he could paint the prevailing manners at the different epochs of French history, which he is now writing, and of which he has already published some volumes. Historical romances, you know, have long been made up with the names of real personages, placed in the midst of adventures in which they certainly could never have recognized themselves, either with respect to conduct, ideas, or language. Of this we have examples in the voluminous novels of Calprenede and Mademoiselle de Scudery.

But novelists manage better now; they invent the personages, but they place them in real circumstances, in the midst of known sites; they cast them among the memorable epochs of history, and thus go back to manners, the picture of which is delightful in proportion with the recollections it awakens. It is the manner of Walter Scott, and Sismondi is far from rejecting the wish of imitation. On the contrary, he avows it, and is only afraid he may not resemble the model he has chosen. Walter Scott is a poet—Sismondi is a historian; and you can directly conceive, that when an author who has always exerted his imagination, and an author who has always exerted his judgment, both consent to descend from their high rank, to class themselves among the writers of novels, the poet must have over the historian a superiority which puts aside all idea of comparison. To the historian, fiction must always be a secondary object; and it is an observation of all times, that when fiction does not entirely subjugate the mind, it fatigues it.

M. Sismondi might have made this reflection himself, when he thought it necessary to give his novel the second title of The Year 492. What connexion is there between Julia Severa, an imaginary person, and the year 492? At this period, the countries long govern-

ed by the Romans had lost even the idea of being able to defend themselves; and notwithstanding, the empire could no longer protect them. The Vandals, Sueves, and Huns, had several times ravaged Gaul; the Visigoths and Burgundians were established there; the Franks, led by Clovis, were forming establishments in it, with the desire of subduing those who had preceded them. Of ancient institutions nothing remained but the forms; the ancient laws fell away before the violence natural to conquerors; ancient manners disappeared in proportion as the laws lost their action; and those who preserved some sort of power, sought a compensation from the weak, for the evils imposed upon them by the strong. The world was in a state of pillage, but without regularity; it was a period of disasters, instead of one of happiness and glory; in a word, the barbarity of savages, and that barbarity which re-appears on the fall of empires, formed a frightful contrast with the remains of civilization that were still preserved in some families, proud of their past dignity, and irritated at the meannesses they were forced to commit in order to soften the conquerors whom they despised. Certainly a picture of the manners of this epoch might prove as interesting, if taken from the circumstances of private life, as it is in reality, in historical narration; but domestic details, which time has covered with a veil difficult to take up, can only be successfully recalled to mind by giving them a poetical colouring. The imagination easily lends itself to recitals which put it in motion; but it is impossible to delight it by a picture of a state of society where all is suffering, or make it take an interest in personages who have no action over the events in the midst of which they are placed.

This, you see, is the principal defect of the work of Sismondi, considered as a novel. His personages are passive; though nothing of what happens to them should happen, still they would be in the same situation in which the author takes them and leaves them. It is not because Julia loves Felix, and that she fears to become the wife of Clovis, that she is not even presented to that king, but because motives, over which these two lovers have no influence, overturn the obstacles which opposed their union. Had they remained quiet at home, their lot would have been the same. They do not even travel by their own consent. An irruption of barbarians drives Julia to the spot where she is to meet and to love Felix; when they are united, they are carried off and separated by some monks, who make them the sport of their own projects, and at length bring them back to the place they took them from, so clumsily, that one is vexed at the author for using such feeble contrivances.

As the year 492 presents an epoch of social dissolution; as Gaul seemed more particularly destined to feel the misfortunes which accompanied the fall of the Roman empire; as, in this accumulation of disasters, the writer could imagine no possible cause of salvation for that part of the world, so interesting to Europe as the country of the Gauls and Franks—the ancestors of the French—what motive could have induced M. Sismondi to take this epoch for that of his novel? Were it not that he is a philosophical historian, the answer would be difficult; but there is no doubt that his intention was to represent the clergy as alone possessing a great power over the minds of men; as the only class capable of opposing political views to the violence of the barbarians, and of struggling with ability against the power of the conquerors, even so far as to make them subservient to the independence of the countries they had just vanquished. This design, executed in a poetical manner, so as to enchant the imagination, would have been happy, and would doubtless have presented some grand dramatic effects. Sismondi has treated it quite in a philosophical way; and though he relates events placed in the year 492, one may affirm that his work recalls to mind much more ideas familiar to the writers of the 18th century, than the prevailing ideas in the times of Clovis, of Saint Remigius, and the first successors of Saint Martin of Tours. Walter Scott would not have conceived his subject in this way; if he chose to paint scenes of burlesque ignorance, of stupid credulity, which may have found place amidst the religious enthusiasm of that epoch, he would have reserved them for the secondary personages, that he might be gay with perfect safety of conscience,

after having been noble and serious in the recital of great events. Never would a poet have imagined to make his heroes so reasonable as to be unable to take any active part in the events; and while incessantly agitated by interests foreign to them, to oppose nothing but the moderation of their character to all the agitations around them. Heroes of this kind belong much more to an age of sophisms, than to one where every thing was in action. Berthelemy made Anacharsis travel, in order to present a picture of the manners and customs of Greece; Sismondi seems to have turned out Julia and Felix, merely that he might find an occasion to relate, in his way, what was passing between Chartres and Orleans, and Orleans and Chartres, while Clovis was meditating at Soissons how he might become King of France.

But if the author is feeble in the romantic part of his work, as a historian he has every advantage. The picture he gives of the court of Clovis has a fine effect; the various interests which crowded around that prince are well explained, and, what is better, are put in action with much art and truth. The plunder of the town of Chartres by the barbarians; the terror of the grandees between the enemy who is advancing and their revolted slaves, who considered that enemy as their deliverer; the depopulation of the country hurried on by the absence of protecting laws, still more than by the sword of the conqueror; the despair of the laborious classes wrought into rage; the effects that are the result of it: all these descriptions are interesting; and, though the style of the author wants animation and harmony, yet, as it is always clear by the force of thought, it is read with pleasure wherever it goes along with the subject, whenever the author forgets he is a philosopher and is merely a narrator.

If this work is successful, M. Sismondi will probably fulfil the engagement he has made with the public, to delineate the picture of the private manners of some other epochs of French history in some new novels.

On the 24th of this month, the anniversary of the landing of Louis XVIII. at Calais, the Royal Institute held its annual meeting of the four Academies of which it is composed. It being the turn for the Academy of Sciences to preside, M. Gay-Lussac took the chair, and opened the meeting by a discourse on the advantages of the sciences. Though the subject is by no means new, the learned President was listened to with pleasure, and several passages, equally remarkable for justness of thought and elegance of expression, were much applauded.

M. Sylvestre de Sacy read a report on the competition for the prize founded by the late Comte de Volney. The object of this prize is "to excite and encourage every attempt to continue the method invented by Comte Volney for transcribing the Asiatic languages into European letters regularly organized."

The committee had invited the competitors to examine "what are the means of realizing the plan of the testator; within what limits the application of it should be circumscribed; what direction should be given to the work; and finally, what are the probable results to be expected from it."

Four Memoirs were addressed to the Academy of Sciences; two of them, by two German authors, appeared equally worthy of the prize, which was divided between them; one is M. Schever, keeper of the royal library at Munich, and M. Schleiermacher, librarian at Darmstadt.

M. Delombre succeeded M. de Sacy. It was his business to assign the prize founded by M. de Monthyon for the work most useful to morals; and lively applause burst forth when he proclaimed the name of M. Guizot, author of *L'Ecolier* or *Raoul et Victor*, a novel in four volumes 12mo. The Academy was not less gallant towards another lady, Mad. Belloe, author of the *Bibliotheque de Famille*, who received a medal of encouragement.

After a discourse rather long, rather cold, rather dry, by M. Dupin, respecting the influence of commerce on the learning and civilization of modern nations, M. Quatremere de Quincy, of the Academy of Fine Arts, amused and instructed the audience by a dissertation full of ingenious reflections, lively anecdotes, and happy sayings. The dissertation turned on "the reciprocal mistakes of painters and poets, caused either by the ignorance of what

belongs in common to their respective arts, or by the confusion of their peculiar properties."

The meeting was terminated by a very fine Ode, recited by M. Raynouard, author of the tragedy of the *Templiers*, on the devotedness of Malesherbes, one of the defenders of the unfortunate Louis XVI.

The subject of the prize founded by Volney, which will be adiudged in the meeting of the 24th of April next year, is "the composition of an alphabet fitted for the transcription of Hebrew, and all the languages derived from the same source, including the literal Ethiopian, the Persian, Turkish, Armenian, Sanscrite, and Chinese. This alphabet must have for its basis the Roman alphabet, the signs of which will be multiplied by slight accessories, without their configuration being essentially altered; each sound must be represented by a single sign, and each sign reciprocally must be exclusively employed in expressing a single sound. The author will endeavour, as much as possible, to render the new alphabet proper for transcribing at the same time the orthography and the pronunciation of the above-mentioned Asiatic languages."

The prize is a gold medal of 1200 francs (£50.) The Memoirs addressed to the Academy must be written in French, and will not be received after the 15th of next January.

The following anecdote is an additional proof, if any were wanting, how much the originality of our countrymen has amused the Parisians:—An Englishman, who had fallen into a very bad state of health, was ordered by a celebrated French physician to travel for five or six months, and to go from 15 to 20 leagues every day if his strength permitted it. At the end of six months, the patient calls on his physician, who finds him in the most flourishing state of health, and asks him where he comes from. "From Versailles," says the Englishman.—"From Versailles!" replies the doctor. "Why, I told you to travel at least a thousand leagues."—"I have obeyed you punctually, and have travelled over every one of them," rejoined the Englishman; "but as I like very much the *restaurateurs* at Paris, the French opera, and the Italian *buffa*, I made my arrangements accordingly. Every morning I set out in a carriage and went to Versailles, where, as soon as I arrived, I got into another and returned to Paris,—off again, and back as quick. Here is a written account of my travels, you will find that I have been going about for six months, that I have travelled above a thousand leagues, have faithfully followed your prescription, am in perfect health, and have never missed one opera or *buffa!*"

The *Musée* for the exhibition of the productions of modern artists, after having been adjourned from one epoch to another during a twelvemonth, was opened on Thursday last at ten o'clock in the morning. A considerable crowd of amateurs and connoisseurs rushed immediately into the vast saloons of the Louvre, to examine, judge, criticise, praise, and admire the masterpieces of the artists, and, above all, to enjoy the satisfaction of being the first to give their opinion of them. In this rout of spectators, in this hurlyburly of divers opinions, expressed sometimes with confident ignorance, sometimes with wonderful sagacity, always with ardour, it is impossible to give that decided attention to the grand compositions which adorn this exhibition that they deserve. All real pleasures, and especially those derived from the fine arts, require a little reflection, and cannot be judged with precipitation. Almost all the information, therefore, that I can venture to give you at present concerning this exhibition, amounts merely to some topographical details concerning the saloons in which they are placed. The great difference of this exhibition and that of former years in this respect is, that the great gallery of the Louvre has been preserved entire for the ancient paintings; none of them have been displaced or taken down. Thus the public can enjoy at once the ancient and the modern riches of this temple of the fine arts; the present manner may be compared with the preceding ones; and one may judge at once what is the progress and amelioration of art in some respects, what is its inferiority and decline in others. The greatest part of these modern paintings are placed in the galleries which look on the courts of the Louvre, and in that of the Grand Colonnade. It must be confessed, however, that this new arrangement is much more favourable to the public than to the artists. The light is infinitely better

in the great gallery than in those which are lighted from the courts of the Louvre. This difference, which is of such great consequence to paintings, is very striking.

The gallery of the colonnade is terminated by a magnificent stair-case, which leads to the Salcon of Sculpture. This part of the exhibition is very interesting this year, not so much for the number of the productions, as for their importance.

As I have already said, I cannot presume to give an opinion of things which I have only seen with a glance. But if I consult the public voice, which, however, I am far from considering as the *vox dei*, particularly with respect to the fine arts, the exhibition has not answered the public expectation, nor come up to the hope, which might be justly entertained from the number of celebrated painters now flourishing in France. There are but few productions of the great living masters. On the other hand, there is an abundance of paintings in the style which the French call *tableaux de guerre;* domestic scenes, *promenades en caleche*, popular caricatures, fairs, &c. and a handsome proportion of portraits of ladies and gentlemen, whom nobody knows, nor ever heard of. One particular circumstance has occurred at this exhibition, which has formed a subject of conversation all over Paris. Horace Vernet, one of the most popular painters of the day, presented no less than 32 pictures for the exhibition. The jury that was appointed to examine all the pieces that were presented, rejected two of this artist's, as calculated to excite revolutionary ideas that had better be forgotten. Piqued at this, Vernet withdrew every one of his pictures, and, it is said, means to exhibit them in his own house.

A new tragedy has just been brought out at the *Second Theatre Francais*, entitled *Attila*, a subject which the great Corneille, as the French call him, pitched upon in his latter years, but in which he completely failed. If some strokes of a vigorous pencil in the painting of a great character, a boldness of expression occasionally happy, a sort of poetical exultation not always in unison with good taste, but seducing and attractive, and certainly preferable to the languid purity and droning exactness of lines, without colour or energy; if, in short, a great number of fine verses and brilliant epic passages were sufficient to form a good tragedy, the triumph of Mr Bis, the author of *Attila*, would be complete, and the French theatre would be enriched with another masterpiece. But if a tragic composition, to rise above mediocrity, must have a probable action, the progress of which, skilfully combined, presents an interest always increasing; a principal character, well supported, who, in his transports, and even in his crimes, never excites contempt, nor even that horrible pity inspired by madness; a character, the effect of which is rendered more prominent by unaffected contrasts, then, indeed, we must declare that Mr Bis has remained far from the point where the palm awaits the victor. His production is very imperfect, but he has shewn a talent which gives well-founded hopes for the future; and the more so, as it has quite an original colour, and seems perfectly free from the servitude of imitation.

I must confine myself to a very rapid analysis of this new *Attila*.

This formidable chief of the Huns has marched from victory to victory, from the front of the Great Wall of China, to the banks of the Marne, near Paris; fright, devastation, and death, have everywhere marked his passage; empires have fallen before him, towns have disappeared, whole nations have been effaced from the surface of the earth, and the contemptible princes who totter on the thrones of Rome and Byzantium, have only preserved the appearance of sovereignty at the expense of their treasures and their honour. The heirs of Augustus are the tributaries of a Scythian.

Attila has made an invasion into Gaul, and has sworn to destroy Lutetia and the infant empire of the Franks. It is in his camp, in his very tent, that the action of the piece is placed. Every thing seems to favour the projects of the *Scourge of God*. Marcomir disputes the throne of Lutetia with his brother Mesordus, and, ambition stifling in his breast all the sentiments of nature and patriotism, he goes over to Attila, as his ally and protector, or rather his master.

Queen Edvege, and Genevieve, who is considered by the inhabitants of the banks of the Seine as an oracle inspired by heaven, have fallen by chance

into the hands of Attila. The author makes Him both superstitious and amorous. He loves Edvege and fears Genevieve. He makes love indeed a little *a la Cosaque;* but notwithstanding all his rodomontades, he is constantly troubled internally by the predictions of Genevieve, who has foretold his flight and his death. A troop of traitors deliver up Marcomir to Attila, who, in return, orders them all to be put to death. The Roman ambassador forms a plan to assassinate him; the conspiracy is discovered, and Attila merely dismisses the criminal from his camp, telling him he shall punish him when he has conquered Byzantium. In short, the four first acts are almost entirely filled with boasting bravados, high-flown declamations, and contradictory movements of ferocity and clemency, the whole embellished with forced *tirades* on the valour and glory of the Franks, and on liberty; for the finest theories, and most pompous amplifications on that topic, are adroitly placed in the mouths of Attila and Marcomir. These passages, you may be sure, throw certain spectators into extasies and convulsions of delight.

At last, however, we come to a beautiful scene, the only one in the piece really pathetic and true.

Attila, in supporting the pretensions of Marcomir, only designs to destroy the Franks by their own hands. The two brothers are brought together in a scene well conducted, in which the ambitious and furious Marcomir rejects the frank explanations, the affectionate offers, and kind language of Mesorcus, who, irritated at length by the outrageous expressions of hatred, menace, and contempt, draws his sword—a fratricide is about to stain the race of Pharamond—Genevieve appears, and in a noble address to them, frequently sublime, but rather too long, she invokes the great shade of the founder of the French monarchy, to reproach his children for turning against themselves the weapons their country demands. Softened, subdued by her inspired accents, the brothers embrace, and swear to fight, conquer, or die for the common cause.

In the mean time the fates are accomplished; Attila is informed that his troops are flying before the enemy, he does all in his power to rouse them to courage and vengeance, but declares he will burn himself and all his treasures on a funeral pile, if fortune betrays him. Genevieve terminates the piece by the recital of the victory of Mesorcus, who appears himself to confirm the intelligence.

One thing was wanting to the success of this new play. An author may write a tragedy, but he cannot make an actress, and not one of the female performers at the Odeon could come up to our idea of Genevieve. Mademoiselle Georges, though a great actress, had certainly nothing of the innocence, the simplicity, the angelic physiognomy of the virgin shepherdess of Nantere, the patroness of Paris.

A LETTER ON THE DIFFERENT STAGES OF TASTE, AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE DIFFERENT CLASSES OF LITERARY PRODUCTIONS.

Mr Christopher North,

As there are many different means by which feeling is awakened by literature and art; and as the person who reads or contemplates is often contented with strong sensations, without discriminating at all as to their quality, or their grade in relation to taste, I shall address to you some remarks on this subject; and shall endeavour to shew, that it is worth while to refer these heterogeneous sensations to some test; and that certain principles of classification, as to the qualities and grades of feeling, have an existence in *rerum natura*.

Finding multifarious recreations in different departments of literature, readers, occupied with the feeling of the moment, may hurry along, without taking pains to remember other sensations, or to contrast one sort of mental excitement with another.

We speed from "page" to "page;"
The mind is full, no pain is in our sport.

But all tastes and veins of feeling are not equally good; and it is worth while to discriminate, and give some sort of definition of the different stages of taste; although it may not always be easy to give an instance of a literary

work, belonging entirely to this or that class, and confined entirely to one sort of interest.

If literature were sunk to the lowest possible state in which it could exist, it would reject, (from its means of interesting the mind,) first, all abstract truth; and then all imagination or conception except of things and concerns which are commonly before the eyes of mankind, and daily forced upon their attention; and then it would renounce all sense of the difference between beauty or deformity, and would content itself with representing only what is pleasant or painful to the individual. Having made all these renunciations, it would still have remaining the common passions of human nature, and the hopes and fears which necessarily accompany personal existence. These, in a literary work, the reader may be made intensely to feel, by a sympathy with fictitious situations; but without almost any internal discrimination of feeling as to better or worse. I could even suppose the lowest kind of feeling or interest to be produced by a painting, not as a work of art, but as a means of exciting sympathy; for example, a representation of a shipwreck, where men were using various expedients to save their lives. The characteristic of this Stage of Taste, is, that its interest is only in the personal sensation of the moment, and in that which brings pleasure or pain to the individual, but has no relation to any thing general, or to permanent and abstract truth. This is the case with all the common and unenlightened passions. There can scarcely be any literary work which will not, in some parts, rise above these; but it is of importance to discriminate what is peculiarly appropriate to this lowest stage of feeling. The novel of Caleb Williams, for instance, has a great power of interesting the reader, for the most part, but scarcely rises beyond the personal sensations of the moment, and that darkness as to taste which is in the passions of individuals.

The class of feelings which belongs to the lowest stage, may be called "natural;" but they do not expand or revolve themselves into the affecting recognition of common humanity. The attention of the reader is fastened down to the concerns of individuals. Nature has sometimes been deified, and called "holy," in the common native affections of mankind. But the private passions of individuals have never obtained this honour, in poetry; for it is always obvious that they are limited, and have a certain tendency for one, and against another. However, in poetry they obtain a certain kind of admiration, when exaggerated into greatness, as that of inconquerable pride and endurance, in Milton's devils. The passionate love of glory among mankind also obtains a sort of exaltation and lustre in poetry. It is clear, however, that the love of glory does not belong to the internal recognition of common nature. It only catches the feelings of mankind as individuals, and makes them proudly sympathize with achievements done, as it were by proxy, for behoof of their self-conceit. Therefore we never hear such things called "holy nature." The performer is identified as closely as possible with the self-love of each individual spectator, and is called "*un grand homme*," or "a being of uncommon powers." The spectator glories in his feelings; but a satirist might say, there is a meanness in any individual wishing to sympathize with, (and borrow vainly upon) what he could not do himself. However, there is yet something lower than vain-glorious sympathy with the powers of distinguished individuals. This is when the multitude are seized with an inclination to have the enjoyments of self-love equalized as much as possible, and diffused among mankind; and when for this purpose they become desirous of falsifying or leveling distinctions, or melting them down into a sort of dirty twilight, in the uncertainty of which all men may equally enjoy the pleasures of self-esteem unreproved. In Oliver Cromwell's time, when the mob entered into their round-headed combination to raise the price of lowness, the new conveniences discovered were called those of "each man worshipping in his own way;" and the nature of this sort of worship was not much suspected or understood, even by those who were most intensely engaged in it. The curious private gropings and obscure glimmerings going on in each mind apart from the rest, were also advantageous. It was thus that no man needed to remain long subject to any painful belief as

to his own qualities, tried according to any intelligible standard.

To the same level may be referred some of the latest tastes, which have appeared in modern times, as to what is the most desirable state and composition of society. These tastes have inclined a great proportion of mankind to wish to contemplate societies of such a composition, as the uniform grey or drab colours of the coats of Quakers, who, though they are good sort of people, I think, have more likeness to hired servants, than to prodigal sons. This is by way of conciliating a levelling taste with order. Externally this inclination assumes the hypocritical form of respect, for all that is most immediately useful in human nature. In reality, it is a wish to raise the price of the homely and vulgar stuff of human nature, and place it in a condition of undisturbed self-conceit, incapable of improvement in taste. But supposing that, in one generation, by the predominance of vulgar envy, the drab-colour were established in society, it would not be easy to persuade the next generation to remain contented with it, as the most beautiful of all things.

Such are the tastes and inclinations which belong to the lowest stage of feeling. But here it is proper to observe, that in all fictitious narrative, (to whatever stage of taste they may belong,) a sympathy with the personal feelings and fortunes of some particular character must be created, for the purpose of engaging the reader's attention, and carrying him on, and this must be the stock, whatever other things may be grafted upon it. Therefore, although a strong personal interest, awakened by a fictitious narrative, is not a feeling of any high grade, yet it does, on that account, make the work referable to this or that stage of taste.

Having said thus much, Mr North, on the first stage of feeling, I shall now inquire what is the next. To the Second Stage, I think, may be referred all recognitions of a common humanity, extending through different individuals, and shewn in the natural affections of mankind. Although not lofty, this is at least deeply moving, and resolves the self-interested passions of individuals into something universal and unlimited, in a sort of widely-diffused enthusiasm, or in the internal recognition of kindred being. This is what some of the German writers have called "holy nature;" and dramatists, among them, exploring the same vein, have shewn that they were capable of producing a great deal of sensation, in all the theatres of Europe. Kotzebue was one of the lowest. He makes his tenderness of as damp and watery a sort as possible, and confines himself to the most common and unmingled elements, which may be found in any mind whatever. In the dramas of the inferior German writers, there is often a transference of the scene into remote countries; and the persons on the stage, whether Asiatics, Europeans, or Hottentots, brought together, are made to join in sobbings of tenderness, undisturbed by any unseasonable discriminations of taste, that would lessen the breadth of the sensation. Schiller, in his Robbers, is not in a much higher vein, but deals in the passions of individuals, and seldomer resolves into the wet universal nature of German sentiment, which, I think, must be good, in so far as it conduces to the *recognition of general humanity*. But the fellow-feeling of a common nature, or of impulses widely shared, cannot justly be held up as the ultimate aim of poetical sentiment; since, if it were acknowledged as such, it would swallow up all distinctions of better or worse, or beauty and deformity. The aim of tragedy or novel-writing, is not like the figure of the kneeling African, on the medal struck in reference to the abolition of slavery, saying, "Am I not a man and a brother?" If one of the characters in Kotzebue's plays were making the same appeal, the reply might be, "You are a man and a brother by common origin, but you are not a person with whom we would think it any honour to sympathize from taste, however much we may desire your welfare." Among the English poets, Cowper, from humanity and humility, and from wishing to exercise the office of a Methodist preacher in verse, sought for this sense of universal kindred, and rejoiced in the participation of common affections. He has the following passage on the subject:—

'Twere well, says one, sage, erudite, profound,
Terribly arched, and aquiline his nose,
And overbuilt with most impending brows,
'Twere well, could you permit the world to live
As the world pleases. What's the world to you?
Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk
As sweet as charity from human breasts,
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.
How then should I and any man that lives
Be strangers to each other? Pierce my vein,
Take of the crimson stream meandering there,
And catechise it well; apply thy glass,
Search it and prove now if it be not blood
Congenial with thine own; and, if it be,
What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose
Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
One common maker bound me to the kind?

But it is here evident that Cowper considered common affection as a medium through which he might plead for a hearing of his Expostulations. It must, at the same time, be acknowledged, that the internal recognition of general nature is itself a feeling highly deserving of being called poetical. It is always found, and confessed to be such, in the enthusiasm of strong emotions widely shared. The German dramatists sought for nature in the situations of a few individuals brought upon the stage. The later poets of England have sought for it more in general impulses diffused through a multitude. This cannot be more strikingly exemplified than by Lord Byron's verses on the English troops being called away from the ball at Brussels, previous to the battle of Waterloo. The verses are well known, but it is worth while to quote part of them here, to shew what I mean by strong natural emotions widely shared.

"And then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morns could rise!

"And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe! they come! they come!'

"And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose—
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard; and heard too have her Saxon foes.
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! but with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring, which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave.—Alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
While now beneath them; but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low."

These verses, so much admired and so popular, are a good example of emotions which are the means of recognizing that community of elementary nature, which exists in multitudes. Passing beyond the interests of individuals, these emotions extend into the knowledge of something absolute and unlimited, which is called "Nature," but which is not high or low in relation to sentiment, but only general. And literary works which make use of such means for affecting the mind, may be referred to the Second Stage of taste. The works of many of the German writers are referable to this class; and it is probable that in Europe they have been of much use, in preparing the way for other things, by accustoming literature more to the expression of feelings, which resolve themselves into the unlimited and unpersonal—although it were no more than common nature, melting into watery and tearful sentiment, or in those works which are meant to produce terror, the gorgons of vague and floating darkness, losing themselves in shadowy obscurity. The greatest depths of natural feeling are often accompanied with a sense of transitoriness and delusion, in which particular being appears lost and solved in an indefinite universality, like the Maya of the Indians. Sir William Jones gives a translation of one of their poems, in which the Gymnosophist expresses the desire to be weaned from the uncertainties of a transitory existence, and to fix his thoughts on the permanent and real. The poem is entitled the "Mallet of Delusion," and has among others the following stanzas:—

"As a drop of water moves tremulous on the lotos-leaf, thus is human life inexpressibly slippery; the company of the virtuous is here but for a moment; that is our ship in passing the ocean of the world.

"Day and night, evening and morning, winter and spring, depart and return; time sports, life passes on, yet the wind of expectation continues unrestrained.

"To dwell under the mansion of the high Gods, at the foot of a tree; to have the ground for a couch, and a hide for vesture; to renounce all extrinsic enjoyments—whom doth not such devotion fill with delight?

"Place not thy affections too strongly on foe or friend—on a son or a kinsman, in war or in peace. Be thou even-minded towards all, if thou desirest speedily to attain to the nature of Vishnu.

"Eight original mountains and seven seas, Bruhme, Indra, the Sun, and Rudra,—not thou, not I, not this or that people; wherefore, then, should anxiety be raised in our minds?

"In thee, in me, in every other being, is Vishnu; foolishly art thou offended with me, not bearing my approach; see every soul in thy own soul; in all places lay aside a notion of diversity."

Such is the pathetic address of the Gymnosophist, endeavouring to fix his attention on the eight original mountains and seven seas. This deep natural sense of transitoriness and uncertainty, is capable of being turned either to sadness or levity. In modern times, it has sometimes taken the form of an inclination for scepticism in reasoning and matters of opinion; for when scepticism is perfect and absolute, it is like a resolution of all particular thoughts into the indefinite. But also, the same deep feeling of uncertainty has sometimes been shewn in the vague horrors of a German romance, where the principal events take place in a mysterious twilight, or while autumnal showers are driven by the wind through the recesses of some unexplored forest. In such productions, change, doubt, and indefinite sadness, are always the chief elements, and they belong to the second stage of feeling.

I shall now proceed to speak of the

Third Stage of feeling. To it may be referred the mixture of human passions and affections with the sentiment of the beautiful, and with the knowledge of the permanent and abstract idea. From this mixture arises internal taste, and discrimination as to the higher and lower grades of feeling. But still the mixture implies the presence of human affections, which are more or less changed, for example, in the sentiment, justice, or generosity, or repentance, or the love of the beautiful. To this intermediate region belong the finest struggles of sentiment in tragedies or fictitious narrative; since, from the mixture of the different elements, it is both interesting to the passions of the reader, and gratifying to his taste, or his internal discrimination as to the quality of feeling, which he must exercise in sympathizing with the transition of struggling affections from their natural anarchy, into abstract beauty. This, therefore, is the Third Stage, and retains somewhat of the elements of the two inferior. But it is unnecessary to say any thing farther, to render the difference between them perceptible.

I think the exercise of Imagination belongs most properly to the Third Stage of feeling. Imagination is not merely a power for conceiving new situations to interest the passions; for, in all the bolder and more sudden flights of imagination, there is a temporary feeling of the reality of general ideas, as existing abstractedly from particular objects. These glimpses are only for a moment, but they are divine. It is this which connects imagination with elevation of sentiment. Relatively to this Voltaire was a remarkable instance. In him, imagination appeared as a power not always recognizing the beautiful, but exerting activity, to find astonishing contrasts to visible realities. He was like a strong and far-travelled bird appearing on the earth, from some distant region; and the astonishment which he excited, was itself a satire on the narrow conceptions of mankind. His flights were rather those of strength and activity, than of rising qualities of taste. But almost any rapid exercise of imagination is connected with the feeling of the abstract. The rapid comparison of possible forms can seldom fail to produce some astonishment, and some risings of taste, beyond the narrow sphere of selfish passion, and also beyond that of natural affections. Therefore, I have no hesitation in saying, that imagination (which is a means of invention in all the stages of taste) belongs most properly, in point of feeling, to the Third Stage, which is the mixture of human affections with the sentiment of the beautiful. In all cases, imagination is an active recognition of the varieties of possible form. In its finest exercises, a profound sentiment of the beautiful makes these appear tinged with qualified hues, having almost the languor of passive affection. Activity, however, is most appropriate to imagination. These expressions may appear vague and mystical, but it can scarcely be otherwise in treating of such a subject.

That which characterizes the Third Stage of taste, therefore, is not the absence of human affections, but the internal discrimination of the qualities of feeling in relation to the abstract beautiful. Since satire discriminates as to quality, it must belong to this stage. It sometimes appears to make one half of human nature ironically sympathize with what is bad, while the other half is made to condemn, and to feel opposition of taste, and so to discriminate. But satire, without the exercise of taste, is mere buffoonery, or abuse.

The Fourth and last Stage of feeling is to be found in the fine arts, and in the contemplation of abstract relations, such as they are in themselves, without reference to human affections. This kind of feeling applies to form, style, possible order, relative colour, harmony, extension, and the like. These things cannot be so well expressed by literature, which gives only words to suggest conceptions to the reader, who may conceive imperfectly; but the fine arts exemplify abstract relations, and make them cognizable to the senses. The two first or inferior stages of taste have no relation to abstract form, but the third is not below the level of the fine arts, for it is the mixture of human affections with the sentiment of the beautiful. In music, it is well expressed by the mixture of the discords, and imperfect concords, of human affections, with harmony. In painting, it may be shewn in the expressions of the countenances, and in the various mixtures of light with darkness. The Third and Fourth Stages of Taste are closely al-

that it may often require to consider lied; and the difference between them, is the absence of human passions and affections in the last.

Having thus gone through the different stages of taste, and established the grade of each, upon principles which must appear clear and undeniable to every person capable of reflecting upon the subject, I appeal to you, Mr North, whether I have not stated things well worthy of consideration, in an age when there are so many different excitements to bewilder the mind, and ascertain their grade in relation to taste. I do not pretend to detract from the merits of any particular line or walk of literary composition, or unjustly to deprecate the mental gratifications which may be derived from it. I only seek to discriminate the kinds, and to make their respective qualities clearly perceptible. As a person, in learning to dance, goes through all the positions, so the mind goes (improving in agility and refinement) through all the regions of taste. I am, yours, &c.

H.

THE DEVIL AMONG THE ARTISTS; OR, DAVID DREADNOUGHT AGAINST ROUND-ROBIN.*

When an earthquake occurs in Calabria, Sicily, Portugal, or any part of the habitable globe, excelling in convulsions and eruptions of nature, it leaves behind it such decided and unequivocal proofs of its reality, as to silence the cavils of the most sceptical. Towers, temples, palaces, and houses, streets, squares, and cities, go down like a child's card-play-thing, and perhaps some twenty or forty thousand human creatures are burned or buried. But when an earthquake occurs in Scotland, say at Inverness or Comrie, it is so faint and woe-begone, that its existence seems extremely problematical. Hence there arise two parties,—the earth-quakers and the anti-earth-quakers. The one pull a long face, speak in hollow murmurs, take you solemnly by the fourth button of your waistcoat, cast their eyes up to the ceiling, and stun your soul with the dreadful narrative. Shock after shock, they maintain, to the number mayhap of the devil's dozen, struck old mother earth till she trembled as with cholic; the heavens were as black, they asseverate, as the crown of their hat; the heat was like an oven, and the whole concern most frightful indeed, and dismal alike to men, women, children, and cattle.

In corroboration of such terrific doings of nature, and to shew that the solid earth must have *quoke* from its foundation, up comes the cook from the kitchen, solemnly swearing by her sole and flounder, that the very spit shook, and every pan clattered. The butler is ready to take his Bible-oath, that he heard bottles breaking in the binns; and the pretty house-maid appears with a broken china-cup in her rosy paw, as demonstrative evidence of some mighty convulsion of nature. Dogs had been heard to bark, cattle to low, and children to squall. The very hens had tuck-tuck-tuck-a-tuck-tuckooed in the poultry-yard, in a manner which no hen would have adopted, except during an earthquake; and the dairy-maid having accidentally gone with Roger, the ploughman, into the barn during the darkness, had felt the very straw shaking, and observed that the eggs trundled away, most alarmingly indeed, out of their nests, bearing witness that the barley-mow was agitated to its foundation-sheaf. The anti-earth-quakers, on the other hand, are willing to pledge faith, fortune, life itself, that there has been nothing whatever of the kind. If the bottles have shook upon the table, it was, according to them, after dinner; and the effect was produced by no earthquake, but by a rap of the knuckles, enforcing some jocular, political, or amatory effusion. If a gentleman fell off his chair, they blame no earthquake, but lay his fall to the charge of the jorum; and if the Turkey carpet heaved, sunk, and whirled, there seems no mystery whatever in such emotions, for they know, drunk as they are, that the earth is as fast as a nail, and that the table is standing a most steady octoped on a most trust-worthy floor. "Damn the earthquake did one or other of us either see, hear, or feel! However, we won't be positive; only we were too pleasantly occupied to attend to such trifles, and really we pity people who are so sensitive and

* Report of the Society of the Cognoscenti for the encouragement of the Fine Arts in Scotland. 8vo. 2s.

weak-nerved as to notice a Scottish earthquake."

Something of the same kind may be noticed with respect to real or alleged earthquakes in the moral world. Thus, the French Revolution was a decided earthquake in its way;—thrones, pulpits, benches, tables, and chairs, were prostrated with the finest indiscrimination. But now-a-days, one hears of revolutions that really appear to us to be no revolutions at all. Unless we mistake, the newspapers have asserted nine national revolutions within two years; but on conversing with various ladies and gentlemen from those countries, where it is said they had occurred, our friends assured us that they had been present all the while, and that certainly had there been a revolution, some of them must have observed it.

It is just the same with great battles. Thus, in South America, the Royalists and the people called Patriots engage it is rumoured, in a mighty conflict. Blood flows in rivers, the soil is manured with brain, and one, or perhaps both armies, are totally extinguished. That is one account. Another is, that one man has been seriously wounded, and two others shrewdly suspected of having been taken prisoners; but on which side is uncertain. Not a drop of blood has been shed large enough to throw into the face of a fainting louse, or to afford a lunch to a bottled leech.—brains there have been none—and both armies, after mutual extermination, march boldly into winter quarters all covered over with glory.

So is it in the literary world. A book is published, and is said to have produced an earthquake. At Edinburgh, that mighty city—far larger than Athens—much liker to Nineveh, shakes from Stockbridge to Newington. St. Paul's and St. Giles's alike tremble, and there is but one cold shudder along a hundred streets. That is one account. Another is, that no book of any kind has been published at all—that honest people are following their usual occupations—that at the dinner hour they have all found the way to their mouths—and that Ambrose's, Young's, and Barclay's, have in the evening been crowded with their usual assemblage of rank, wealth, beauty, fashion, genius, and vertu.

On one occasion only do we remember perfect consentaniety of emotion in this city, and that was on the publication of the Chaldee. Then was there an earthquake indeed. Lord forgive us, what a Stramash! We had gone down that morning to Leith to bathe and breakfast, and on our way up, we met many hundreds of the affrighted inhabitants, apparently flying down to the sea, either to plunge into it in despair, or to take shipping for a foreign land. The sight was most affecting to our tender hearts—old women of both sexes were seen hobbling along by the side of mere children—consternation was on every countenance;—Whig and Tory seemed to have forgotten all distinction under one common calamity;—the oldest friends deserted each other in terror, and intimacies of years gave way in one little dreadful hour;—judges—jurisconsults—physicians—the clergy—barbers, bakers, butlers, poets, painters, players, all felt alike—the trembling tailor looked down from his sky-light on a pale population. An eclipse, in the very darkest ages of astronomy, or an earthquake in its best days, never produced such an effect as the Chaldee; and even now, years after that great quake, there remain over all Scotland vestiges wide and deep of that hideous visitation.

We have been insensibly led into this train of reasoning by the Report of the Edinburgh Society of Cognoscenti on the Exhibition of the Scottish Institution for encouraging the Fine Arts. This Report has to some ears (pretty long ones) seemed louder than thunder, and we have been credibly informed, that the whole city is in commotion. We have also been credibly informed, that devil or deuce a person minds this Report, any more than if it had been the report of a pop-gun, charged with a single pea.

In this dilemma, we purchased a copy of the Report, to judge for ourselves respecting its probable effects on our metropolis. Pop-gun or Mons-Meg, we were resolved to lay our hand on this piece of Lilliputian or Brobdignagian artillery; and we found the charge at least moderate—two shillings only; whereas the paper and printing could not have cost less than threepence. We have listened to the Report; and if it has frightened any

person whatever—man, woman, or child, their liver must be white as snow.

But we chance to know that it *has* frightened a considerable number of persons; and on that account, we shall inquire shortly into the cause and rationality of their fears. Fear and Anger are of one family—the children of Folly. And accordingly the persons in question, (some of them, at least,) exhibit at one time faces pale with fright, and at another red with rage, alternating between the physiognomy of a gander and that of a bubbly-jock. The gentlemen to whom we allude are the ARTISTS OF EDINBURGH; and the following is a precis of their proceedings, dictated by their Fear and their Folly.

A few days after the publication of this Report, a few of these Artists, (we never mention names of individuals in this Magazine,) with mealy faces, and ragged hair, and eyes endeavouring in vain to jump out of their sockets, were seen hurrying to and fro, sorely distraught. It was suspected that the gate of some Lunatic Asylum had been incautiously left open, and that some crazy folks had escaped into the city; but this conjecture unfortunately did not prove true. The persons alluded to have not yet been in confinement. They have hitherto been supposed sane; but their friends now begin to shake their heads. Well, then—these gentlemen having recovered from the speechless passion inspired by the Report, determined to discover who had let it, and to visit him, or them, we presume, with the full measure of their most formidable and destructive vengeance. They accordingly got some person to write for them a Manifesto, declaring their contempt, scorn, abhorrence, and so forth, of this Report; and with it they marched about in a state of the most pompous trepidation, from the house of one artist to another, demanding that he should instantly put his signature to it—or what? or be excommunicated from the fellowship of human beings, and be forced thenceforth to associate with Cockneys.

To this manful and maledictory Manifesto, as its issuers no doubt deem it, we really are sorry to see appended several distinguished, and a good many respectable names. Raeburn, Nasmyth, W. Thomson, Andrew Wilson, Allan, and John Watson, have absolutely put down their signatures to this paltry and pitiful paper. Where were their wits a wool-gathering at the time? Did they read it, or hear it read? or were they one and all, altogether, or at sundry times and in divers manners, incapable of reading it, or of hearing it read? Devoutly do we trust, that they were all in a state of civilation when they put pen to paper; for more creditable to any man would it be, to get bowzy once a-day for a year, Sundays, perhaps, excepted, than to have signed this calumnious circular—this railing Round-Robin. Can any thing be more pitiable than to see two or three full-grown men, such as they who carried about this affair for signatures, able to walk, we presume, without any more than mutual assistance, and not altogether unable to articulate,—we repeat, could any thing be more pitiable than to see these blockheads blundering about, up one stair and down another, in search of signatures of excommunication against a writer, who exhibits in every line of his Report the utmost candour, good-nature, cheerfulness, and philanthropy? O doughty deputation of dunces! Missionaries to convert men from the principles and practice of Christianity! Sneaking—snivelling—smoking subscription-seekers, full of gall and guile! Why, what right have you, answer me that, to prevent any brother brush from brandishing a pen occasionally as well as a pencil? Though neither of you probably can write a single sentence of grammar yourself, is that any reason why David Dreadnought, and Paul Playfair, and Samuel Small-text, and the other members* of the Cognoscenti, should wrap up their talent in a towel, except indeed it should be an oaken one? Where have you been living all your days? Have you been crawling on the surface, or sunk in the bowels of the earth? Have you been imprisoned for thirty years in the dungeons of the Inquisition? Have you been engaged in some mining speculation; and has your hair

* The society consists of upwards of forty members, ordinary and extraordinary.

got grey fifty fathoms down in a seam of coal? Have you tenanted a tunnel? Or been paid for sitting as hermits during the last half century in a sparry grotto, in the policy of some philosophical squire? If not, the Lord have mercy upon you,—for you have shewn yourselves blind and deaf to every thing seen and heard by all other men, and are beyond all question the most unexceptionable asses now extant in the world.

Gentle reader, methinks we see you smile—that we hear a titter—a laugh—a guffaw. But it is no laughing matter—it is a most serious business indeed, and there is no saying where it will end. We should not be at all surprised to see it brought into Parliament, for the great bulwark of the age, the palladium of British liberty, has been attacked;—we mean the Freedom of the Press! (*hear, hear, hear.*) Will these Circulating Inquisitors dare to gag the mouths, padlock the lips, and manacle the hands of our Scottish Artists? And if they make such an attempt, will the NATION, THE PEOPLE, stand by idle? What will the PUBLIC say? Our own dear PUBLIC, whose virgin love we won in a single hour's tête-a-tête; and who, although all Venus to us, is all Fury to our foes—at once Urania and Tisiphone? If we but let loose our PUBLIC upon you, you will change your names in terror (not perhaps for the first time with some of you) and lament the day you ever attempted to drum David Dreadnought off parade.

But soft—here comes the rub. After a number of innocent and smooth-spoken gentlemen, in whose mouths butter has been known to remain unmelted for the space of half a second, had with hands more or less steady, heads more or less muddy, and hearts more or less lilley, signed the Manifesto against the writers of the Report,—as artist, who saw all their motives in their proper light, proposed for their signature a much more sweeping Test-act, and called upon all who had signed the Manifesto against the Report, to swear solemnly by pen, pencil, and pallet, that none of them had ever, either directly or indirectly, had any thing whatever to do with any printed critique on any work shewn at the last Exhibition of the Scottish Institution. Here was a graveller—a blow on the kidneys—a hit on the wind—a douse on the sneller—a dinner to the daylights, and a larrup on the listeners of the Men of Manifestoes! Why, several of them had expressed their opinions in a way that prevented them from taking this oath, without notorious perjury. And others of them, who were too stupid and incapable to write a bad paragraph in a newspaper, had friends and relations, by blood or marriage, who praised them, and libelled their competitors to their hearts content. Stammering, stuttering, staggering, gaping, and every ugliest form of puzzled and perplexed speechlessness, were now the order of the day; and the very men who winced under the soft and silken lash of honest David, as if it had been a cat-of-nine-tails in the fists of some Highland drummer-boy, stood now self-convicted of having committed the very same offence of which they, as we think, most unjustly accused Messrs Dreadnought and Playfair.

Now, we beg leave to recommend to Mr Wilkie, or Allan, a subject for a picture, "The Artists who signed the Manifesto refusing the Test-Act." It is much better than "The Broken Fiddle," or "The Abdication of Queen Mary," or "The Death of Cardinal Wolsey," or "The Girl tying up her Brother's little Finger," or almost any historical subject that now occurs to our recollection. Indeed there may be two pictures—for the first may be "Signing the Manifesto." In it the features of the subscribers must express lofty indignation—smiling scorn—lip-wreathing contempt—supercilious disdain—nose-upturning contumely, as if the subscriber were putting from him a rotten egg,—and wide, deep, bright, and triumphant over all, the love of liberty, and a holy zeal for the advancement of Art all over the world.

We shall defer our directions how to paint the second great Picture till next Number.

Now, must it not be quite a delightful and exalted thing to be an Edinburgh Artist? You are sitting some afternoon asleep in your arm-chair by the fire-side, or perhaps putting the finishing touch to a young lady, when the door is flung open, and in comes a Deputation demanding your signature to some manifesto or disclaimer, relative to some transaction of which perhaps you are just as guilty as Mr Hogg of

the Chaldee. Would you not be praiseworthy instantly to turn the Deputation down the spiral staircase? Or suppose you are the perpetrator of the enormity of putting pen to paper, and have actually written a pamphlet unlike the present one, as bad and stupid as any picture ever painted by any Depute, are you to fall down on your knees and confess, and supplicate mercy? Or to stand up with a face of nine-fold brass, like the shield of an Homeric hero, and swear by art and artifice that you are innocent as an Embryo? No, no;—shewing down stairs is your sole resource. A regard to your own private character—to the peace of your domestic establishment—and to the interests of the Fine Arts, imperiously demands that the Deputation be forthwith dismissed, neck and crop, into another spot of the terraqueous globe.

Have any Whigs signed this Manifesto? We warrant they have. It breathes the small, puny, peevish, petty, fuming, fumbling spirit of the lowest and most contemptible whiggery. Some of these gentry have had their vanity tweaked by the nose with a most delicate and good-natured finger and thumb, and the dull devil within them has been roused. Why do they not bring an action,—an appeal at once to reason and taste, in the august form of the Law? We should not be at all surprised if they affirm that the criticisms of our honest friend David are attacks upon private character. Is it not, according to their views, a gross personal libel to say, that Mr Nasmyth's pictures "betoken the dexterity of hand of an able mechanic!" Might not Mr Peter Gibson prosecute the slanderer who publishes to the world, that that excellent artist "has taken a most undue liking to Scots fir-trees, and that he enriches his fore-grounds with brambles?" Might not Mr Andrew Wilson get damages to some tune, against the base libeller who has dared to assert that "he has no poetic fire." And if Mr Nasmyth should prevail in his action, would not his fair daughters prevail in theirs too, whose works are said to be "all so alike, that it is impossible to distinguish the works of father from those of daughter or sister?" These are, we suppose, to the ears of Whigs, most wicked and atrocious words. The anonymous ruffian who wrote them, would, we presume, according to them, be ready, on any favourable opportunity, to plant a dagger into the bosom of sleeping innocence and beauty!! Might not Mr J. F. Williams bring his action against the man who ventures to say that his "*works* have a blackness, which he would do well to endeavour to remove?" Some works, however, are so distinguished by blackness, that it is impossible to remove it from them by any process of art yet known. A Whig might thus go over the whole Report, and point out where actions lie against David, for his multifarious libels on private characters of the kind now quoted.—No doubt the great Whig lawyers in this city will, for a few paltry pounds, point out libels or create them, and lend their assistance towards getting them annexed, in the teeth of their own avowed principles, and in contempt of the small remaining consistency of their own character.

From the tone of that last sentence, some of our readers may think that we are waxing wroth. Not at all—we are sitting in Ambrose's, with a magnum of claret before us, and with the most amicable, mild, and placid contempt of the whole crew that ever actuated a true Christian. Were any one of the gentry to whom we so delicately allude, to come into this room, with his Manifesto in his hand, we should not turn him out, at least for some time, for that might be supposed personal. We should order him to take a seat near the door, and bid the waiter give him a can of small beer with a sprinkling of oat-meal, a salt herring, and a cold potato. When his soul was softening and expanding under the genial influence of such generous diet, we should tell the Waiter, who is a man of very considerable talents, to explain to the Depute the utter beggarliness of his behaviour, not by any means in eating the herring and drinking the beer, but in bringing the Manifesto. The Depute's eyes would then open, as his mouth had done a few minutes before; he would request us, out of gratitude for quenching his ogles and warming his stomach, to throw the Manifesto into the fire; and having done so, we should then give him permission to retire with the Waiter into the bar-room, and indulge himself in a jug of gin-twist. If he refused this permission, which is high-

ly improbable, then, in self-defence, our boot might be applied to the posteriors of the Deputé.

But the Devil waits; so we must bring our article to a close, or there will be the Devil to pay. Well, then, "Gentlemen of the deputation, when you went your rounds, had you, or had you not, a wish, a hope, and a belief, that you might fix the guilt of the "Report" on one particular individual?" Answer that question without shuffling. You know that your consciences condemn you? But that individual had too much sense, too much spirit, to be humbugged or humbled by such heroes. He treated your Manifesto with that scorn which every other good artist and independent man ought to have grinned upon it, and let the noodles go braying off with their elongated ears as wise as they came. Now every person who knows Mr Peter Gibson, (be he the author of this Pamphlet, or be he not,) knows that he is a man of talent and learning in his profession, and that he is the very last person in the world to seek to injure any one of his brother artists. As an artist, he has always had great merit, at least ever since we have known his works; and his improvement in almost the only point in which he was at one time somewhat deficient, is this year manifestly great. He now studies nature herself, as well as the rules of art,—and as he possesses a strong, original, and cultivated mind, we are confident that he will be, ere long, if he be not already, in the first class of our Scottish painters of landscape.

But we have no intention at present of entering into any discussion of the merits or demerits of the Edinburgh Artists. We have been rather remiss on the subject; and in our next Number, and several succeeding ones, we propose taking the "Report of the Cognoscenti," as a sort of text-book, and giving our opinion of all these gentlemen. Meanwhile, we recommend the "Report" to the public, as a very clever and interesting report indeed,—dealing out praise and blame with the most laudable impartiality,—full of the milk of human kindness, and calculated to please, amuse, and even instruct every one, but a few irritable and thin-skinned Nimnits, many of whom have been praised in it far beyond their deserts, and will wince in good earnest when our thong is laid across their shoulders. As to the distinguished Artists, whose names are given above, as appended to the Manifesto, we have no doubt that they are by this time heartily ashamed of it;—they all know our respect for their character and admiration of their genius; and if we have been a little jocular upon them at present, they may lay their account with being well buttered in our next Number.

ON MR HALLS' PICTURE OF "THE TWO MARYS VISITING THE SEPULCHRE OF CHRIST."

In the days when Hippolito de' Medici was still a youth, and the Cardinal of Cortona governed Florence in the name of Pope Clement, a certain Abbot from Lombardy, on his way to Rome, was desirous of seeing the new Sacristy of St Laurence, which had been recently adorned by the immortal labours of Michael Angelo. He accordingly called for this purpose on the Prior of that establishment, who, referring him to a young man, (named Tasso,) for his conductor, commanded the latter, in an especial manner, to point out to his reverence all that was most worthy of observation in that illustrious edifice. The Abbot, (who was a man of taste and critical judgment,) after having surveyed the divine sculptures with vast attention, observed, "Upon my word, very tolerable figures—but not what I should have expected neither. I see now, that this Michael is no God Almighty upon earth, as people represent him to be. The statues at Count Pepoli's would stand a comparison with these; yet they were done by Noddo, or by some such person, little better than a common stone-cutter." Master Tasso, hearing this, immediately set down the reverend visitor for a piece of solemn impertinence; but for the time said nothing, and passed on toward the library.

Passing through the church, in their way to that apartment, the Abbot asked many questions, as to when it was built, and who was the architect, and, without waiting for the answer, went

on in the same strain.—"Faith, I do not altogether dislike this building, however, it can't be compared to our St——s at Bologne." Master Tasso would have burst with laughing at this, had not anger somewhat restrained him, and forced him to mutter between his teeth, "If your reverence be as well learned in holy writ as in sculpture and architecture, ye must needs be a great Bachelor in Theology."—"Friend," replied the Abbot, somewhat offended, but not at all understanding the sarcasm, "*Deo gratias*, I am no bachelor, but a Master in Theology."

They now reached the Cloisters, and ascending the wooden stair-case which leads to the library, and looking up at the cupola, the Abbot remarked, "So this is the famous cupola of which all the world has been talking."—"And surely with just reason," answered Master Tasso. "Where has your reverence ever seen so beautiful a performance? The lantern especially is beyond all praise." The Abbot, slightly curling his lip to an expression of condescending derision, "So say you Florentines; but I have been told by persons most worthy of credit, that the cupola at Porcia is a thousand times more beautiful, and more skilfully finished." At this Master Tasso's anger rose beyond all bounds, and seizing the reverend Abbot by the shoulders, and tripping up his heels, he fairly tumbled him from the top of the stairs to the bottom. The rest of the adventure may be read at large in the eighth novel of the First Supper of Anton Francesco Grazzini, surnamed "Il Lesca." The details are not much to our present purpose; but the substance of them is, that the bruised and almost murdered Abbot preferred his charge of assault and battery against Master Tasso, who rested his defence on the assertion, that the Abbot, being seized with a sudden fit of insanity, had thrown himself headlong down the stairs. The only evidence he adduced in support of his plea was, that of one who had heard his reverence's comparison of the cupola of San Lorenzo to that of Porcia; and the evidence was deemed sufficient fully to establish the fact of the madness, and to render the remainder of the narrative so probable, that Master Tasso was fully acquitted, and the venerable critic left to digest (like poor imprisoned Malvolio,) the double injury of his limbs and understanding, as well as he was able.

There are some who may be disposed to consider the chastisement thus inflicted as too severe a penalty for a mere defect of judgment; but this can only proceed from a want of mature reflection, and from not having read the very interesting and pathetic works of Mr D'Israeli on "The Literary Character," and "The Calamities of Authors." I am, on the contrary, so perfectly satisfied of the strict, moral, and poetical justice of the catastrophe, that I find only one circumstance in the narration deserving of the smallest respect, viz. that it is not possible to reconcile its date and local position with the supposition, that the Tasso of our story was the same with the divine author of the "Jerusalem Delivered," and that the Prince of Poetry thus vindicated the fame of the Prince of Painters and Sculptors.*

To those noblemen and others, patrons of our splendid national Institution for promoting the fine arts in the united kingdom, who have nothing so much at heart as the advancement of the liberal purpose of its establishment, this little apologue may confidently be presented, as affording a hint for some general legislative enactment to restrain the mischievous practice of empirical criticism—a practice which strikes at the root of all their laudable endeavours, which blights every hope of fame and eminence, and dooms to disappointment and silence every effort towards the production of fruits at all worthy of the pains and expence bestowed in their cultivation. What I should humbly propose to the accomplishment of an end so desirable, would be the passing of a bill, enabling the directors of the British Institution, at their discretion, to inflict any degree of corporeal chastisement (short of life and limb) on all such persons as shall presume to exercise the trade of criticism on works of art, without a licence, and without the previous

* It is just possible that the anecdote may refer to Bernardo Tasso, the father of the "Divine Torquato," and himself a poet of no little eminence.—We should be sorry to lose it out of the family.

registration of their names in the books of the society; and extending even to the administration of single or compound fractures in such cases where the offender shall be discovered to be himself an artist, and the design of exalting his own reputation at the expence of his rival, the sole discernible motive of an attack so unbrotherly. The crime is susceptible of still farther aggravation, and rises to its climax in the scale of moral enormity, when the poison meant to be circulated is conveyed through the medium of hollow compliment—the damnation of "faint praise"—and the insolent affectation of condescending and compassionate patronage.

Mr Halls, an artist of long-established reputation in his profession, has lately presented to public notice a picture, which either deserves to be classed in the highest rank of art, among the productions of the historical pencil, which have conferred the greatest honour upon our age and nation, or is worse than insignificant; since the dignity of the subject, and the ambitious importance of the style in which it is attempted to be treated, alike exclude the bare supposition of mediocrity. It is, therefore, necessarily either beneath criticism, or it is of a character which imperatively demands the most honourable avowal as to its merits, and the most liberal indulgence as to its imperfections. Some judicious and candid "Abbot," probably from the eastward of Temple-bar, whose jargon betrays the painter by profession, at the same time that it reveals the ignorant pretender to taste and judgment, has thought fit, nevertheless, while he reluctantly admits a degree of merit which entitles the picture to notice, to divest that acknowledged merit of every feature that can in reality constitute the smallest claim to any thing but the most contemptuous indifference. "As a new artist, quite unknown to the world, this young man really deserves to be encouraged. To be sure there are fifty better pictures on the very same subject at Count Pepoli's; and Noddo's 'Punch's Puppet-show' is a vast deal cleverer. There is not an original figure in the piece. The soldier on the ground is Rigaud's, the elder Mary is West's, Mary Magdalene is taken from the life in Fleet Street—(of this, by the bye, I am particularly well qualified to be a judge; 'experto crede.') The two remaining soldiers are distracted, and staring like actors in a barn, and the angel who must be allowed to have a pretty face, is a mere piece of vulgar mortal clay, without spirituality and without elevation. After all, it is a cleverish sort of thing in its way—goodish sort of colouring, (after the manner of West) and some knowledge of anatomy. In short, it is a promising lad—this *Mr Hall*—and may do well in time, under the fostering care of benignant patrons and critics."

Now, is racking on the wheel, or tearing to pieces by wild horses, punishment too severe for the offence of such malignant criticism? Is midnight assassination, or slow poisoning, a crime more inhuman and more abominable than that of the cold-blooded artist, who thus tears away the flesh, and leaves bare the quivering nerves and muscles of an agonizing brother? The multitudes who have no means of forming any judgment on works of art, except as they are guided by their favourite newspaper editor, make up their minds at one reading, and very prudently and considerately determine, that, of the shillings and sixpences set apart for the gratification of their taste, and display of their virtu during the exhibition season, not one shall be thrown away upon the "*Two Marys.*" The resolution thus formed is not to be shaken by subsequent contradictory reports. "Oh no! we know what Mr Halls' picture is, and are not to be taken in by *puffing.*" The few who dare to think for themselves, are perhaps unconsciously influenced by the sight of an empty room, and the surrounding chill of contempt and indifference. The reverend "Master in Theology" has secured the object of his particular malignity, or the gratification of his general disposition to ill-natured censure; and the unhappy artist is condemned to the fever of burning and conscious indignation, or the slow-pining consumption of bitter disappointment, as the only fruits of months, perhaps years, of arduous and unremitting toil, commenced in the full ardour of hope and emulation, and pursued, amidst all its attendant difficulties, under the gay but delusive banners of active genius, and all-surmounting enthusiasm.

I have suffered my warmth of feel-

ing on this subject to carry me too far, not to subject what I have written to the imputation of its being dictated by the partiality of friendship; and I believe, that the wisest as well as the most honest course, is to avow the fact, and bespeak the generosity of the public, in favour not only of the motive, but of the object of it. But, in this avowed character of the friend of the painter, it behoves me to restrain the voice of praise, and leave it to others to exercise the judgment which (by my own confession) I am indeed incapable of pronouncing. I shall beg leave to help them in forming it, by the insertion of only one or two facts, in reply to the chief insinuations which have been thrown out to the artist's prejudice, and by then calling their attention to a passage in his own account of the design and character of his compositions, which afford the true standard of judgment respecting it; since, by how much he has failed or succeeded in the accomplishment of his own original conception, by so much ought he to be considered as having merited or forfeited the favourable reception of his performance.

Mr Halls offers this best, and certainly greatest of his performances, to the public, not in the character of a young and untried candidate for fame, but in that of an artist already known and appreciated, who has applied, with unremitting energy and perseverance, those talents of which he is master, to the composition of a work conceived by him at a period when he considered his skill and experience as not yet suitable to its accomplishment, and carried into execution not till he felt (or believed) that his powers were mature, and his judgment perfected to the task. Plagiarism (the only charge from which it is possible to vindicate him,—since the refutation of those which remain must be left to the individual taste and feelings of the spectators of his picture) may, I think, be confidently denied in both the instances in which it is alleged against him; since the figure of the Holy Mary, which is stated to have been stolen from West, is so stated without any reference to the place of the supposed original; and that of the soldier lying down in the fore-ground, will be found, upon the slightest comparison with Rigaud's "Sampson," (to which our reverend Abbot has thought proper to allege its servile resemblance) to be just as much like it, as Alexander the Great to King Henry, and Monmouth to Macedon. Besides, the charge of plagiarism (with all the "deep damnation" that lies in the utterance of it) is one which, even if substantiated, ought in many instances to add to, rather than detract from, the merit of the alleged culprit; and the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds need hardly be adduced in support of a principle, which almost all the first pictures of the greatest artists may be confidently pointed to as tending to confirm and establish. At least, if plagiarism consists, not in direct, servile, and even lineal imitation, but in the adoption of the same idea to express the same combination of situations and circumstances, I am fully ready to admit Mr Halls' liability to the charge, if not in the particular instances which our holy "Father Abbot" has pointed out to notice, yet in another, which is as much beyond the grasp of his intellect as Michael Angelo's excellencies were beyond the reach of his memorable Lombard prototype's;—the general conception of the design, and of the diversity of expression and character, for which it furnished scope to the abilities of the artist. In Raphael's painting in fresco of the "Miraculous Host," in the Vatican, Pope Julius the Second is represented as being present; and (as Mr Mills has forcibly expressed it in his late publication of The Travels of Ducas, vol. I. p. 89,) "his devout and unruffled countenance shews a mind so firm of belief as not to be surprised at any manifestation of the Divine Power, and is well contrasted with the amazement and alarm of the women, children, and soldiers."—Let Mr Halls now speak for himself, with regard to the ideas which he entertained in forming the original design of his picture.

"In the instance which the artist has selected for the improvement of his pencil, the figures are few in number, and all of them marked by some peculiar and discriminate characteristic; thus, the figure of the Angel requires to be depicted with an imaginative and (if the phrase be allowable) a poetical force of expression, so as effectually to distinguish it from those of the inhabitants of earth, and to invest him with an abstract ideality of form and expression, from which every trace of ordinary and sexual distinction must be excluded, so far as

s consistent with that degree of bodily and mental energy which, in personifying the higher classes of supernatural agents, the Painter, no less than the Poet, must principally derive from the contemplation of masculine energy and perfection.

"With the divine and dignified nature of the Angel are contrasted the rugged and common forms of the Soldiers, placed under the circumstances of unusual and unaccountable consternation—a modification of the passion of fear which admits of almost endless variety, according to its degree of influence upon the feeble or the powerful intellect, while the two female figures, from the difference of their respective ages and characters, admit of considerable variation of expression, and form a striking contrast to that of the other actors; the effect of which contrast, is still further heightened by the 'elementary strife' which is recorded to have taken place at the dawn of day, on this interesting and awful occasion.

"In treating the subject thus selected, the Artist has endeavoured, as nearly as possible, to follow the guidance of these general impressions. In the Angel, which forms the leading feature of the design, he has endeavoured to present (at all times a difficult undertaking) the abstract personification of an intellectual agent, having little in common with individual humanity, and still less with the ordinary habits and passions by which the actions of mankind are influenced: this figure is represented as pointing out to the two Women the Tomb where Christ had lain—and as it forms the principal object in the Picture, it may be considered as the main-spring by which the different expressions belonging to the other personages introduced are almost exclusively actuated. With respect to the Soldiers, who are described in the text to have become as dead men at the sight of this awful and tremendous apparition, there is but one passion, that of unmixed terror, common to all, and which the Painter has attempted to vary in the respective figures, according to the different gradations, from a state approaching paralysis to that species of alarm which may be conceived to find a place in the firmest minds when suddenly visited by unusual or supernatural occurrences. These figures are placed on the left side of the Picture, in one closely-connected group; the opposite side is occupied by the two female Disciples, who, according to the Evangelist, had come forth on this eventful morning to pay the last tribute of reverential love and piety at the sepulchre of their Lord and Saviour. The younger of these, the Magdalene, required, according to the constant practice of painters, founded on what the Holy Scriptures themselves have recorded with respect to her former life and actions, to be represented as endowed with a symmetry of form, and a voluptuousness of expression, chastened, but not extinguished, by the devout aspirations of her repentant state. It would have been repugnant to human nature to pourtray such a character as otherwise than moved to the very extreme of wonder and admiration at an occurrence which, however consonant to the devotional rapture excited in her mind, must, nevertheless, in its sudden realization, have operated on her enthusiasm and susceptibility of nature with all the force of the most inconceivable miracle. It would, on the other hand, have been degrading to the sanctity of her regenerated character to have mingled with her astonishment any tincture of that baser passion which engrosses the countenances and demeanour of the military watchmen; and even that faint and undefined species of dread which unconsciously infuses itself into a mind so awakened, would have been altogether misplaced in the person of the elder Mary, who, as the mother of the two favourite disciples of her Lord, may be supposed to have contemplated the event almost familiarly; and the dignity of whose age and character is alike unsuitable to vehement emotions, and unlikely to yield to the influence of vague astonishment and unreal terror—a deep and reverential awe is therefore the only modification of feeling which the painter has thought fit to impress on the countenance of this personage—a feeling best suited to the probable frame of her mind when, unappalled by the glorious but amazing vision which had confounded the senses of the remaining spectators, she dared address to the heavenly messenger the inquiry, to which "He answered and said, Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified; he is not here, for he is risen: come, see the place where the Lord lay."

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. III.

SCENE FIRST.

TIME—*Six o'clock, P. M.* SCENE—*The Blue Parlour.*

To Mr NORTH, *standing in the centre of the room, in full fig,* Enter Mr TIMOTHY TICKLER.

NORTH.

Good day, sir; I'm glad I'm not to dine *quite* alone. I began to think nobody was coming.

TICKLER.

I beg your pardon, Mr North, but I really had no notion it was so far in the day. I took my chocolate as usual about two, and then went out into the Meadows and wandered about.

NORTH.

About what, you old rogue, you? But no apologies. I'm glad you've made your appearance at least.

TICKLER.

I hope you'll excuse my gaiters, North; I had not the least idea you were to sport a regular blow-out to-day. I looked into the other room, and saw such a smash of covers—And you in your silk stockings too!—I suppose you've been sporting your ankles with the Commissioner.

NORTH.

Not I; but I expect several strangers to dinner, and an Editor is nothing without black breeches, you know—But you need not say a word about your dress. Upon my honour, that's a most natty surtout—and your spatterdashes, why they are quite the potato. For a contributor you are well enough—and, after all, there's no ladies in the party.

TICKLER.

What! not even Mrs M'Whirter! I'll do well enough as I am for your Kempferhausens and Mullions, *et hoc genus*, if that's all the party.

NORTH.

That's not it quite neither, Mr Timothy. I expect two or three gentlemen you have never been in company with, and I believe the meeting will give pleasure on all sides—There's Sir Andrew Wylie for one.

TICKLER.

What? he of that Ilk? Old Wheelie?

NORTH.

The same—he's an Elder in this General Assembly, and his chum Dr Scott, who is also a member of the venerable court, introduced him to me a few mornings ago at the Moderator's breakfast. I declare the western worthies eclipsed even the ministers. I never saw two such twists—I beg your pardon—I hope Mrs Tickler is well.

TICKLER.

So, so, North!—Of course Sir Andrew wrote his own Life?

NORTH.

Why, you know, every body writes books in our days, and nobody owns them. But I suppose he and the Odontist patched up the Life between them. They're a couple of queer comical old devils. The Baronet, a deuced rum fellow, to be sure; but Countesses and Duchesses adore him, and we must all confess he is one of the cleverest, and at the same time best-tempered, creatures alive.

TICKLER.

Whom else have ye?

NORTH.

Mr Pendarves Owen—a very pretty-behaved young gentleman.

TICKLER.

By Jove, if he leaps out of a window here, there will be a pretty end of the pretty-behaved gentleman. Imagine a fellow clearing the Cowgate, or

hopping over the Horse Wynd, fourteen stories deep, from a sky-light to a chimney top. Of course the lad has a bee in his bonnet.

NORTH.

Perhaps you'll find it a wasp if you go too near. He's a cursed hot fellow—but so are all the Taffy breed. But what was I thinking of? There's Feldborg behind.

TICKLER.

Feldborg the Dane?—really?

NORTH.

Feldborg—ipsissimus ipse! I hear his cough on the stair this moment. He arrived in the Roads last night at a quarter after eleven.

Enter MR AMBROSE.

MR AMBROSE.

Professor Feldborg! [*Exit.*

Enter FELDBORG THE DANE.

FELDBORG.

With joy and ravishment, O illustrious man, do I once more contemplate thee. From the very first instant of the time I re-landed on the Albionean coasts, did my mind—my soul—my spirituous part thirst after thee. And to thee, also, most admired and honourable Mr Tickler, I offer my heartfelt salutations. Heaven surely, what I hope, has favoured you both, *me absente, dum in Daniâ meâ moratus sum.*

NORTH.

All hail, Prince of Denmark! And how is the little Prince that you told so many pretty stories to, and how are Oehlenschlæger, and Baggesen, and Bombardius, and all the rest of the Danes?

FELDBORG.

All quite hearty—quite the charming agreeable spirits, and all in louf with you. Baggesen is writing a very big book all about you. Its title is *De Amore Northi apud Danos.* The book will make a sensation—it is dedicated what you call to Oelhlenschlæger.

NORTH.

What?—so they have made up matters!

FELDBORG.

Quite reconciled—I saw with mine own eyes Baggesen smoking one, two, three, long, very long, puffs out of Oehlenschlæger's pipe. I wrote a very pretty poem on that subject in the Copenhagen Chronicle. It has already been translated into Swedish and Lapp.

NORTH.

It must now be well known if that's the case—but here comes the rest of our friends.—Sir Andrew, your most obedient humble servant.

Enter SIR ANDREW WYLIE, DR SCOTT, MR PENDARVES OWEN, ENSIGN O'DOHERTY, and the REV. DONALD WODROW, D.D.

——I'm exceedingly proud of having the honour to see you all here, gentlemen—Dr Scott, don't pull my wrist out of joint, man—Mr Owen, I'm delighted—Dr Wodrow, how-do-you-*do*, my good sir? Has the overture come on yet? [*Aside.*]—Order dinner, O'Doherty.

REV. DR WODROW.

Why, Mr North, you see that business from the Ayr brethren has occupied the committee so long, that our overture——

NORTH.

Gentlemen, allow me to make you all acquainted.—Sir Andrew Wylie, Mr Tickler—Mr Tickler, Sir Andrew Wylie. Professor Feldborg, Captain O'Doherty—Captain O'Doherty, Professor Feldborg.—Captain O'Doherty, allow me the pleasure of introducing you to my friend Mr Wodrow—I'm sure you're no strangers to each others names at all events. Well, now, are all the salaams over? Do any of you choose a whet before dinner?

REV. DR WODROW.

It is not my custom to take any thing before dinner; but really, you folk in the town, you dine so late—and I took, thoughtlessly, some very salt ham this morning at the Moderator's.

NORTH.

There's a variety of liqueurs on the side-table—Odoherty, give Mr Wodrow a little Seltzerwater, or something cooling.

(*While* ODOHERTY *is handing round a salver, covered with small glasses, &c. enter* AMBROSE, *with a towel under his arm.*)

AMBROSE.

Gentlemen—dinner.

NORTH.

Gentlemen, I'll shew the way.—Sir Andrew, your arm.

[*Exeunt* C. N. *and* SIR A. W.

ODOHERTY.

Seniores sint priores! Cedant arma togæ.

[*Exit* PROFESSOR FELDBORG.

TICKLER.

I can't walk before so many Doctors.—Walk away, Dr Scott.

REV. DR WODROW, (*brushing hastily out of the room.*)

Come away, Dr Scott.

DR SCOTT.

Mr Tickler, if *you* please, sir.

TICKLER.

O fie, Doctor—After you, Doctor.

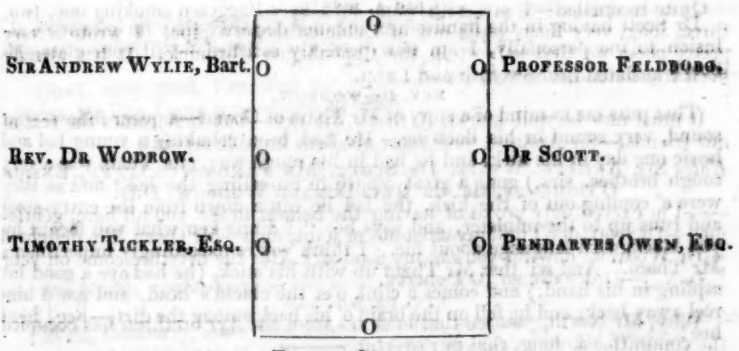
[*Exit* DR SCOTT.—*exit* TICKLER.

ODOHERTY.

Come along, Mr Owen—What a hubbub these old Puts make, with their hanged precedence! Did you notice how the D. D. hopped off? As brisk as a beetle, by St Patrick!

SCENE SECOND.

C. NORTH, ESQ.



NORTH.

A bumper! THE KING! God bless him!

OMNES.

The King!!! [*Three times three. Trumpets without. Air—God save the King.*]

TICKLER.

A bumper—The Kirk of Scotland!

OMNES.

The Kirk of Scotland! [*Air,—The Bush aboon Traquair.*]

REV. DR WODROW.

Gentlemen, all your very good healths! I am extremely sensible of the honour you have done——

NORTH.

—A bumper! "The general joy of the whole table!"

ODOHERTY.—(*Aside.*)

Vide Shakespeare! hem!

OMNES.

The General joy, &c.—(*Three times three.*)

[*Air,—We are the Lads, &c.*]

NORTH.

Now, gentlemen, these three bumpers being discussed, I leave the filling of your glasses to your own discretion.

ODOHERTY.

Let each man fill his neighbour's glass, and push the port and sherry into the middle of the table.—Mr Chairman, give Sir Andrew a little drop; I'm sure he'll do as much for the Reverend Doctor on his right.

SIR ANDREW WYLIE.

Na, wha ever heard o' sic like doings as this! and me a ruling elder too! Oh dear, you literary men are the most unconsciable chields I ever foregathered wi'—but to be sure it's ill to make a silk purse out of a sow's lug.

DR SCOTT.

Hear till him! Would any body think the Baronet had lived sae mony years out of his ain country, and been in high life too, Lord preserve us,—(I beg your pardon, Dr Wodrow, it just slipped frae the tongue, man)—and kittled ladies of quality in his time—and crackit a bottle with Mr Pitt himself—an' a' the lave o't? Ane that did not ken the history would, saving his presence, just take him for some Paisley baillie, that had never had the stink of the Sneddon out of his nostrils!

NORTH.

Mr Odontist, I disapprove of personalities.

DR SCOTT.

Hout! Like the Duke of Bedford, I meant nothing personal, upon my honour.

SIR A. WYLIE.

Dr Scott having in the handsomest manner declared that he meant no allusion to me personally, I am now perfectly satisfied.—Fill your glass, Dr Scott.

REV. DR WODROW.

That puts me in mind of a story of Mr Tham of Govan—a queer fellow—but sound, very sound in his doctrine. He had been rebuking a young lad and lassie one day in his kirk, and he had in his rough way, (for Tham was a very rough brother, sirs,) gone a great length in miscalling the lad; and as they were a' coming out of the kirk, the lad he came down from the cutty-stool and runs up to the minister, and says he, "I dinna ken what you meant by yon blackguard language about me. I think you're exceedingly impertinent, Mr Tham." And wi' that Mr Tham up with his stick, (he had aye a good bit sapling in his hand,) and comes a clink o'er the chield's head, and gar'd him reel away back, and he fell on the braid o' his back among the dirt,—hee! hee! hee!

DR SCOTT.

A bonny parallel! my certy!

FELDBORG.

When Baggesen and Oehlenschlaeger first began to write pamphlets concerning each other—Ay, what pamphlets Baggesen does make!—there was some talk of their fighting with the sword,—and to be sure they went one day into Hamlet's Garden what we call, and they drew their swords so bright, so clear, and up comes I by accident, and says I, "What fools you are, let us go dine all together at the White Feather."—That is a great inn, hotel what you call, in Elsinore.

NORTH.

And did you go accordingly?

FELDBORG.

Oh, what for a dinner we did eat that day! At the head of the table was a sausage-pie.—O, what for a pie! and at the foot there was a boiled goose with mustard pudding; and there was one dozen big black bottles of the best beer, and how we did rejoice!—Oh, me!

PEN OWEN.

[*Aside to* ODOHERTY.]—Noctes Cœnæque Deum.

ODOHERTY.

[*Aside to* PEN OWEN.]—Noctes Cœnæque de *hum*.

PEN OWEN.

Pray, Dr Scott, what is that book called the Percy Anecdotes?—I saw it in a window at York as I came through, and bought it to divert us in the chaise, and I can make very little meaning of it, although it is an amusing production enough, in its way.

DR SCOTT.

I only possess two or three numbers of the work; there's one of them called "Anecdotes of Instinct, with a portrait of the Ettrick Shepherd;" I was much amused with it.

PEN OWEN.

Yes; but why *Anecdotes of Instinct with a portrait of Hogg*?—Do they mean to represent Hogg as a being *totally* void of *Reason*?—A mere new edition of *the Learned Pig*?

DR SCOTT.

It did not strike me before; but now you point it out, 'tis absurd. Then there's one, "Anecdotes of *Genius*, with a portrait of *Mr Southey*;" and, immediately after, comes another, "Anecdotes of *Crime and Punishment*, with a portrait of Sir James M'Intosh." Now, I, for one, can make neither head nor tail of this.

PEN OWEN.

Do you suppose they mean to insinuate that Sir James stands in the same relation to Crime and Punishment in which Southey stands to Genius? If so, what has been the learned knight's crime? What has been his punishment?

TICKLER.

What say you, Sir Andrew?

SIR A. WYLIE.

I suppose they mean to let us to wit, that Sir James M'Intosh is *above* Crime and Punishment, just as Poet Hogg is *above* Instinct?

REV. DR WODROW.

Good, very good, I'm clear for Sir Andrew's way of expounding the dubiety, 'tis like *Lucus a non lucendo*—ehem!

ODOHERTY. [*Sings.*]

This is the wine
That in former time
Each wise one of the Magi
Was wont to carouse
In a frolicsome bowse.
Recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Mr North, you're keeping the bottle rather long by you.

NORTH.

Well, Odoherty, since your pipe is so clear, suppose you do sing us another song—and if it be one of your own, so much the better for Dr Wodrow.

ODOHERTY.

Well,—since you will have it, I shall tip you what I wrote last month, on the interesting occasion of the marriage of Mr Timothy Tickler, if you know any such person.

NORTH.

You're quizzing, Odoherty—Sing, but remember, that I depend upon your good feeling, to introduce nothing that could call up a blush on the delicate cheek of Mrs Tickler, if she were present.

TICKLER.

Delicate cheek! hem,—

"O call it fair, not pale!"

ODOHERTY (*Sings.*)

SONG,

ON THE WEDDING-DAY OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. AND MISS AMARANTHA ALOESBUD.

1.

Fill, fill to the brim, fill a bumper to him,
Who is call'd to a happier duty away,
Who, seated beside his own loved one—his bride—
Drinks large draughts of joy from her eyes' sunny ray:
And let not the toast to the man we love most,
Be silently pass'd round the board as we sit;
But rising about, with a heart-stirring shout,
Let us hail the dear union of Beauty and Wit.

2.

Though, perhaps, now no more, shall our friend, as before,
Join his bachelor mates in their frolicsome knot;
Nor pour forth his soul over bottle and bowl,
That soul free from taint of dishonouring thought;
Though that eloquent tongue upon which we have hung
So oft with delight, may no more glad us here;
Yet still his loved name a full bumper shall claim,
And it still shall be hail'd with a thrice given cheer.

3.

O, blest be this day, by the smile of the gay,
By the bright eyes of beauty, by music and dance!
O, blest be this day—and as life wears away,
May he joy on its moments his thoughts back to glance!
May the maid, whose bright charms are resign'd to his arms,
Still be loved with the love that he feels for her now;
And may her dear lord be by her still adored,
As when first she lisp'd forth the unchangeable vow.

4.

Then fill to the brim, fill a bumper to him,
Who is call'd to a happier duty away,
Who, seated beside his own loved one—his bride—
Drinks large draughts of joy from her eyes' sunny ray:
And let not the toast to the man we love most
Be silently pass'd round the board as we sit;
But rising about, with a heart-stirring shout,
Let us hail the dear union of Beauty and Wit!

DR SCOTT (*Singing.*)

"Let us hail the dear union of Beauty and Wit."

Devilish good song, upon my honour, Mr North, I crave a bumper—Mrs Tickler, with three times three.—

REV. DR WODROW.

Cheers or children, Dr Scott? ha! ha! ha! the like o' that!

OMNES. (*Trumpets without.*

MRS TICKLER! Air—[*Green grow the rashes, O.*]

MR PEN OWEN (*Aside to* ODOHERTY.)

They're getting dull at that end of the table. May I tip them a touch of the long pole?

ODOHERTY (*Aside to* PEN OWEN.)

To be sure, honey! Where's Liberty-hall, think ye? plant the prong.

PEN OWEN.

Mr North, with your permission, and with the permission of the distinguished company, whom I have now the honour of seeing assembled around this festive board, there is a name which I would earnestly but respectfully entreat permission to join with the smack of a bumper.

NORTH.

Contributors, a bumper, Mr Pendarves Owen's toast.

PEN OWEN.

I beg leave to propose the health of THE SMALL KNOWN.

NORTH.

Gentlemen, this is an appeal to your liberality, and I am sure your conduct will justify it. Take the time from me.

OMNES.

THE SMALL KNOWN!!! !!! !!!

[*Trumpets without. Air—Saw ye my wee thing?*]

SIR A. WYLIE, (*aside to* DR WODROW.)

We've all heard enough of the *Great Unknown*, but wha is this we've been drinking, Doctor?

REV. DR WODROW.

Dr Cook, I take it.

NORTH.

Pooh, pooh, 'tis our friend, the Prince of Reviewers, Sir Andrew.

DR WODROW.

The like o' that—ha! ha! *The Small Known!* well, I never heard sic like toasts! I'se propose it myself at the Moderate Club, the morn's night,—may I?

NORTH.

By all means. A toast is nothing until it comes into general vogue, like *The Cause for which Sidney bled on the Scaffold, and Hampden on the field, &c.*

PEN OWEN.

Which is pretty much the same thing with "the Cause for which Sandt died by the axe, and Thistlewood by the drop."

ODOHERTY.

I beg leave to propose a bumper, Mr Chairman,—To the memory of Thistlewood!!!

PROFESSOR FELDBORG, (*aside to* DR SCOTT.)

What man was Thistlewood? Was he a Tory Reviewer?

DR SCOTT.

Ask your friend Mr Owen. I think he's like to give you the best notion.

PEN OWEN.

Come, come! you should not make such allusions, Mr Odoherty. I'm sure you will admit that I was most innocently present on that unfortunate occasion, when Thistlewood———

ODOHERTY.

I could have forgiven anything but that humbugging note, in which you, or whoever *did* your history, says the chapter about that affair was writ before the affair happened.

PEN OWEN.

Pon honour it was.

ODOHERTY.

Nay, nay, man; a joke's a joke—but do you mean to say, that you thought of that quotation about "Cato's little senate," before the night you made your famous leap over the little back court behind Cato Street.

PEN OWEN.

What *do* you believe, Mr Odoherty?

ODOHERTY.

I believe that any man may with impunity, (so far as a certain concern goes,) touch the King,—abuse the Lords,—blackguard the Commons,—and ruffianize the prime writers of the age and country; but that vengeance will fall on his head if he dares but to lay his little finger on the smallest of Critics.

FELDBORG.

What? call Baggesen the smallest of critics? What for a joke! Baggesen? He that did compose *the glorious garland?* Oh, what ignorance!

ODOHERTY.

I meant not Baggesen—I talked of Jeffrey. Clap not thy wings so fiercely, Cock of the North.

SIR ANDREW WYLIE.

What? ay at the Sma' Known? Will you never be done with your personalities about that gentleman?

TICKLER.

Fie, Odoherty! And after that beautiful rebuke of his, in his last number, which, I am sure, will shut Lord Byron's mouth for ever and a day.

ODOHERTY.

As effectually as a prime pouldoodie of Burran would shut my potato trap for three seconds.

DR WODROW.

Well, now, I must say that I read that passage with delight; there is no doubt that Lord Byron is very much to blame, if it really be so, which I am no judge of, that he was the first who wrote in a personal manner. It was introducing a dangerous—a deadly trick. There's no saying where it may end yet. Christian folk should dwell together like brethren in unity.—Oh! sirs, there's a deal of needless heart-burning and hot water among you literary folk of this time, take ye my word for that.

DR SCOTT.

Ay, and so is there also among the *illiterary folk* of this time, Dr Wodrow—what say ye to your bickers in the aisle, oure bye yonder? My faith! you ministers and elders, ye're the most tinkler-tongued pack of illiterati, when ye begin your collieshangie.

SIR A. WYLIE.

Come, come, Odontist, you need not be so bitter, though you could not manage to get yourself returned for the University of St Andrews this Assembly—But what is all this that you're saying? Does Mr Jeffrey really charge Lord Byron with being the author and institutor of the sin of personality?

TICKLER.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

DR SCOTT (*closely imitating* TICKLER *in enunciation.*)

'Tis trash, 'tis certain; and certain 'tis, 'tis trash.

PEN OWEN.

I have not yet seen the last Number of the Edinburgh Review—but if the Small Known has said so, he has certainly not a large memory.

TICKLER.

Alas, he will never have such a memory as Smithers!

PEN OWEN.

But I'm speaking in earnest. What, sir? Has Jeffrey forgot that he could once read without spectacles? Has he forgot that he was not always a dandy of sixty? Has he forgot how, from the beginning of his career, he abused SOUTHEY? Has he forgot how he lashed his friend, TOMMY MOORE? Was it no *personality* that pointed the path to Chalk Farm? Has he forgot *Thelwall?* Was there no personality in calling Thelwall *a Tailor?* Was there no personality in his attacks on COPPLESTON? Was there no personality in comparing Mr DAVISON to A RAT IN A GUTTER? Was there no personality in the lucubrations concerning that patriotic, that most enlightened Peer, my Lord ELGIN? Was there no personality in that most flagitious insinuation concerning the birth of our late venerable venerated Sovereign? Bah!—

NORTH.

Take your breath, young sir, and fill a humper. The bottle is with you, and we would rather be excused waiting till you have done with such a catalogue as this.

SIR A. WYLIE.

I would be very sorry to interrupt Mr Owen, but I would fain ask one question, for really and truly, sir, I'm to seek in sic matters. Did Lord Byron ever write any thing personal about Mr Jeffrey HIMSELF?

TICKLER.

Bravo! bravissimo! Rem acu tetigisti!

ODOHERTY.—(*Sings.*)

"Vain is every fond endeavour
To resist the gentle dart;
For examples move us never,
We must feel to know the smart."
When the bard, in verse undying,
Pays the prose of the Review,
Vanity, her aid supplying,
Bids them think it not their due.
CHORUS—Vanity, her sting supplying,
Pokes the Yellow and the Blue.

NORTH.

Thank ye, Adjutant! But now there's been so much fighting about the bush, let's to the scratch with it at once. Mr Pendarves Owen, what do you understand by the word *Personality?*

PEN OWEN.

I don't know—I can't well say. I suppose Jeffrey means, when he accuses Lord Byron of it, to allude to his cuts at Coleridge, and Southey, and Sotheby, and Wordsworth, and Bowles, and Sam Rogers, and the King, and so forth.

NORTH.

Sir, did you ever read a poem called "English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers?"

PEN OWEN.

I remember seeing such a thing in Mr Mapletoft's library long ago, and glancing over it; but at that time I was young and ignorant, and took no interest in it.—I understood very little about what was meant or insinuated.

NORTH.

Very likely; but still you can't have forgot the two great and general facts, that this poem was written by Lord Byron, and that it contains many most bitter pungent lines of personal satire against Hallam, Pillans, &c. and least not last, against Mr Francis Jeffrey himself, whose birth is ridiculed, whose person is, derided, whose genius is scorned, whose personal honour and courage even are held up to utter and open contempt, and all this in a manner equally unmerited—unparalled—

TICKLER, (*Interrupts him.*)

And unpardoned.

NORTH.

Ay, there's the rub!—Lookye, it would take a bat not to see through the whole of this mighty millstone. The Edinburgh Reviewers (Jeffrey himself, 'tis generally supposed,) began the row with a violent attack on Lord Byron's juvenile poems, in a review, in the conclusion of which there is certainly not a little *personality*. This is done in utter ignorance of Lord Byron's talents, in utter contempt of him, and all that pertains to him. Very well, Lord Byron writes and publishes the poetical satire of which we have been speaking, and the Edinburgh Reviewers are laughed at for several weeks all over England, Ireland, Scotland, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, to say nothing of Yankieland and Botany-Bay.—So far so well.—But in a few years, out comes CHILDE HAROLD, and Lord Byron is at once placed *nem. con.* by the side of the first poets of our age. What a moment of mortification must that have been, when Mr Francis Jeffrey first discovered whom he had to do with! Why, did you ever see a little slim greyhound, half the Surry breed perhaps, attack a strong Yorkshire fox who had jumped up from the cover, when they were whipping for hares? Jeffrey was just in such a quandary. Down he goes on his knees, and worships the rising star. Puff! puff! puff! nothing but puffing!—nothing but who shall puff the highest.

SIR A. WYLIE.

Under favour, ye're forgetting to mention that Lord Byron had been puttin himself forrit as a Whig also.

NORTH.

True—but I don't make much of that in this particular instance. Lord Byron, however, does not intimate any particular sensibility in his olfactory nerves, to the stimulus of the Blue and Yellow incense.

TICKLER.

Censer and censure, sir, came alike to him;—he was incensed by their very incense.

DR SCOTT.

He became quite the rage with them; yet his rage waxeth not cool, neither was his anger appeased.

DR WODROW.

O, that Chaldee! it has spoiled even the Odontist.

NORTH.

On proceeds "Byron my Baron," meantime, in his glorious, but not stainless, any more than gainless career. The critics of the English press in general applaud, as they ought to do, his rising and resplendent genius; but many, very many of them, at least, have the candour and the justice to complain of the immoral, irreligious, and unpatriotic tendency of too many of his productions. Two only, and these the two highest authorities, are silent as to the faults of the splendid sinner. The Quarterly Cerberus had got a sop—and as for the Edinburgh, what think ye kept it's mouth mum?

ODOHERTY.

Could it be our old acquaintance, "Corporal Fear."

TICKLER.

I am inspired. *Anch'io improvisatore.* I shall tip you an *extempore* Parody on one of Mrs Pilkington's old favourites. [*Aside*]—You all remember "Stella, darling of the Muses."

Jeffrey, darling of the Muses,
Strong probation now we bring;
Knowingly the poet chooses,
Who of thee essays to sing,
While his keen derision traces
Every fault of form or mind,
He gets on in thy good graces—
Stings, but leaves no wound behind.

[*Plaudite* OMNES.]

OMNES [*sing.*]

"Very good song,
Very well sung,
Jolly companions every one," &c. &c. &c.

REV. DR WODROW.

Well, I never was in such a company as this since I was ordained. Why, it beats Presbytery dinners, Moderators' breakfasts, and even settlement-occasions, a' to nothing. The mist's just clearing away from my eyes every moment! How I'll enlighten the Bailies when I win back to the Manse.

DR SCOTT.

Haud your tongues! Haud your tongues! Do ye no see how the chairman's drinking three bumpers all by himsel? [*Aside*]—He's clearing his pipes, I'se warrant. Od, how he's glowring on yon decanter!

NORTH.

Revenons a nos moutons! Childe Harold raved with impunity against Talavera, Wellington, and the Bible. Lord Byron insulted with impunity the most complete gentleman that has sat on the English throne since the time of Charles I. and this too in the most offensive way. He insulted his Prince by meddling with his domestic affairs—Lord Byron insulted all England in Beppo—Beppo was lauded—He flung the insults with tenfold vigour from the luscious lip of Don Juan—Don Juan was never alluded to, except once or twice, in the way of commending its *style*—and even so it goes on, until at length, after five or six years of silence, and utter forbearance, the Edinburgh Review does pluck up courage—and to do what?

OMNES.

What?

NORTH.

To say feebly what had been said strongly by fifty other people—to say late what should have been said early, or never said at all—to creep out under the shadow, and in the rear of Universal Indignation—and, making a big mouth, stammer out a single, silly, senile, insignificant sarcasm!—(*Hear! hear!*)

ODOHERTY.

It puts me in mind of a thing I once saw at Doncaster.—I was sitting in the inn there with the landlady—a pretty, comely body, I assure ye—and through came Reynard, and all Lord Darlington's hounds in full cry at his tail. A little puppy dog—a queer, odd, grim-looking thing belonging to the landlady, was sitting close beside us, on the end of the sofa. It stared like a stuck pig, till the last red-coat was passing, and then out with a small frightened snarl—I thought at first it had smelt a mouse behind the wainscot.

DR SCOTT.

Mr North, this is very good claret—I make no objections to the claret—but really I cannot thole it, it is so very cold.

[*Sings.*]—Fill me a bowl—a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious soul,
Vast as my thirst is; let it have
Depth enough to be my grave—
I mean the grave of all my care,
For I intend to bury't there.
Let it a bowl of China be,
Worthy of punch composed by me,
To drown pale cant and fat humbug,
And stretch a Tory on the rug.
Fill me a bowl, &c.

[*Enter* PUNCH.]

NORTH.

Odoherty, tip us a blast of the trombone, or the Gaelic sermon, or any thing you like—Do make yourself agreeable.

ODOHERTY.

The Instrumentality or the Parsonality?—Both are at your service.

OMNES.

The Parsonality! the Parsonality!

[*Odoherty gives a fac simile of a Gaelic sermon. While he is performing, exit, unobserved, the* REV. DR WODROW.]

NORTH.

What! bless me, the minister's off, I think.

SIR A. WYLIE.

Ay, ay, just gang round the company. Rub every one's shins, and ye'll have a toom table belyve. I'se warrant the Doctor will be concocting an overture against personality, ere lang be.

PEN OWEN.

What! the reverend divine could not stand that little shadow of a shade of personality? Bah! if he had been an Edinburgh Reviewer, he would have been as tender in the skin as any Small Known among them all.

NORTH.

Heaven preserve us! I believe nothing will put down this accursed cant but a thumping folio disquisition. I shall certainly, when I die, bequeath to the world a regular treatise *de re personali*.

TICKLER.

Proving that every person has been personal, as well as Byron and Jeffrey?

NORTH.

To be sure—To begin with the blind old Mæonian—Does any body doubt his Thersites is a lump of personality? Without question, Polyphemus was a sore wipe against some purblind, bloody-minded reviewer of his day. But why talk of Homer? Has not the Stagyrite told us that his last poem, the MARGITES, stood to the old Greek Comedy in the same relation in which the Iliad and Odyssey did to the old Greek Tragedy?—And what was the old Greek Comedy?

PEN OWEN.

"——" Comœdia prisca VIRORUM est!"

NORTH.

True! 'tis a manly comedy; but what is it but a string of personalities? There is not one line in all Aristophanes that is not personal.

PEN OWEN.

Aristophanes was, I suppose, just what Jeffrey says SWIFT was, "nothing but a great libeller."

NORTH.

Yes, and yet you see this same critic, who, four years ago, said "Swift was nothing but a great libeller," has now thought proper to say that personality was a thing unknown until Lord Byron set the example.

PEN OWEN.

It looks like a contradiction—but go on with your sketch of the great treatise *in posse*, however.

NORTH.

Is Horace not personal in his satires? He is so in every line of *them*, and in half his odes to boot. Was not Virgil abominably personal about the old soldier that go this bonnet-lairdship? Is there no personality in Cicero's Philippics, or in his master, Demosthenes? or in Sallust? or in Tacitus? By Jupiter Tonans, you might as well say that Jeffrey had begun the sin of charlatanism, as that any man now living begun that of personality.

SIR A. WYLIE.

Weel, weel, but I would like to hear ye on some authors that we hae heard mair about than thae auld heathen Greeks and Romans.

NORTH.

Swift we have already heard of. You know Shakespeare owed his rise in life and letters to a song which he wrote against a Warwickshire Justice of the Peace. And *Justice Shallow* is altogether a personal attack on the same worthy body. Ben Jonson was a perfect Turk for personality—his whole life was past in hot water.—*Vide* D'Israeli!—Why should I allude to the Greens and the Nashes?

TICKLER.

These fellows were always at cat and dog—quite *more recentiorum*.

NORTH.

Nay, nay, forbid that we should be quite so bad as that *ætas avorum!* I would rather die upon a pile of blazing Magazines, like Sardanapalus on his throne, than write one word within one million of miles of the personalities of Milton—the divine Milton—against Salmasius!

DR SCOTT.

Keep us a'! Is that the same great gospel gun that wrote the Paradise Lost, that the Spectantor speaks sae muckle about?

PEN OWEN.

The same, the same. Bah! 'tis all fudge, and fudge fusty—as fusty as Benthamism.

NORTH.

Come down to the polite æra of Charles II. Is there no personality in Dryden? or rather, is there any thing else in half his most eternal masterpieces? Is there no personality in Butler's Hudibras, nor in Cowley's Cutter of Coleman Street? Or take the glorious days of Queen Anne—There's Swift for one, and there's Pope.—I suppose we've all heard of such a thing as the Dunciad. There's one Arbuthnot too—he wrote a work called the History of *John Bull*—that is commonly supposed to be something personal, I believe.

DR SCOTT.

As bad as the present John Bull?

NORTH.

Yes, truly, very nearly as bad, and indeed rather worse, I take it; in as much as John Duke of Marlborough was rather a greater man than the present John Duke of Bedford; and in as much likewise, as to be a WHIG was not quite so bad a thing a hundred years ago, thank God! as it is now.

PEN OWEN.

But in those days there were no reviews nor magazines.

NORTH.

True, but they came not long after, and personality, which no literature ever was without, blended itself with them *ab ovo*. Is it possible that you have need for ME to tell you all the old stories about Samuel Johnson and Ossian Macpherson and the oak cudgel? or about Dr Smollet and the Critical?—and Fielding? How he kept the Thames on fire with his farces and novels, and roasted all his brother justices to cinders?

TICKLER.

Why, you know, all the old novelists dealt in nothing but personalities; about *that* there was *no* manner of dispute. The only question was, not whether there were a real Morgan or a real Trunnion, but *which* of the author's competing friends had sat for the *portrait*.

NORTH.

Just so; and to tell you the truth, I'm really sick of such hackneyed truths—you may just trace personality as distinctly as stupidity, down the whole line of our Whig literature in particular. Turn over D'Israeli's nice little books, if you have doubts—The Quarrels of Authors above all—

Nocturnâ versate manu versate diurnâ.

TICKLER.

Once landed in our own times, we can be at no great loss to find our way. Plenty of fine staring finger-posts as one moves along. The Fudge Family, a production of one of the most charming Whigs that ever breathed—and a more disloyal piece of Whiggery was never written, even by that charming Whig, stands pretty visible yonder against the sky.

PEN OWEN.

Yes, the black and lowering sky of disgustful remembrance.

TICKLER.

The Twopenny Post-Bag! 'Tis sufficient to mention the name of such a bag of poison—base brutal poison. Hone's nice little books, (worthy man! the Whigs subscribed for *him*, you know, as well as for Gerald—I hope the money did *him* much good!) The Morning Chronicle, with so many of Tom Moore's songs against kings and ladies introduced into it by good Mr Perry, whom Sir James Macintosh so disinterestedly lauded in the House of Commons—The Old Times, stinking of Cockney radicalism and Cockney personality in every column—there's no want of land-marks to guide one along the *mare magnum* of Whiggish ruffianism.

SIR A. WYLIE.

And after a' this poor Lord Byron must be charged, forsooth, with beginning the vice o' personality. Oh dear! what a thumper!

NORTH.

The fact is, that Lord Byron, instead of being the sole personal libeller, is only an unit in the Whig array, whereof Mr Jeffrey himself is another unit—and if the question were, which of these two is the more deserving of the title of *leader* in such work, I protest I think I should have no difficulty in giving my vote to the commoner. I beg leave to propose the memory of Dr Jonathan Swift, Dean of St Patrick.

OMNES.

Dean Swift!!! [*Music without. Air—Diogenes, surly and proud.*]

ODOHERTY [*sings.*]

'Tis not when on turtle and venison dining,
And sipping Tokay at the cost of his Grace;
Like the plate on his sideboard, I'm set to be shining—
(So nearly a mug may resemble a face.)
This is not the dinner for me—a poor sinner;
Where I'm bound to shew off, and throw pearls before swine.
Give me turnips and mutton,—(I ne'er was a glutton)—
Good friends and good liquor—and *here* let me dine.

Your critic shews off, with his snatches and tastes
Of odd trash from Reviews, and odd sorts of odd wine;
Half a glass—half a joke—from the Publisher's stock
Of Balaam and Hock, are but trash, I opine.

Convérsazioni—are not for my money,
Where Blue Stockings prate about Wylie and Pen;
I'd rather get tipsy with *ipissimi ipsi*—
Plain women must yield to plain sense and plain men.

Your dowager gives you good dinners, 'tis true;
She shines in liqueurs, and her Sherry's antique;
But then you must swear by her eye's lovely blue,
And adore the bright bloom that is *laid* on her cheek.
Blue eyes in young faces are quite in their places;
One praises and gazes with boundless delight;
And juvenile roses ne'er trespass on Noses,
As the custom of those is, I've cut for to-night.

Your colonels talk but of a siege or a battle—
Your merchants of nought but the course of exchange—
Your squires, of their hounds, of the corn-bill or cattle—
Your doctors their cases and cures will arrange—
Your lawyer's confounding, on multiple poinding—
Your artists are great on expression and tone—
Parsons sport *Moderators*, and *Church-procurators*,
Each set is the devil when feeding alone.

But *here*, where all sets and all topics are mingled—
The hero—the dentist—the parson—the squire—
No *one* branch of blarney's selected or singled,
But our wine and our wit each discussion inspire;
Where the pun and the glass simultaneously pass;
Where each song seems quite heavenly, each bumper divine;
Where there's drinking and smoking, and quizzing and joking,
But nothing provoking—HERE! HERE! let me dine.
(*here! here!*)

PEN OWEN.

Talking of Dean Swift,—what is Mr Maturin about?

ODOHERTY.

Grinding, grinding! Is'nt it a shame for people to run him down at such a rate? and the man a Tory—an Aristocrat—a well-dressed gentlemanlike author! 'Tis abominable. 'Tis too bad to think of such a man being poor, and you know he complained of it himself in his Preface.

PEN OWEN.

Mr Odoherty, I don't mean to defend the Quarterly—but did you never take a wipe at Mother Morgan yourself?

ODOHERTY.

I believe I may have done such a thing—But how different the case: why that little *cidevant Miladi* absolutely brags of her cash, and sets off public reprobation with a balance of pounds, shillings, and pence.

TICKLER.

Her motto is, no doubt,—

"Populus me sibilat: at mihi plaudo.
Ipsa domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ."

But did not Maturin write something called the Universe?

ODOHERTY.

That has reached long ago the uttermost ends of the earth—but why allude to such things? when are we to have the Southside Papers?

TICKLER.

Why, I am kept back by a late decision. I fear the judge who refuses his protection to Byron's *Cain*, would scarcely take my *rattan* under his wing.

SIR A. WYLIE.

Gentlemen, I've sat here a long while, and been greatly diverted with many things I've heard, and edified with some—but the Chancellor, I have the honour to say, is my friend, and I must quit the company, if I hear any thing further in a similar strain. Besides, he was perfectly right in that decision.

PEN OWEN.

Multum dubito.

ODOHERTY (*aside to* PEN OWEN.)

You had better not enter into any dispute with Sir Andrew. Not much flash, but the longest Scotch head I am acquainted with. And his humour,—why even you might find him ill to deal with.

PEN OWEN.

You are right. He is indeed a canny clever Scotchman. *Entre nous* THE KING was delighted with his book. You may depend upon this. I heard him say so myself.

TICKLER.

I have been much interested by your delightful description of a certain beautiful creature, Mr Owen? Have you and Mrs O. any family, by the bye?

PEN OWEN.

Three—

ODOHERTY.

You mean *volumes*—and if so, I can tell you very seriously, the third is the best of the batch.

PEN OWEN.

To be candid, what is your opinion of my book?

ODOHERTY.

Your book is a jewel; but if you had happened to be a Scotsman, and writ such a book about Scotland, and Scots people, you might just as well have leaped from the top of the Monument as published it.

PEN OWEN.

Why? I assure you, I wrote the book in the greatest possible good nature.

ODOHERTY.

Devil doubts you. I dare say Hogg was never in half such a benign disposition, as he was when he wrote THE CHALDEE.

PEN OWEN.

Satire is upon the whole a good-humoured vice, in my opinion.

ODOHERTY.

'Tis in my estimation the most placid of virtues.—Pick me up some day with a face like a lemon rind—hazy—dumpish—sulky—bitter—perhaps just escaped from a detestable dun of a tailor, or a dozen of prating whiglings or the like—and take me into the nearest tavern. Order a hot beef-steak, a rummer of brandy and water—bring out a good pen and a few sheets of hot-pressed paper, and a bundle of segars, and say, "At it, Odoherty! Up with your back, Adjutant!"

PEN OWEN.

What follows?

ODOHERTY.

A calm! a perfect Claude, the most beautiful, serene, delightful, dewy atmosphere, spreads its wide embracing canopy over all the troubled surface of my soul. My spirit, enshrined as it were in the divine depths of contemplation, exerts her energies sweetly, nobly, sublimely! It is then that I comprehend how true to nature and to virtue is the exquisite apostrophe of the Epicurean bard,

"Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis
Ex tuto alterius longum spectare laborem."

On the whole, I consider Tom Cribb and myself as the two best natured men in Britain!

PEN OWEN.

Well, now, I confess 'twas not in that high placed vein I composed my most cutting chapters. I have sometimes wakened of a morning, God knows how or why, in a strange mixed state of feeling—ready to go my lengths, in short—up to any thing—utterly reckless—that's all I can say about the matter—deuced good fun!

ODOHERTY.

Ay, but how inferior that is to the chosen "moods of MY mind!" On such occasions, it may almost be said I would not harm a fly.

PEN OWEN.

The scope and tendency of some of your observations perplex me.

NORTH.

I hate this sort of committee business. We're all getting into knots and corners. Owen and the Adjutant upon satire and segars—Feldborg and the Odontist on the Czar of Muscovy's tooth powder—Tickler dozing—and Sir Andrew Wylie and myself left quite alone to the great topic of things in general! Why, this will never do.

DR SCOTT. [*Tapping his spoon against the side of the bowl, sings.*]

Jolly Tories, fill your glasses,

ODOHERTY. (*Sings.*)

Hear the tinkle on the rim.

TICKLER. (*Sings.*)

All the Whigs are geese and asses.

NORTH. (*Sings.*)

Hollow heart and vision dim!

Chorus.

Fa! la! la! la! la! la! la! la! &c.

FELDBORG the Dane.

Allow me to give you a little Scandinavian solo.

NORTH. (*Knocking with his hammer.*)

Silence! Feldborg's solo!

FELDBORG. (*Sings.*)

Hvern morgin ser horna,
Hlock a tems—ár backa,
Skala hanga ma hungra,
Hrae—shod litud blodi
Hre sigr—fickin saekir,
Snarla borgar karla
Dynr a Brezkar bryniur
Blod is Dana visi!!!
Dynr a Brezkar, &c.

NORTH.

Come, it suits you very well, after what happened not quite fifty years ago, to sing such a ditty as this.

DR SCOTT.

Keep us a'! Do you ken what he was singing? I thought it was Danish or Dutch at the lowest penny.

NORTH.

The last two lines, being interpreted, signify,

"The King of Denmark's bloody hail
Resounds against the British mail."

Is it not so, Professor?

FELDBORG.

I suffer this no longer! Golt und Teufel! I quit the Nomber.

[*Exit* FELDBORG.

NORTH.

Why, this is beyond all bearing! Tickler, you are a new married man,—you are or ought to be nimble,—run after the Dane, and recall him.

TICKLER.

Sir, do you suppose that because I'm a contributor, an editor has a right to cast personal reflections upon me? to rend away the veil of my domestic concerns?—Sir, I scorn your sneers!—Sir, your servant!—Good night, gentlemen. [*Exit* TICKLER, *furious.*

ODOHERTY.

Ye Gods! How infernally drunk Tickler has been these two hours! Honest Tickler! he, too, to be up!

Timotheus placed on high,
Amid the sounding quire!!!

I suppose the next thing will be Sir Andrew Wylie bolting upon some absurd allusion to his autobiography.

SIR A. WYLIE.

Mr Odoherty,—I beg your pardon, *Captain* Odoherty! I crave leave to say, ance for a', that, although my life fill three volumes, and yours but seven pages, mine does not contain any narrative, either of seeking after a snuff-box in the midst of a battle, or of marrying the mistress of a chop-house, and escaping as soon as the till was sucked—do you take me?

DR SCOTT.

Life in a mussel! Weel said, Sir Andrew—stick it into him. A foul-mouthed creature! Clink down with sic clanjamphray!

ODOHERTY.

(*Showing a lemon cut into a caricature of* SIR ANDREW.)

Do you know that phiz, Mr Baronet?

SIR A. WYLIE. (*Throwing down his card.*)

Mr Ensign, there's my address.—Good night, Gentlemen.

[*Exit* SIR A. WYLIE.

DR SCOTT. (*Aside to North.*)

Od sauf us! How Sir Andrew's staggering! Your last bowl has clean done him! I maun just see him as far as Maclean's; for if he were to be ta'en up to the Police Office, it would never answer—him an Elder, too, ye ken.

[*Exit* DR SCOTT.

NORTH.

So, Odoherty, we're left almost to ourselves. I think the nature and effects of personality have been decently discussed this evening, however. I hope nothing of what has happened will ever transpire. Pen Owen, I think, is asleep.

ODOHERTY.

Snoring. But, Lord love ye, I've a short-hand writer behind that screen yonder. Every word is down. 'Twill make a prime article; and you knew it would, else we should not have dined here to-day; but, as LUTTRELL says,

"O, that there might in England be
A duty on Hypocrisy,
A tax on Humbug, an excise
On solemn plausibilities,
A stamp on every man that canted!
No millions more, if these were granted,
Henceforward would be raised or wanted;
But Van, with an o'erflowing chest,
Might soon forgive us all the rest."*

NORTH.

Well, I think the reporter must be dry enough by this time.—Come forth, thou rat i' the arras! You shall have your share of one bowl at the least;—and thou, heir of Cym Owen, rouse thee! rouse thee for the field!

[*Curtain falls.*

Epilogue.

Spoken by CHRISTOPHER NORTH, *Esquire, and* Sir A. WYLIE, *Baronet.*

MR NORTH.

"Something too much of this!" I hear you cry—
Ye canting creeping vermin! What care I?
If Whigs there be (methinks there *must* be some)
Not in their secret souls the slaves of Hum,
Let them for once speak truly!

SIR A. WYLIE.

——— or be dumb.

MR NORTH.

Confess it, Jeffrey, (for you needs must know)
That Jest and Earnest hand in hand may go,

* See Letters to Julia, second edition, p. 104. By the bye, these elegant letters are much improved in the second edition. The book is now quite a bijou.

C. N.

That sober truth may be inweaved with fun,
Philosophy be pointed in a pun,
Candour be calm beneath a forehead knit—
Keenly, yet kindly, flash the shafts of wit—

SIR A. WYLIE.

—— And Tories round a harmless table sit.

MR NORTH.

Confess; speak out, Man!

SIR A. WYLIE.

—— Once upon a time
You loved a joke yourself, if not a rhyme!

MR NORTH.

Confess quaint Quizzery, though it makes one wince—

SIR A. WYLIE.

—I bar what wounds a LADY or a PRINCE.—

MR NORTH.

—Is, after all, not quite a hanging matter!
—What, Jeffrey? Not one word for poor dear Satire?

SIR A. WYLIE.

Well, well, I wish ye wiser, Man, and fatter!

MR NORTH.

I find I can make nothing of these Whigs.

SIR A. WYLIE.

We'll try to do without them, please the Pigs!

MR NORTH.

To you, to you, ye Tories of the Land!
To you we turn, with you we take our stand!
Not you, ye "PLUCKLESS," who, when things look blue,
Distrust a cause sublime in spite of you,
Abandon those who bear the blazing brunt,
And fight, ye fools, your battle in your front—
No—ne'er to court your favour shall we stoop,
Nor fawn for shelter where your crestless eagles droop,
To shun the conflict but hold fast the spoil—
Clutch at the trophy, having shirk'd the toil—

SIR A. WYLIE.

—And gloat, while others sweat, on your snug roast and boil!

MR NORTH.

These are your maxims! Venal vapid crew!
Low we may come, but ne'er so low as YOU!
"Low we may come!" forgive the hasty phrase,
YE Tories true! whose patronage IS praise!
High the good eminence we now possess,
Nor shall we e'er be lower down—

SIR A. WYLIE. [*Loosening a fifth button.*]

—— Or less.

MR NORTH.

While YOU our trumpet hear, and round our banner press.

BOTH.

Though gourdish scions of the "*Servum Pecus*,"
Rise as if glare should dim or weight should break us,
Like some tough tree these pithless boughs between,
Knotted and gnarled, appears THE Magazine!
Some last one summer; some, with much ado,
Spin out a speechless Life-in-Death through two;
But wanting depth of soil, and length of root,
Though buds a few, and blossoms they may shoot,
One looks in vain to them for genuine juicy fruit.
Squeeze hard! One painful mouthful they supply,
But thirsty wits must turn to US, or die!

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

THE Grave of the Last Saxon, a Poem. By the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, author of the Missionary, &c. &c. &c. 8vo.

The Guaheba, a Tale. By the Hon. and Rev. William Herbert.

Cockney Bards and Cockney Critics, an heroi-comical poem, in three Cantos; with Prolegomena on the Sublime and Beautiful, and Notes Critical, Historical, and Explanatory. By the late Michael Muggins, Esq. F.R.S. and M.D.

The Nun of Abrouca, a Tale.

Poems by the Rev. Thomas Cherry, B.D. late Master of Merchant Taylor's School, edited by the Rev. J. W. Bellamy, are about to be published by subscription, in One Volume, Quarto, with a fine portrait of the Author.

Miss Anne Maria Porter has a new Novel in a state of considerable forwardness, entitled Roche Blanc, or the Hunter of the Pyrenees.

In the course of the present month will be published, the Second Volume of Sir Robert Ker Porter's Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. &c.

Chenzica, a Poem, in Ten Cantos, founded on that part of the History of the Pisan Republic, in which is said to have originated the celebrated Triennial Festival, called the Battle of the Bridge, will speedily appear, in one volume 8vo.

The Life and Times of Daniel de Foe, with a copious account of his Writings, and Anecdotes of several of his Contemporaries. By Walter Wilson, Esq.

Mr Valpy is reprinting his edition of Brotier's Tacitus, in 4 vols. 8vo.

Ædes Althorpianæ, or an Account of the Mansion at Althorp, the residence of the Right Honourable George John Earl Spencer, K.G.; with a descriptive Catalogue of his Lordship's Pictures and Library, accompanied with splendid Illustrations, will shortly appear from the pen of the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, F.R.S.S.A.

Dr Meyrick's History of Ancient Armour, being a Collection of the scattered Notices to be found in our old Poets, Chronicles, Wills, Deeds, and Inventories of Ancient Armour, in Three Volumes Imperial Quarto, with 100 Illustrative Specimens, will speedily be published.

Dangerous Errors, a Tale. One vol. 8vo.

Vestiges of Ancient Manners and Customs in modern Italy. By the Rev. J. Blunt.

Tales of the Manor. By Mrs Hoffland. 4 vols. 12mo.

The Sixth Part of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, will be published in June.

Summer Mornings, or the Meditations and Recollections of a Saunterer. By the Author of "Affection's Gift."—"The Duellist," &c.

Letters from Mecklenburgh and Holstein, including an Account of the Cities of Hamburgh and Lubeck. By George Downes of Trinity College.

A Second Volume of Biblical Fragments, by Mrs Schimmelpennick.

Uriel, a Poetical Address to Lord Byron; with Notes and Strictures on the Infidelity displayed in his Writings.

Two Prize Essays. By the Rev. R. Polwhele—viz. An Essay on the Scripture Doctrine of Adultery and Divorce; and an Essay on the State of the Soul between Death and the Resurrection.

A Life of Sir Christopher Wren. By Mr James Elmes, architect.

Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry. By William Wirt of Virginia.

Soame Jenyn's Disquisitions on several Subjects. Embellished with a Portrait of the Author.

The History and Antiquities of Hengrave, in Suffolk; with Portraits and other Engravings. By John Gage, Esq. One vol. royal quarto.

An Historical and Topographical View of the Wapentake of Strafford; and Tickhill, in the county of York. By John Wainwright.

An Epitome of Roman Antiquities. By C. Irving, L.L.D. and F.R.S.

Letter to the Right Honourable Robert Peel, M.P. By John Robertson.

Mr Thomas Taylor (the Platonist) is about to publish Translations of the Metamorphosis of Apuleius, his Treatise De Deo Socratis, and his three books De Habitudine Doctrinarum Platonis; together with the Political Pythagoric Fragments, preserved by Stobæus.

Mr Aspin is preparing the Third Volume of his Analysis of Universal History for speedy publication.

A work will shortly appear from the pen of the Rev. B. Andrews of Trowbridge, entitled Clavis Græca Biblica, containing a brief introduction to the Greek Tongue, and a copious Greek Lexicon for the Septuagint, New Testament, and Apocrypha.

The Wonders of the Vegetable World. By the Author of Select Female Biography.

Rivington's Annual Register, for the year 1810, will appear in the course of the month.

A new Theory of Tides. By Captain Foreman, R.N.

Sir T. Charles Morgan, M.D. has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, a volume, in which he has applied the principles and method adopted in his Sketches of the Philosophy of Life to the investigation of the phenomena of the mineral world.

Mr Spence is republishing his Tracts on Political Economy.

The First Number of the Monthly Censor, a new Monthly Review, will appear in June, and will be continued periodically.

The Rev. T. Belsham has nearly ready for publication, the Epistles of the Apostle Paul; with an Exposition and Notes.

Practical Observations on the Nautical Almanack, and Astronomical Ephemeris. By James South, F.R.S.

Sir Gilbert Blane has nearly ready for publication a work entitled Select Dissertations on Various Medical Subjects.

Shortly will be published, The River Derwent, Part First, and other Poems. By the Reverend W. B. Clarke, B. A. of Jesus College, Cambridge.

Mr Dorset, author of the Vampire, a tragedy, is preparing for publication a Tragedy entitled Montezuma.

Mr Landseer is preparing a work, in quarto, which will consist of Representations and Explanations of the Hieroglyphical Engravings that have been disinterred at Babylon, Nineveh, &c. and brought to England by recent travellers.

Archdeacon Nares has in the press a Glossary, or Collection of Words, Phrases, and Allusions to Customs, Proverbs, &c. illustrating the works of British Classics, especially of the age of Elizabeth.

Mr Melmoth is about to publish the Beauties of Jeremy Taylor.

Mr Bourn has in the press an enlarged edition of A Gazetteer of the most Remarkable Places in the World, with Brief Notices of the Principal Historical Events, and of the most Celebrated Persons connected with them.

EDINBURGH.

In the press, Sacred Dissertations on the Creed, translated from the Latin of the Celebrated Witsius, preceded by a Memoir of the author, and followed with Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By the Rev. Donald Fraser, Kennoway. Several eminent Clergymen of different denominations, have concurred in recommending the Work to Christians of all classes. It will be neatly printed on fine paper, and completed in about Ten Parts, 2s. each, making two volumes 8vo. consisting each of more than 500 pages. The First Part will be published in May.

Speedily will be published, beautifully printed in one volume post octavo, The Morning and Evening Sacrifice; or, Prayers for Private Persons and Families.

"This work is divided into the four following parts:—1. Prayers for Private Persons, adapted to the different Days of the Week, and to Sacramental Sabbaths and Days of Humiliation.—2. Family Prayers for the Sabbath-Day.—3. Prayers for Persons who are in peculiar circumstances.—4. A copious Selection of Prayers entirely in the language of Scripture.—The work is introduced by Two Discourses explanatory of the Lord's Prayer."

To be published, (as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers is obtained), "A Compendious View of Creation, beginning with the Microscope, and ending with the Telescope."

To be published immediately, by James Paterson, road-surveyor, Montrose, as a Supplement to his "Treatise on Roads," A Series of Letters and Communications, addressed to the select committee of the House of Commons on the highways of the kingdom. Containing an enquiry into the nature and excellencies of what is called "*Mr M'Adam's System of Road-Making*;"—how far he is entitled to the merit that he arrogates to himself, and which is generally attributed to him in regard to it;—his errors and defects pointed out;—as also what merit he is really entitled to.

We understand that an Historical Account and Delineation of Aberdeen, completed and drawn up by Robert Wilson, A.M. will shortly be published, which will also be embellished with Engravings of the principal Bridges, Public Buildings, and Sacred Edifices in and about the city.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ARCHITECTURE.

Specimens of Gothic Architecture, in Sixty Plates from Measurements and Drawings. By A. Pugin, Architect.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Opinions of Sir Richard Maltravers, an English Gentleman, of the Seventeenth Century. By Lord Dillon. 2 vols. 8vo. 16s.

Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber, Comedian; containing an Historical View of the Stage, with Copious Anecdotes, &c. and a Preface and Index. By Edmund Billchambers. 8vo. 12s.

William Lilly's Memoirs of his Life and Times, with 12 Portraits of Eminent

CHEMISTRY.

The Use of the Blow Pipe in Chemical Analysis, and in the Examination of Minerals. By J. J. Berzelius, Member of the Academy of Stockholm, &c. &c. translated from the French of Monsieur Fresel; by J. G. Children, F.R.S. London and Edinburgh. 8vo. 12s.

CLASSICS.

Xenophon's Anabasis, newly translated into English, from the Greek text of Sneider. By a Member of the University of Oxford. 8vo. 8s.

FINE ARTS.

Twelfth Night, being the fourth number of illustrations of Shakespeare. By Robert

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The Quarterly Musical Magazine, No. 13. 4s.

GEOGRAPHY.

A Celestial Atlas, comprising a Systematic Display of the Heavens, in a series of thirty Maps, illustrated by Scientific Descriptions of their contents, and accompanied by Catalogues of the Stars, and Astronomical Exercises. By Alexander Jamieson, A.M. Royal quarto, £1, 5s. plain, and £1, 11s. 6d. coloured.

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A view of the History, Literature, and Mythology of the Hindoos. By the Rev. W. Ward. New edition. 3 vols. 8vo. £1, 16.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

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2d, ...27s. 0d.	2d, ...19s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.	2d,.....13s. 0d.
3d, ...23s. 0d.	3d, ...17s. 6d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.	3d,.....12s. 6d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 7 : 6d. per boll.

Tuesday, May 7.

Beef (17¼ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 7d. to 0s. 8d.
Mutton	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6½d. to 0s. 9d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d.
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2d, ...27s. 0d.	2d, ...18s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.	2d, ... 12s. 0d.	2d, ... 12s. 0d.
3d, ...25s. 0d.	3d, ...16s. 0d.	3d, ...13s. 0d.	3d, ... 11s. 0d.	3d, ... 11s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 7s. 3d. 5-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended May 4.

Wheat, 45s. 7d.—Barley, 17s. 7d.—Oats, 16s. 5d.—Rye, 19s. 5d.—Beans, 21s. 4d.—Pease, 22s. 8d.

London, Corn Exchange, May 6.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, red, new	30	to 38	White ditto .	25	to 26
Fine ditto . .	38	to 44	Ditto, boilers .	27	to 31
Superfine ditto	46	to 51	Small Beans, new	24	to 27
Ditto, old . .	45	to 56	Ditto, old . .	26	to 30
White, new .	35	to 38	Tick ditto, new	19	to 22
Fine ditto . .	42	to 52	Ditto, old . .	23	to 25
Superfine ditto	56	to 58	Feed oats . .	14	to 17
Ditto, old . .	45	to 63	Fine ditto . .	15	to 19
Rye	20	to 24	Poland ditto .	17	to 19
Barley	14	to 16	Fine ditto . .	20	to 22
Fine ditto . .	17	to 20	Potato ditto .	19	to 23
Superfine ditto	21	to 22	Fine ditto . .	24	to 25
Malt	36	to 40	Scotch . . .	26	to —
Fine	42	to 46	Flour, per sack	45	to 50
Hog Pease .	20	to 21	Ditto, seconds	38	to 42
Maple . . .	22	to 24	North country	36	to 40

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s. d.		s.	s. d.
Must. White, .	8	to 10 6	Hempseed .	34	to 40 0
— Brown, new	10	to 15 6	Linseed, crush.	48	to 52 0
Tares, per bsh.	28	to 30 0	— Fine . .	54	to 56 0
Turnips, bsh.	32	to 46 0	Rye Grass, .	14	to 35 0
— Red & green	—	to — 0	Clover, red cwt.	24	to 56 0
— Yellow,	—	to — 0	— White . . .	30	to 64 0
Caraway, cwt.	56	to 67 0	Coriander . .	10	to 15 0
Canary, per qr.	38	to 42 0	Trefoil . . .	11	to 22 0

Rape Seed, per last, . £28 to £30.

Liverpool, May 4.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.				
Eng. Old	8	6 to 9	10	
New .	5	6 to 8	8	
Foreign . .	4	0 to 5	0	
Waterford	5	3 to 6	9	
Limerick	5	3 to 6	9	
Drogheda	5	6 to 7	0	
Dublin	5	6 to 5	8	
Scotch .	7	0 to 9	6	
Irish Old .	7	6 to 8	6	
Barley, per 60 lbs.				
Eng. . . .	3	0 to 3	9	
Scotch . .	3	0 to 3	6	
Irish . .	2	8 to 3	0	
Oats, per 45 lb.				
Eng. pota.	2	4 to 3	1	
Irish do .	2	10 to 2	11	
Scotch do.	2	10 to 3	3	
Rye, per qr.	26	0 to 28	0	
Malt per b.				
— Fine .	7	0 to 7	3	
Beans, per q.				
English .	28	0 to 29	0	
Irish . .	24	0 to 27	0	
Rapeseed, p. l.	£28	to 30		
Pease, grey	21	0 to 25	0	
—White .	34	0 to 37	0	
Flour, English,				
p. 240 lb. fine	35	0 to 37	0	
Irish . .	27	0 to 33	0	

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Amer. p. 196 lb.				
Sweet, U.S.	—	0 to —		0
Do. in bond	30	0 to 32		0
Sour do. .	35	0 to 56		0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.				
English	25	0 to 27	0	
Scotch . .	23	0 to 25	0	
Irish . . .	22	0 to 24	0	
Bran, p. 24 lbs.	1	to 1	3	

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Butter, p. cwt.				
Belfast, new	66	0 to 68	0	
Newry . .	61	0 to 65	0	
Waterford .	58	0 to 60	0	
Cork, pic. 2d,	66	0 to 68	0	
3d dry	52	0 to 54	0	
Beef, p. tierce.				
— Mess . .	75	0 to 80	0	
— p. barrel	48	0 to 56	0	
Pork, p. bl.	—	0 to —	0	
— Mess .	48	0 to 50	0	
— Middl. .	46	0 to 48	0	
Bacon, p. cwt.				
Short mids.	30	0 to 32	0	
Sides . .	28	0 to 30	0	
Hams, dry,	48	0 to 56	0	
Green . . .	28	0 to 30	0	
Lard, rd. p.c.	42	0 to 44	0	
Tongue, p. fir.	—	0 to —	0	

Course of Exchange, May 7.—Amsterdam, 12 : 5. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 2. Rotterdam, 12 : 6. Antwerp, 12 : 1. Hamburgh, 37 : 2. Altona, 37 : 3. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 20. Ditto 25 : 50. Bourdeaux, 25 : 50. Frankfort on the Maine, 154. Petersburgh, per rble. 9 : 3. *Us.* Vienna, 10 : 10 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 10 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 37. Cadiz, 36½. Bilboa, 36¾. Barcelona, 36. Seville, 36½. Gibraltar, 30¼. Leghorn, 48½. Genoa, 44¼. Venice, 27 : 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 40. Palermo, 118. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 50½. Rio Janeiro, 46. Bahia, 51. Dublin, 9¾ per cent. Cork, 9¾ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. New Doubloons, £3 : 15 : 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 0s. 0d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 24th April, 1822.

	1st.	10th.	16th.	24th.
Bank stock,	——	241	242½ 2	240½
3 per cent. reduced,	——	76⅜ 7	77⅛ ⅛	77⅛
3 per cent. consols,	79⅜ ¼	77⅜ ⅜	78⅜ ⅜	77⅜ 8⅛
3½ per cent. consols,	——	88 75	88½ ½	87⅞ 8
4 per cent. consols,	——	94⅜ ⅜	94⅝ ⅜	93⅞ 4½
5 per cent. navy ann.	103½ ¼	102½ 1⅛	102½ ½	101⅜ 2⅛
India stock,	——	——	243½	241½
—— bonds,	63 pr.	70 72 pr.	67 65 pr.	57 56 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2d.	2 5 pr.	5 7 8 6	4 6 4 5	5 3 5 pr.
Consols for acc.	80 79⅞	77½ ⅜	78⅜ ⅜	78⅛ ¼
Long Annuities	——	19⅜ ⅜	19⅜	19⅛
French 5 per cents.	88 fr.	87fr. 50c.	86fr. 80c.	87fr. 45c.
Amer. 5 per cent.	98	——	——	——

PRICES CURRENT, *May* 4.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
SUGAR, Muse.				
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	54 to 60	53 57	53 57	55 59
Mid. good, and fine mid.	70 82	59 68	58 74	62 65
Fine and very fine, . .	80 82	80 82	75 78	72 77
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	130 145	— —	— —	— —
Powder ditto, . .	100 110	— —	— —	— —
Single ditto, . .	88 102	98 110	— —	— —
Small Lumps, . . .	86 90	88 92	— —	— —
Large ditto, ...	82 86	80 85	— —	— —
Crushed Lumps, . .	44 56	82 86	— —	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	28 —	27 28	— —	— —
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.				
Ord. good, and fine ord.	105 110	103 110	102 112	102 112
Mid. good, and fine mid.	110 120	112 122	113 124	118 136
Dutch Triage and very ord.	— —	— —	80 103	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120 135	— —	104 114	113 125
Mid. good, and fine mid.	135 140	— —	115 125	127 140
St Domingo, ...	122 126	— —	100 105	— —
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	9 10	— —	8½ 9	— —
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 0d 2s 2d	1s 8d 1s 10d	1s 10d 2s 0d	1s 10d 2s 0d
Brandy, ...	4 3 4 6	— —	— —	3 11 4 3
Geneva, ...	1 10 2 0	— —	— —	1 4 1 7
Grain Whisky, . . .	6 2 6 4	— —	— —	— —
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	45 55	— —	— —	£20 £52
Portugal Red, pipe.	34 46	— —	— —	29 33
Spanish White, butt.	31 55	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe.	28 30	— —	— —	— —
Madeira, ...	45 65	— —	— —	— —
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£7 7 7	— —	9 15 10 10	£10 0 11 0
Honduras, ...	— —	— —	10 0 10 15	10 10 11 0
Campeachy, . . .	8 —	— —	10 10 11 0	11 10 12 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . .	7 8	— —	9 0 9 10	7 8 8 15
Cuba, ...	9 11	— —	12 15 13 10	10 0 12 0
INDIGO, Caracas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	— —	9 6 10 0	9 0 11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 8 2 2	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9 3 5	— —	— —	— —
Christianssand (dut. paid.)	1 10 2 0	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany, . .	1 0 1 6	1 2 1 8	0 11 1 0	0 10 1 0
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6 2 8	1 6 3 0	1 5 2 0	1 6 1 10
TAR, American, bbl.	20 21	— —	14 0 15 0	18 0 —
Archangel, ...	16 17	— —	— —	17 —
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10 11	— —	10 11	9 —
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	40 42	45 46	43 —	— —
Home melted, . . .	— —	— —	— —	— —
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton,	46 —	— —	— —	£50 —
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	42 53	— —	53 —	42 —
FLAX,				
Riga Thics. & Druj. Rak,	50 —	— —	— —	£50 —
Dutch, ...	50 90	— —	— —	42 47
Irish, ...	— —	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, 100.	85 90	— —	— —	90 100
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10 14	— —	— —	13 15
ASHES, Peters. Pearl,	45 46	— —	— —	— —
Montreal, ditto, . .	48 — 46	47	45 —	48 49
Pot, . .	34 35	36 38	36 37	36 —
OIL, Whale, . tun.	L.22 —	21 10 22	— —	21 —
Cod.	— —	20	— —	20 —
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7½ 8	7½ 8	0 6 0 8	0 7d 7½
Middling, . . .	6 6½	5½ 6½	0 4½ 0 5½	4½ 5½
Inferior, ...	5 5½	3½ 4	0 2½ 0 3	0 3 0 4
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	0 8½ 10½	0 7½ 0 10½	8½ 10
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	1 8 1 10	1 6 2 0	— —
Good, . .	— —	1 4 1 6	1 1 1 3	— —
Middling, . .	— —	1 2 1 4	1 1 1 3	9½ 1 0½
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	0 10 0 11½	0 9½ 1 1	0 8½ 9½
West India, . .	— —	0 9 0 11	0 8 0 9½	0 8½ 0 9½
Pernambuco, . .	— —	1 0½ 1 1½	0 11 0 11½	1¼ 1 0½
Maranham, . .	— —	1 0 1 1	0 10½ 0 11	— —

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
April 1	M. 34½	30.140	M. 47	N.	Frost morn.
	A. 44	.139	A. 46		fair day.
2	M. 33	.188	M. 49	Cble.	Rain, with
	A. 38	.211	A. 50		sunshine.
3	M. 32	29.989	M. 50	W.	Frost morn.
	A. 45	.964	A. 50		fair day.
4	M. 33	.905	M. 52	W.	Fair, with
	A. 47	.925	A. 50		sunshine.
5	M. 34	.724	M. 51	W.	Dull, but
	A. 47	.612	A. 50		fair.
6	M. 33	.525	M. 51	Cble.	Fair forn. th.
	A. 46	.653	A. 46		& light. af.
7	M. 32	.784	M. 46	NW.	Frost morn.
	A. 39	.852	A. 45		fair day.
8	M. 31	.890	M. 48	NE.	Frost, with
	A. 41	.890	A. 45		sh. of hail.
9	M. 33	.969	M. 44	E.	Frost morn.
	A. 39	.998	A. 47		sh. of h. aft.
10	M. 38	30.128	M. 42	E.	Snow morn.
	A. 40	.150	A. 44		sh. of h. day.
11	M. 28	.164	M. 43	E.	Cold, with h.
	A. 37	29.999	A. 42		sh. hail, snow
12	M. 28½	.835	M. 40	E.	Dull, with
	A. 39	.636	A. 44		sh. of rain.
13	M. 34	.560	M. 45	E.	Rain fo. th.
	A. 43	.493	A. 50		& light. aft.
14	M. 34	.646	M. 49	SW.	Dull, with
	A. 50	.688	A. 49		rain.
15	M. 35	.766	M. 49	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 49	.788	A. 50		
Apr. 16	M. 38	29.755	M. 50	SW.	Dull with
	A. 48	.644	A. 47		sh. of rain.
17	M. 36	.614	M. 46	Cble.	Mild, with
	A. 42	.592	A. 48		showers.
18	M. 37½	.519	M. 49	NE.	Rain morn.
	A. 44	.510	A. 49		fair day.
19	M. 35	.336	M. 50	W.	Fair, but
	A. 45	.413	A. 51		dull.
20	M. 35½	.216	M. 51	SW.	Mild, with
	A. 47	.101	A. 49		showers.
21	M. 39	.175	M. 53	SW.	Fair & mild
	A. 50	28.998	A. 52		day, rain nt.
22	M. 35	.817	M. 50	Cble.	H. rain mor.
	A. 49	.899	A. 58		showers day.
23	M. 36	.975	M. 53	Cble.	Mild, with
	A. 49	.999	A. 52		showers.
24	M. 36	29.217	M. 54	Cble.	Dull, with
	A. 49	.232	A. 51		showers.
25	M. 34½	2 .837	M. 50	Cble.	Cold, with sh
	A. 46	.868	A. 48		rain & hail.
26	M. 34	.971	M. 49	SW.	H. rain forn.
	A. 49	29.454	A. 47		fair aftern.
27	M. 35	.655	M. 52	Cble.	Dull, but
	A. 54	.791	A. 53		fair.
28	M. 38	.880	M. 55	SW.	Fair, with
	A. 51	.906	A. 56		sunshine.
29	M. 42	.975	M. 58	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 49	.972	A. 57		
30	M. 41	30.104	M. 58	E.	Foggy foren.
	A. 41	.120	A. 57		warm aftern.

Average of Rain, 1.779 inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of March and the 20th of April 1822, extracted from the London Gazette.

Abbotts, T. and R. Skinner-street, wine-merchants.
Acland, H. Leadenhall-street, butcher.
Arnsby, S. Fishtoft, Lincolnshire, and T. Arnsby, Tansor, Northamptonshire, horse-dealers.
Artherton, W. Everton, near Liverpool, brewer.
Baker, W. Rew, Devonshire, farmer.
Barnes, W. Liverpool, merchants.
Barmby, T. Dewsbury, Yorkshire, clothier.
Barthorp, W. sen. Hull, and W. Barthorp, jun. Bradford, woolstapiers.
Baylis, J. Dunton, Warwickshire, coal-merchant.
Beltham, G. London, master-mariner.
Birmingham, F. Wellington Brewery, Charles-street, City-road, brewer.
Boulbee, T. Litchfield, coal-master.
Branwhite, P. Bristol, fringe-manufacturer.
Brown, S. Fulham.
Browne, W. J. and W. Kermode, Liverpool, merchants.
Buckle, C. Manchester, draper.
Chalmers, J. sen. High Holburn, shoe-maker.
Corbett, E. Liverpool, brewer.
Croston, T. Westhoughton, Lancashire, manufacturer.
Dean, R. W. and T. W. Cooke, Bethnal-green, brewers.
Davidson, W. and A. Garnett, Liverpool, merchants.
Dockworth, E. Ribchester, Lancashire, victualler.
Emmet, W. Leicester-square, tailor.
Evans, J. Sheerness, haberdasher.
Findlay, J. Minories, clothes'-salesman.
Firmstone, J. jun. Lower Milton, Worcestershire, dealer.
Foulds, A. Loveclough, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
Friend, J. Bristol, maltster.
Frost, G. Sheffield, cheese-monger.
Furnivall, W. and J. Hardy, Stratford-upon-Avon, corn-merchants.
Garnett, A. Liverpool, merchant.
Garnett, J. Liverpool, linen-draper.
Gratty, W. and M. Moss, Liverpool, cordwainer.
Handforth, D. Manchester, victualler.
Harrison, J. Mount-terrace, Whitechapel-road, flour-factor.
Herbert, P. and J. London, merchants.
Holson, G. Middleton, Lancashire, corn-dealer.
Holmden, W. Milton, Kent, grocer.
Hoyle, T., J. Lord, J. Chatham, and W. Fothergill, Manchester, calico-printers.
Hudson, W. Ebenezer-place, Commercial-road, ship-owner.
Hughes, M. B. and J. H. Dudley, Worcestershire, iron-founders.
Ivatts, J. Gerrard's-hall, Basing-lane, wine-merchants.
Jefferson, W. Farmlingham, Suffolk, apothecary.
Jeremy, D. Strand, linen-draper.
Jullion, J. Holburn, jeweller.
Lacey, J. Bristol, earthenwareman.
Loutten, G. West Teignmouth, Devonshire, rope-maker.
Lyes, W. Cheltenham, coal-merchant.
M'Clure, S. Wigan, shopkeeper.
M'Shane, M. Foley-place, Portman-square, upholsterer.
Major, J. W. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier.
May, W. Newbury, maltster.
Miles, S. Ludgate-street, watch-maker.
Miller, W. Chapel-street, Pentonville, merchant.
Mommington, W. Chepstow, grocer.
Murphy, P. Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, wine-merchant.
Paull, W. Bolehall, Warwickshire, tanner.
Penrith, W. Bath, draper.
Perton, J. Skipton, Yorkshire, innkeeper.
Pickersgill, J. Wood-street, Spittalfields, silk-manufacturer.
Pickett, J. Caroline-street, Commercial-road, builder.
Pitstar, J. jun. Witham, Essex, miller.

Quirk P. jun. Liverpool, corn-merchant.
Ramsden, W. Leeds, victualler.
Reynolds, H. Cheltenham, saddler.
Richardson, J. Hull, corn-dealer.
Richardson, J. Webb's County Terrace, New Kent-road, corn-factor.
Ripley, R. High-street, Wapping, mathematical instrument maker.
Robinson, M. Sebright-place, Hackney-road, plumber.
Robinson, W. Boetsdale, Suffolk, maltster.
Robinson, R. Liverpool, corn-dealer.
Road, C. W. Broadway, Worcestershire.
Sanders, T. Stratford-on-Avon, coal-merchant.
Sharp, J. Houndsditch, auctioneer.
Sharpley, J. York, merchant.
Smethurst, J. sen. and R. Hindle, Torkington, Cheshire, calico-printers.
Standen, T. Lancaster, slater.
Steel, R. Newcastle-upon Tyne, insurance-broker.
Steele, J. Liverpool, map and chart seller.
Tate, W. Cateaton-street, bookseller and stationer.
Thacnicraft, J. Coventry, victualler.
Thomings, E. and J. Dimmock, Kingswinford, Staffordshire, pig-iron manufacturers.
Tomlinson, J. Bedfordbury, woollen-draper.
Trevaskiss, J. Sidney-place, Commercial-road, tailor.
Trowbridge, J. Shaftesbury, manufacturer.
Turner, W. Leyton, Essex, horse-dealer.
Vincett, N. Northampton-place, Old Kent-road, draper.
Walter, J. Islington, linen-draper.
Watton, W. Litchfield, brewer.
Waunt, W. Armley, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer.
Welsford, W. Tower-hill, merchant.
Westbrook, J. Redburn, Herts, inn-keeper.
Westlake, J. Moretonhampstead, serge-maker.
Wickham, W. jun. Chichester, butcher.
Willcock, W. F. Plymouth, dealer.
Young, W. and J. Renard, Downes' Wharf, Hermitage, wharfingers.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th April, 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Anderson, John, builder and quarrier, Inverkeithing.
Brown, John, merchant, Saltcoats.
Cranstoun, Thomas, merchant and general agent, Edinburgh.
Hunter, Robert, merchant, Greenock.
Liston, Wemyss, umbrella manufacturer and merchant, Edinburgh.
Paterson, Malcolm, and Co. fire-brick manufacturers, Port Dundas, near Glasgow.
Stewart, Robert, cattle-dealer at Blairtamock, parish of Campsie, Stirling.
Wilson, David, merchant in St Andrews.

DIVIDENDS.

Bell, Wm. deceased, and Bell, Wm. and Co. late drapers, Nicholson Street, Edinburgh; a final dividend after 6th May.
Duncan, Robert, shoemaker and spirit-dealer, Glasgow; a dividend 14th May.
Gordon, James, merchant, Aberdeen; a second dividend on 8th May.
Laird, John, and Co. merchants, Greenock, Laird, Wm. and Co. merchants, Liverpool, (being one concern;) a dividend of 2s. per pound on 22d May.
Muirs and Crombie, paper manufacturers at Netherlee; a final dividend 25th May.
Weatherly, John Blair, lately merchant in Jedburgh; a dividend on 8th June of 3s. 4d. per pound.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet Lieut.-Col. *Hon.* H. B. Lygon, 1 Life Gds. to be Colonel in the Army. Mar. 24, 1822.
Maj. *Lord* J. T. H. Somerset, h. p. Watteville's R. Lt. Col. do. July 19, 1821.
Capt. Gray, R. African C. to be Maj. in the Army, Mar. 7, 1822.
1 Life Gd. Lt. Locke, from h. p. 34 F. Lt. vice Terry, exch. rec. diff. 29 do.
T. Millard, Cor. and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Locke, 34 F. do.
2 J. Cuthbert, Cor. and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Lord F. Conyngham, 9 Dr. Jan. 14.
R. Hor. G. Lt. *Lord* W. P. Lennox, Capt. by purch. vice Villiers, retired. Mar. 28
Cornet Hotchkin, Lt. by purch. do.
1 Dr. G. Cornet Davies, from h. p. 12 Dr. Cornet, vice Campbell, exch. rec. diff. April 18.
3 Cornet Greene, Lt. by purch. vice Abercromby, 12 Dr. Mar. 21.
W. Mitchell, Cornet, do. do.
1 Dr. *Hon.* H. T. Lesson, do. do. vice Knatchbull, 1 Dr. G. April 4.
2 Lt. Sturges, Capt. do. vice James ret. do.
Cornet Horam, Lt. do. do.
W. Hall, Cornet, do. do.
7 Lt. *Hon.* G. B. Molyneux, Capt. by purch. vice Douglas, ret. do. 11.
Cornet Inge, Lt. by purch. do.
Lord A. Paget, Cornet, do. do.
19 R. Urwin, do. do. vice Scarlett, 9 Dr. do. 4.
Gren. Gds. Ens. and Lt. Cameron, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice *Hon.* H. V. Vernon, ret. do. 23.
Hon. J. St Clair, Ens. and Lt. do. do.
1 F. Lt. Suter, from h. p. 28 F. Lt. vice Orrok, dead, July 25, 1821.
Ens. Sherburne, from 70 F. Lieut. vice Wardrop, dead, April 18, 1822.
4 Lt. Gregg, Adj. vice Kelly, Qua. Mast. do. 28.
Ens. and Adj. Kelly, Qua. Mast. vice Mullaly, dead, do.
8 A. H. *Lord* Dorchester, Ens. by purch. vice Ward, ret. do.
17 Assist. Surg. Ardley, Surg. vice Maxton, dead, do. 24.
26 Ens. Clayfield, Lt. by purch. vich Kyle, prom. Mar. 28.
P. P. Brehant, Ens. do. do.
30 Capt. Gray, from h. p. Capt. vice Fullerton, exch. rec. diff. Sep. 22, 1821.
Lt. Barlow, from 59 F. Lt. vice Garvey, dead, Aug. 1.
34 —— Rice, from 46 F. Lt. vice Ashhurst, exch. Oct. 25.
44 —— Williams, from 86 F. Lieut. vice North, exch. April 18, 1822.
46 R. Lawrie, Ens. vice Carroll, cancelled, do.
50 Bt. Lt. Col. Price, from 58 F. Maj. vice Poe, dead, Mar. 28.
Ens. Greenwood, from 2 W. I. R. Lt. vice Seward, dead, do.
Lt. Browne, Capt. vice Scott, dead, April 18.
Ens. Willes, Lt. do.
—— Ross, from h. p. 67 F. Ens. do.

51 Ens. Miller, Lt. by purch. vice Powell, prom. do.
Sir W. Scott, *Bt.* Ens. by purch. do.
Lt. Powell, Capt. by purch. vice Minchin, ret. Mar. 28.
51 —— Burnett, do. do. vice Emett, ret. do.
Ens. and Adj. Dowdall, Lt. do. vice Burnet, prom. April 17.
—— Thomas, Lt. do. 18.
Gent. Cadet L. P. Townshend, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
58 Lt. Firebrace, Capt. do. vice Montgomery, ret. Mar. 28.
Ens. Seymour, Lt. do. do.
Hon. R. Petre, Ens. do. do.
62 Lt. Godfree, Capt. by purch. vice Eaton ret. Mar. 14.
Ens. Wilson, Lt. do. do. 11.
Gent. Cadet, G. Berkeley, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
65 Ens. Fitzmaurice, Lt. vice Madden, dead, June 13, 1821.
Lt. Carrol, from 87 F. Lt. vice Mainwaring, Oct. 10.
R. Campbell, Ens. vice Fitzmaurice, April 18, 1822.
67 Capt. Dwyer, from h. p. 84 F. Captain vice Rowan, exch. Oct. 10, 1821.
70 Lt. Laing, from h. p. 51 F. Lt. Smith, exch. rec. diff. April 11, 1822.
74 Capt. Stewart, Maj. by purch. vice Manners, ret. do. 18.
80 Maj. Pitt, Lt. Col. do. vice Cookson, ret. do.
Capt. Harpur, Maj. do. do.
82 J. S. Gore, Ens. by purch. vice Charleton, ret. do. 28.
87 D. A. Courtayne, Ens. vice Burney, E. I. C. Serv. do.
91 Cornet Fancourt, from 17 Dr. Lt. by purch. vice Farmer, 7 Dr. G. do.
1 R. V. B. Ens. Doyle, Adj. vice Ross, do.
Capt. Gibson, from late 10 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Mitchell cancelled, Dec. 25, 1821.
—— Chisholm, from late 4 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Young cancelled, do.
—— Appleton, from late 8 do. do.
Lt. Young, from late 7 do. Lt. vice Lynch cancelled, do.
—— Longworth, from late 10 do. Lt. vice Ham cancelled, do.
—— Ferguson, from late 4 do. Lt. vice Anderson cancelled, do.
2 Capt. Galbraith, from late do. Capt. do.
Lt. Herbert, from late 8 do. Lt. vice Hood cancelled, do.
Ens. Edgelow, from late do. Ens. do.
—— Norton, from late 9 do. do. do.
—— Mair, from late 4 do. do. do.
8 Capt. Douglas, from late 10 do. Capt. do.
Lt. Ireland, from late 6 do. Lt. do.
A Vet. Bn. Paym. Hounsom, from h. p. 4 do. Paym. April 4, 1822.
A V. Comp. Bt. Maj. D'Alton, from 90 F. Capt. do.
Lt. Burges, from late 10 Vet. Bn. Lt. do.
Ens. Walker, from late 5 do. Ens. do.

Royal Artillery.

1st Lt. Hennis, from h. p. 1st. Lt. vice Lovett, h. p. Mar. 1.

Royal Engineers.

Gent. Cadet, J. Radcliff, 2d Lt. do. 28.
—— E. Vicars, do.

The undermentioned Officers of the Hon. E. I. C. Serv. to have Temporary Rank of Capt. in the Army:—

Capt. Macfarlane, Adj. of Depot at Chatham, do. 28.
—— Paterson, on Recruiting Service, do.

Miscellaneous.

Hosp. Assist. Sillery, Assist. Surg. to the Forces, April 18, 1822.
Rev. R. W. Tunney, fm. h. p. Chaplain to the Forces, vice Jenkins, dead. Mar. 8.

Exchanges.

Col. Campbell, from 6 F. with Col. Napier, h. p. 90 F.
Bt. Lt. Col. Wilson, from 4 F. with Bt. Lt. Col. *Sir* E. K. Williams, h. p. Port. Ser.
Major Babington, from 14 Dr. with Bt. Lt. Col. G. Fitzlarence, h. p. 24 Dr.
—— Brice, from 3 Dr. Gds. with Major Martin, 93 F.
—— Gordon, from 21 F. with Major Lenn, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regiment.
Capt. Holbech, from 6 Dr. rec. diff. between Full Pay Troop and Full Pay Comp. with Major Dunn, h. p. 91 F.
—— Fenton, from 13 F. rec. diff. with Major Aitken, h. p. 21 Dr.
Lieut. Miles, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. *Hon.* J. Kennedy, h. p. 7 F.
—— Cuffe, from 7 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Everard, h. p.
—— Cobbold, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Daubuz, h. p. 10 Dr.
—— Elton, from 15 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Joliffe, h. p. 19 Dr.
—— Griffiths, from 2 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Graham, h. p. 35 F.
—— Franklin, from 14 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Maxwell, h. p. 6 F.
—— Barnetson, from 15 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hope, h. p. 92 F.
—— Hudson, from 40 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Butler, h. p 22 F.
—— Mill, from 40 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Dalrymple, h. p. 2 W. I. R.
—— Tinling, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Keating, h. p. 1 Dr.
—— Lewin, from 71 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Dashwood, h. p. 19 Dr.
—— Maclean, from 86 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Grey, h. p. 33 F.
—— Unlacke, from Rifle Brig. rec. diff. with Lieut. Boileau, h. p.
Ens. and Lt. Glanville, from Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet Davidson, h. p. 19 Dr.
Cornet Page, from 4 Dr. G. with Cornet Brooke, h. p. 19 Dr.
—— Ainslie, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Cornet Eccles, h. p. 9 Dr.
Ensign Daly, from 2 W. I. R. rec. diff. with Ensign Henry, h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol.
Qua.-Mast. Sheridan, from 89 F. with Qua.-Mast. Edwards, h. p. 22 Dr.
Ass.-Surg. Steele, from 8 F. with Ass.-Surg. Scott, h. p. 5 Vet. Bn.

Resignations and Retirements.

Capt. Villiers, R. Horse Gds.
—— James, 2 Dr.
—— *Hon.* H. V. Vernon, Gren. Gds.
—— Minchin, 51 F.
—— Emett, 54 F.
—— Montgomery, 58 F.
Eaton, 62 F.
Lieut. Hewitt, 8 Dr.
Ens. Charleton, 82 F.

Dismissed.

Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. John Seaman.

Appointment Cancelled.

Assist. Surg. Greig, 4 Dr.

Deaths.

Maj.-Gen. Hardyman, 17 F. Bengal, Nov. 29, 1821.
Lieut.-Col. Stuart, h. p. 1 F. Edinburgh, Mar. 17, 1822.
Major Scott, 50 F. on passage from Jamaica, on board the Ship Lady Popham, do. 22.
—— Berbie, h. p. Roll's Reg. Nov. 14, 1821.
Capt. Savage, 89 F. Allepie, Madras, Oct. 18.
—— De Sebisch, h. p. 7 Line, K. G. L. Dec. 22.
—— De Rougemont, h. p. 9 do. Hanover, do. 18.
Lieut. Short, 44 F. April 22.
D'Acre, 65 F. on board the Ship Arab, Aug. 29, 1821.
Blacker, 65 F. Surat, Bombay. Oct. 4.
Pollington, 1 Ceyl. Reg. Ceylon. Lynch, ret. 3 Vet. Bn. April 4, 1822.
Grant, h. p. 46 F. Limerick.
Sutherland h. p. 122 F. F. Dornoch, Mar. 8.

Lawford, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Dec. 8, 1821.
Sir B. B. H. Soame, *Bt.* h. p. Elford's Corps, Jan. 21, 1822.
Ens. Wheatley, 28 F.
—— Macleod, 78 F. France, Mar. 2.
—— Heise, h. p. 1 Light inf. King's Ger. Leg. Hanover, do. 12.
Quart.-Mast. Mullaly, 4 F.
———— Bourke, h. p. 22 Dr.
———— Smith, h. p. 25 Dr. Bellabridge, near Dublin, Mar. 31.
Med. Dep. Staff. Surg. Dockard, h. p. April 19.
———— Roy, h. p. Fort George. Mar.
Staff Assist. Surg. Napier, Chatham, April 15.
Assist. Surg. Boyd, 21 F. Berbice, Feb. 6.
———— Agnew, h. p. 7 W. I. R.
———— James O'Bierne, late of 14 F. Lucknow, Berhampore, Bengal, Sept. 23, 1821.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 20, 1821. At Negapatam, the lady of Alexander Fairlie Bruce, Esq. of a son.

March 16. At Rome, the lady of John Craufurd, Esq. of Auchenames, of a son.

April 2, 1822. At Killarney, the lady of Major Carmichael, of the 6th dragoon guards, of a son.

3. At Broomhall, the Countess of Elgin, of a daughter.

4. Mrs Baillie of Mollerstain, of a daughter.

5. At Newhall-house, Mrs Brown, of a daughter.

6. At Anstruther, Mrs James Henderson, R. N. of a son.

9. At North Castle Street, the Lady of Captain Flint, of a daughter.

11. At Craigbank, Mrs Mathie, of a son.

12. At Kilmundy, Mrs Ferguson, of a son.

— Mrs W. Tennant, 5, Charlotte Street, of a son.

15. At 56, Dublin Street, Mrs Rattray, of a daughter.

— At Kinross manse, Mrs Robertson, of a daughter.

16. At Ballegno Castle, the lady of Captain Ramsay, h. p. 14th regiment, of a daughter.

17. At Newington, Mrs Crawford, of a son.

22. At his Lordship's house, in St James's Square, London, Lady Stewart, of a daughter.

23. Mrs Ferrier of Bellside, of a daughter.

25. At Sea Cot, Mrs Balfour, of a son.

26. At East Wemyss, Mrs Hutchison, of a daughter.

— At his house, in Lower Brook Street, London, the Lady of Sir William Duff Gordon, Bart. of a daughter.

— At Yester-house, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, of a son and heir.

27. At 7, Bellvue Cresent, the lady of James Wilson, Esq. advocate, of a daughter.

29. At Springfield, Mrs Durie, of a daughter.

30. At Uffington-house, the Countess of Lindsey, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 15, 1821. In St John's Cathedral, Calcutta, David S. Napier, Esq. to Anne, daughter of the late John Dickson, Esq. of Knightswood.

March 25, 1822. Married at Woodside, near Hamilton, Gavin Struthers, Esq. of Redding, to Marion, youngest daughter of the late John Dykes, Esq. of Woodside.

30. At London, Colin Bruce, Esq. to Helen, youngest daughter of Lieutenant Barton, late of the Scotch Greys.

April 2. At Stirling, Lieutenant Charles Wightman Sievwright, rifle brigade, to Miss Christina Watt, daughter of the late John Watt, Esq.

— At Aberdeen, the Rev. Robert Douglass, of Ellon, to Ann, daughter of the late Alexander Forbes, Esq. Jamaica.

— At Edinburgh, William Pollock, Esq. solicitor at law, to Frances, youngest daughter of Peter Hewet, Esq. Dundas Street.

4. At Abbots Hall, near Kirkaldy, Mr George Young, jun. grocer, Leith, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Mr Robert Tullis, farmer there.

— At Lismore, Dr Kennedy, R. N. to Catherine Peary, fourth daughter of Andrew Peary, Esq. late of Milton Duff.

8. At Glasgow, James M'Inroy, Esq. younger of Lude, to Margaret Seaton, eldest daughter of David Lille, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

9. At Hunter's-hill, Mr James Holmes, manufacturer, Paisley, to Janet, second daughter of James Love, Esq. Hunter's-hill.

— At Polton-house, Robert Dundas of Arniston, Esq. to Miss Lillias Durham, only daughter of the late Thomas Durham Calderwood, of Polton, Esq.

10. In Walcot Church, Bath, Andrew Rutherford, Esq. advocate, to Sophia Frances, youngest daughter of Sir James Stewart, of Fort Stewart, county of Donegal, Bart.

11. At her father's house, Wester Newington, Miss Mary Miller, daughter of Mr William Miller, to Mr Walter Richard, of the Stamp Office, Edinburgh.

13. Here, Mr David M'Culloch, bookseller, to Ann, youngest daughter of the late Mr James Muir, brewer.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Tod, Esq. advocate, to Mrs Erskine, Coates' Cresent.

16. Married at Walcott, Bath, William Lockhart, Esq. of Germistoun, Lanarkshire, to Mary Jane, youngest daughter of the late, and sister of the present Sir Hugh Palliser Palliser, of Barnyforth, in the county of Wexford, &c. Bart.

— At St James's Chapel, Leith, Robert Buchanan, Esq. M. D. to Ellen, eldest daughter of Captain Robert Fraser, and niece and co-heiress of the late Major William Fraser, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

17. At St Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh, Mr John Porteous, draper, High Street, to Anne, daughter of Mr John Drysdale, late of the Scots Greys.

— At Dairy house, Captain Wauchope, R. N. son of Andrew Wauchope, Esq. of Niddrie Marischal, to Anne, daughter of the late Sir David Carnegie, of Southesk, Bart.

18. At Leith, Robert Buchanan, M. D. to Ellen, daughter of Captain Fraser.

— At Libberton Manse, J. Waldie, Esq. to Isabella, daughter of Mr John Stevenson, of Gilmerton.

19. At Edinburgh, the Rev. David M. Inglis, Stockbridge, Berwickshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr John Bell, Dunglass.

23. At Glasgow, Robert Hart, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Janet, second daughter of the late Rev. James Oliphant, Dumbarton.

23. At Edinburgh, James Alexander Haldane, Esq. George Street, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Dr Daniel Rutherford, Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh.

24. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant Daniel Baird, R. N. to Ellen, daughter of the late Rev. John Macarra, Pathstruiehill.

25. At Wellington Place, Leith, Mr William Robertson, fish-curer, Leith, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr George Anderson, builder there.

26. At Richmond, Major George Gun Munroe, of Poyntzfield, to Jemima Charlotte, relict of Francis Graham, Esq. of Tulloch Castle, Jamaica.

— At Liverpool, Matthew Miller, Esq. to Ellen, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Newsham, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Henry Joy Tomb, Esq. of Belfast, to Thomasina, daughter of Thomas Gordon, Esq. W. S.

29. In Maitland Street, E. F. Orson, Esq. to Marion, youngest daughter of Mr Taylor, Cumnock.

22. At Edinburgh, Mr George Peacock, to Anne, only daughter of Mr David Rait, Laurieston.

— Alexander Robertson, Esq. younger of Candy, to Jane, eldest daughter of John Baird, Esq. Grange.

— At Edinburgh, William Currie, Esq. of Linthill, to Jane, second daughter of David Falconer, Esq. of Carlowrie.

30. Here, James MacAllan, Esq. W. S. to Catherine, eldest daughter of Robert Ainslie, Esq. W. S.

Lately. Sir James Miles Ridell, to Miss M. Brooke, at Norton Priory.

— Mr John Stirling, to Ann, only daughter of Captain Small, James's Street.

DEATHS.

June 7, 1821. At Mulliguam, in the presidency of Madras, Assistant-Surgeon James Stewart, aged 22 years, of the 1st battalion 5th regiment M. N. I. of a spasmodic cholera, eldest son of Mr Charles Stewart, Kirrymuir.

9. At the same station, and of the same complaint, Assistant-Surgeon Milner, late in medical charge of the 1st battalion, 5th regiment.

Aug. 28. At Madras, Lieutenant James Hamilton Wardrop, 1st royal foot, son of John Wardrop, surgeon, Falkirk.

Sept. 22. In camp, near Baroda, East Indies, Lieutenant-Colonel Ludlow, C. B.

28. At Mhou, in the East Indies, Allan Cameron, Esq. of the Bengal horse artillery, eldest son of Mr Alexander Cameron, of Culcraigie, Rossshire.

Oct. In the Persian Gulph, Assistant-Surgeon Thomas Rind, of the honourable East India Company's service.

10. Near Kedgaree, in India, Captain George Lindesay, of the corps of engineers in the service of the honourable East India Company on the Bengal establishment.

20. At Kurmaul, in the East Indies, Lieutenant George Allan, of the 7th Native Cavalry.

25. At Berhampore, Bengal, David Morrieson, Esq. third Appeal and Circuit Judge at Moorshedabad, in the 39th year of his age.

Nov. 4. At Mhou, East Indies, of a bilious fever, Dr Thomas Butter, Assistant-Surgeon in the honourable the East India Company's military service.

9. At Madras, Peter Scott, M. D. surgeon of the Male Asylum there, and Assistant Surgeon in the honourable East India Company's service.

26. At Berhampore, in the East Indies, of a bilious fever, Captain Thomas Binny, of the 11th light dragoons, aged 30, son of Thomas Binny, Esq. of Maulesden.

Feb. 19, 1822. At Mount Rose, island of St Vincent, the Hon. Andrew Rose, Secretary to the Council, seventh son of the late William Rose, Esq. of Gask, Aberdeenshire.

23. At Christiansound, in Norway, Mrs Gron, sister of the late William Leslie, Esq. of Deniugas.

March 1. At North Providence, U. S., J. Sayles, Esq. in the 101st year of his age.

9. At Chambersburgh, Pennsylvania, Mrs C. Carla, aged 109 years and 9 months. She lived to see the fifth generation of her family.

— Mr Alexander Aitken, baker, Fisherrow.

— At Weymouth, John Busby Maitland, Esq. of Eccles.

16. At Leith, Laurence Skeen, jun. shipmaster, aged 21; and on the 19th, Colin Skeen, aged 17, both sons of Mr Lawrence Skeen, ship-owner, Albany Street, Leith.

19. At Perth, after a short illness, Mrs Peebles, relict of the Rev. Adam Peebles, minister of the Episcopal Chapel there.

20. At Stenton, Mr John Begbie.

21. At Glasgow, Mrs Mary Kemp, spouse of Mr Andrew Young, manufacturer.

21. On board the Lady Popham, on his return from Jamaica, Major Scott.

23. At Dumfries, Miss Boyd, daughter of Mr Boyd, architect.

24. At Portobello, Mary, youngest daughter of the deceased Colin Campbell, Esq. surgeon, Barrichbeyan, Argyleshire.

— At Aix, in Provence, Roderick Norman Macleod, Esq. 78th regiment.

24. Colonel Robert Stewart, Pinnestle.

25. At Nithbank, Dumfries-shire, Mrs Yorstoun, widow of Thomas Yorstoun, Esq. some time chamberlain to his Grace the Duke of Queensberry, at Drumlanrig.

— At Peebles, aged 79 years, Mrs Janet Johnstone, relict of Mr Andrew Ritchie, farmer of Woodhouse.

27. At his father's house, Crichton Street, Mr Richard Sutherland, aged 20.

— At Smith Place, Margaret, daughter of Mr Robert Marr, merchant, Leith.

— At Balmuto House, the seat of the Honourable Lord Balmuto, Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart. of Auchinleck, in consequence of a wound received in a duel the preceding day with James Stuart, Esq. jun. of Dunearn. The duel took place at Auchtertool in Fife, Sir Alexander being attended by the Honourable John Douglas, brother of the Marquis of Queensbery, and Mr Stuart by the Earl of Rosslyn. Sir Alexander was just returned from London, where he had been attending the funeral of his brother the late James Boswell, Esq.

28. At her house, in Cupar, Mrs Wemyss, sen. of Wemyss Hall.

— At Carlton Place, Glasgow, William K. Lothian, eldest son of Mr George Lothian.

— At Lochgelly, Miss Isabella Bruce.

31. At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Bremner, widow of the late Mr Alexander Johnston, merchant in Fisherrow.

— At Prestonpans, Mr John Taylor, aged 87.

— At Canonmills, aged 15, Agnes, youngest daughter of Mr Alexander Ritchie.

— At Leith, Mr George Gillespie, late baker there, aged 68.

April 1. At Yetholm, Mr George Story, in the 74th year of his age, after having been 50 years schoolmaster of that parish.

— Mrs Stein of Heriot Row.

— At his Lordship's house, in Grosvenor Square, London, Lady Charlotte Fane, daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland.

— At Moy, near Forres, Colonel Hugh Grant, of Moy, late of the honourable East India Company's service.

— At Chesthill, Mrs Maclaurin, wife of the Rev. James Maclaurin, minister of Glenlyon.

— At Ensham-Hall, Oxfordshire, Colonel Peter Hay, of the Bengal Establishment.

2. At Paris, Miss Margaret Davidson, daughter of the late Alexander Davidson of Newton, Aberdeenshire.

3. At Edinburgh, aged 68, Mrs Agnes Tennant, widow of Mr Thomas Heriot, late merchant in Edinburgh. She was in her usual health, and sitting in conversation, when she fell back in her chair and instantly expired.

— At Maitlandfield, Colonel Charles Maitland of Maitlandfield.

— In Great King Street, Edinburgh, Miss Hester Anne MacNeill, second daughter of John MacNeill, Esq. of Collonsay.

4. At Moor Park, Mrs Oswald, relict of R. A. Oswald, Esq.

— At Glasgow, Mr James Bruce Mitchell, accountant, second son of Mr William Mitchell, Bothkennar, Stirlingshire.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Colquhoun, wife of Frederick Colquhoun, Esq.

6. At Edinburgh, Mrs Hope, wife of James Hope, Esq. W. S.

— At Carlton Place, Glasgow, the infant son of Mr George Lothian.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Christian Mouhray, wife of William Cadell, Esq. of Tranent.

7. At Newington, Charles, youngest son of Thomas Blackwood, Esq. merchant.

— At Jamaica, Major Emmanuel Poe, of his Majesty's 56th regiment.

— At Finnistone, in the 28th year of his age, Mr Archibald Geddes, son of the late William Geddes, Esq. of Alloa, and nephew of John Geddes, Esq. of Verreville.

— At Edinburgh, Jane, daughter of the late Robert Robertson, Esq. of Auchleeks, Perthshire.

8. At No. 19, St Leonard Street, Edinburgh, Miss Johnston, daughter of the late Mr John Johnston, writer, Moffat.

— At Alloa, after a few hours' illness, Mrs Jean Christie, wife of Mr Alexander Bald, sen.

— At Musselburgh, James Black, Esq. late of Trelawny, Jamaica.

9. At Haddington, Anne Maclaurin, daughter of the late Colin Maclaurin, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh.

— At Moffat, Thomas Wilson, Esq. late writer in Edinburgh, aged 79 years.

10. At Glasgow, Mr James Henderson, aged 56.

— At Caltonhill, Ann, eldest daughter of Mr Joseph Wilson, superintendant of mail coaches.

— At Borthaugh, Mr John Sibbald.

11. At her house, 31, North Bridge Street, Mrs Peacock, relict of the late Thomas Peacock, painter, Canongate.

— At Peterborough, Mr John Gibson of the Admiralty Office.

12. At his house, in Portland Place, London, aged 76, Sir Nathaniel Conant.

— In Upper Norton Street, London, Robert Wilson, Esq. late superintending surgeon in the East India Company's Service, on the Bengal establishment.

— At Ardkinglass, John, second son of the late Peter Lindsay of Bocaird, Esq.

— At the Manse of Morven, Mr Donald Macleod, son of the Rev. Norman Macleod, minister of Morven, in the 22d year of his age.

13. At Shandwick Place, Edward, youngest son of Thomas Miller, Esq. of Glenlee, advocate.

— Mrs Hibbert, wife of Dr Hibbert, of Argyll Square.

— At Glasgow, after a long and painful illness, Mr James Bruce Mitchell, accountant, second son of Mr William Mitchell, Bothkennar, Stirlingshire.

— At Manse of Drymen, Anne, second daughter of the Rev. Duncan Macfarlane, D. D.

15. Here, Harriot, youngest daughter of Mr George Stedman, solicitor before the Supreme Court.

— At Valo-house, Lancashire, Mrs Horrocks, mother of S. Horrocks, Esq. M. P.

— At the Nursery, Leith Walk, Janet, eldest daughter of Mr John Shanklie, sceilsman, Waterloo Place.

— At Summer-hall, Mrs Janet Miller, widow of the late Mr John Houston, shipmaster, Leith.

— At Midshare, Newburgh, Fife, Mrs Anderson, relict of the late Alexander Anderson, merchant there.

— At Kirkcudbright, Henrietta Melville, wife of the late Archibald Brodie, Esq writer in Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Laidlay, late assistant surgeon of the 66th regiment of foot.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Arch. Younger, brewer.

— Mr George Lyon, Broughton Street.

17. By a fall from a window, in Heriot's Work, John Montgomery, aged 14, second son of the late Alexander Montgomery, wright, Edinburgh.

19. At Buccleuch Place, Mrs Violet Brown, spouse of the late Rev. John Brown of Haddington.

— At Edinburgh, much regretted, Miss J. Patrick, eldest daughter of the late John Patrick, Esq. of Treearne, Ayrshire.

20. At his house, in Elder Street, Alexander Stewart, Esq. accountant.

21. At Edinburgh, Andrew Swan, aged two years and a half, eldest son of Mr John Swan, preacher.

22. At 25, Gayfield Square, Miss Robertson.

24. At Cummertrees, by Annan, Mrs Gibson.

25. At Haddington, aged 20, George Robinson, second son of the late Mr William Robinson, merchant in London.

27. At Edinburgh, much regretted, Mr John George Dymock, A.M. student of divinity, son of Mr Dymock, Glasgow.

— At Libberton, after a lingering illness, Mrs Antoinette Langlade, wife of Mr Robert Aitkin, Canongate, aged 49 years.

28. At Newburgh, Fife, Mr James Livingstone, merchant.

— At Rosefield, Troqueer, Peter Ewart, Esq. of Rosefield.

29. At the Herald's College, London, in the 92d year of his age, Sir Isaac Heard, Garter Principal King of Arms. He had filled the distinguished office of Garter since April 1784.

— At his house at Tannock, Caithness, Capt. Peter Innes, of the 79th regiment of foot.

Lately, At Montreal, Mr William Gray, proprietor of the Montreal Herald, a native of Aberdeen.

— At Howth Castle, near Dublin, the Earl of Howth, in his 70th year. His Lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Viscount St Lawrence, now Earl of Howth.

— At Chestel, Glenlyon, Lillies Menzies, spouse of the Rev. James Maclaurin, preacher of the gospel.

— At the advanced age of 126 years and three days, Mr Thadey Doorley, a most respectable farmer, residing near the Hill of Allan, county of Kildare. He retained his faculties to the last moment, and was able to take the pleasure of any sort of field amusement within the last six months of his life. He was father of the renowned Captain Doorley, well known in that county, and was married about 19 years ago, at the age of 107, to a woman of 31 years of age.

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